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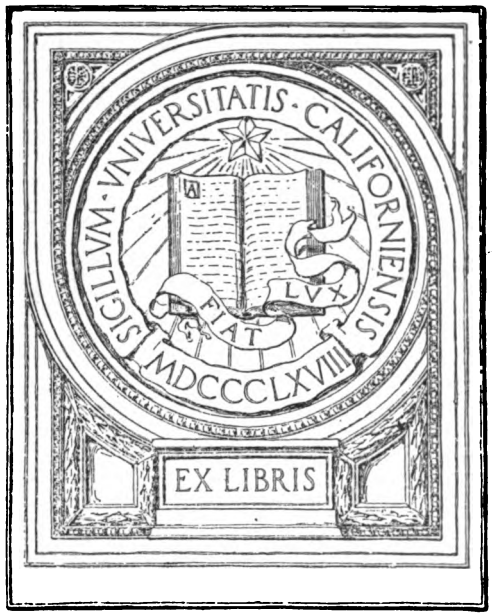

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THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA IN THE WAR OF 1914-1918

VOLUME I
THE STORY OF ANZAC:
THE FIRST PHASE

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VOLUME I

THE STORY OF ANZAC:

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THE
STORY OF ANZAC

FROM THE OUTBREAK OF WAR TO THE END OF THE FIRST PHASE OF THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN, MAY 4, 1915

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

BY

C. E. W. BEAN

With 111 maps and 56 illustrations

AUSTRALIA:
ANGUS & ROBERTSON LTD.
89 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY
1921

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Printed by
W. C. Penfold & Co. Ltd., 88 Pitt Street, Sydney, Australia

Obtainable in Great Britain from The British Australasian Book-store, 51 High Holborn, London, W.C. 1., and all other Booksellers; and *(wholesale only)* from The Australian Book Company, 16 Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C. 4.

Carpenter

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PREFACE

THE facts contained in those volumes of this history which deal with Gallipoli are derived either from the official records of the Australian Imperial Force or from the notes and diaries of the writer. The official records of the fighting in France, especially in the later period from July 1917 onwards, were rendered very ample and accurate by the enthusiasm of Major J. L. Treloar, the young Australian officer who was chosen by General White and General Griffiths to organise the Australian War Records Section, and who was subsequently appointed Director of the Australian War Museum, to which the records will belong. But the official narratives of Gallipoli and even of Pozières and Bullecourt are meagre in the extreme. Of the Landing and other fighting in Gallipoli there exists no such record from which even the shortest history of those events could be written. For the volumes dealing with that campaign the writer has had to rely almost entirely upon his private diaries and upon notes of his conversations with officers and men at the time and afterwards.

To the writer has been given the privilege of compiling the six volumes allotted to Gallipoli and France, and also of editing those which are concerned with the other activities of the various forces of Australia. While the author of the volume upon the War Effort in Australia was selected by the Government, the choice of writers for the other portions, which deal with the actual fighting, was left to their editor. For this privilege; for the absolute freedom (except in the case of the naval volume) from all censorship; for every possible assistance towards elucidating the truth, both as editor and writer, he is indebted to the Government of Australia, and especially to the Prime Minister, the Right Honorable W. M. Hughes; to the Minister for Defence, Senator the Honorable G. F. Pearce; to Senator the Honorable E. J. Russell, the Right Honorable W. A. Watt, and the Honorable G. H. Wise. To two successive Prime Ministers, the Right Honorables Andrew Fisher and W. M. Hughes, and in an even greater degree to

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Senator Pearce the writer is under a deep obligation for their constant support and friendship. In common with every other Australian oversea, he was made to feel that in Senator Pearce there was a friend to whose unremitting care and unwavering loyalty home interests could be entrusted with complete confidence, and whose response to any call for support from the leaders of the Australian Imperial Force abroad was never known to fail. Also to Mr. T. Trumble, Secretary for Defence, and to his predecessor, the late Sir S. A. Pethebridge; to the Honorable George Swinburne, Mr. W. A. Newman, Major J. M. Lean (the officer in charge of Base Records), and many other members of the Defence Department the author acknowledges his indebtedness for their constant and unselfish assistance. He is under great obligation to the staff of the High Commissioner's office in London for help freely given; and particularly to the Right Honorable Andrew Fisher, Captain Sir R. Muirhead Collins, R.N., Messrs. Alan Box, H. C. Smart, W. Trahair, J. Luck, and Miss M. Mitchell.

The writer cannot hope adequately to express what he owes to all those officers and men of the A.I.F., the British and Indian Forces, the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, and the British and Australian Navies, whose abundant kindness has placed him hopelessly in their debt. In the space of a preface he can only set down the names of those senior officers to whom in an especial degree he is beholden; the late Major-General Sir W. T. Bridges; General Sir W. R. Birdwood; Lieutenant-Generals Sir H. G. Chauvel, Sir John Monash, Sir C. B. B. White; Brigadier-Generals T. Griffiths and T. H. Dodds.

He is also deeply grateful to the British censors, and particularly to Colonel J. C. Faunthorpe and Colonel Neville Lytton, of whom the former fought so vigorously for the correspondents and the policy of publicity that he was transferred to a less controversial position, and the latter always proved himself a wise and generous friend of the dominion soldiers and their accredited correspondents. His thanks are also due to his generous colleagues, the regular war correspondents of British, dominion, and American newspapers, in Gallipoli and France; as well as to the official photographers, especially to a gallant friend, the late Lieutenant H. F. Baldwin, and Captain

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G. H. Wilkins for their efforts in procuring a scrupulously accurate photographic record of every activity of the Australian Imperial Force.

In regard to the Turkish side of the history of Gallipoli, the most cordial acknowledgment is due to those who made it possible for the writer to visit Turkey at the end of the war at the head of a small historical mission, and who assisted him when there: in particular to Major Cameron and Colonel R. Crawford, both of the British Army of the Black Sea, and to Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Hughes, of the Imperial War Graves Commission, for their assistance in approaching the Turkish War Office; to Major Zeki Bey, of the Turkish Army, who, having fought against the Australians from the landing to the evacuation, accompanied the writer for a week in his exploration of the Anzac battlefield in 1919; to Kiazim Pasha, the Chief of the Turkish Staff, both for his general assistance and especially for giving detailed answers to a list of over a hundred questions which he allowed the writer to put to him; to General Shefki Pasha for the Turkish maps of Gallipoli, especially those which were made without German assistance after the evacuation, and which are by far the most accurate maps in existence of the Peninsula battlefields.

The writer can never forget that it was in the first place to the generous confidence of his colleagues of the Australian Journalists' Association that he owed the opportunity of which this History is the result. To the Australian press, which, like that of Great Britain played a fine part in the war, he is indebted for much support. For much help in making the legal and other arrangements in connection with publication he has to offer his thanks to Sir Robert Garran, Solicitor-General for the Commonwealth, Mr. C. W. Davies, of the Crown Solicitor's Office, Messrs. M. Maguire and G. P. Embelton of the Defence Department, Major A. Hudson, Senior Ordnance Officer, Sydney, Major W. J. Brown, and Mr. A. H. Harper.

But his deepest gratitude is owed to the staff which has at various times assisted him in the production of this work: to Mr. J. Balfour, whose intimate knowledge of the Australian forces has been devoted to checking by every possible means each reference among the many thousands contained in this

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volume; to Mr. Erskine Crawford, whose great literary abilities have suggested many improvements in the style and matter of every chapter of this volume, and to whom its indexing has been due; to Mr. A. W. Bazley, who knows better than any other man the contents of the official War Diaries as well as the writer's three hundred volumes of personal diary and notes; to Mr. G. B. Lowery, for constant assistance outside the sphere of his official work; to Messrs H. S. Buchanan, P. R. Wightman, G. H. Rogers, C. H. Brown, T. H. Robinson, and J. B. Sutcliffe, by whose able work the maps for this and the following volumes have been produced; and to Mr. Charles Barrett, organiser of the Sectional Histories, who constantly represented the writer in the Defence Department in Melbourne. The maps and sketches inset in the text in this volume are by Mr. Wightman.

For the purpose of a final revision of the proofs the assistance was obtained of Professor T. G. Tucker, C.M.G., Litt.D. His work, of value to the nation, and the public spirit which induced him to undertake it, the writer desires here warmly to acknowledge.

For the contents of Volume I the author is mainly indebted to the accounts given to him—either personally at the time of the events or in subsequent communications—by the following among others:

General Sir W. R. Birdwood; Lieutenant-Generals Sir J. J. Talbot Hobbs, Sir J. Monash, Sir C. B. B. White; Major-Generals (the late) Sir W. T. Bridges, Sir J. Gellibrand, Sir Neville R. Howse, V.C., J. G. Legge, Hon. Sir J. W. M'Cay, Sir C. Rosenthal, V. C. M. Sellheim, E. G. Sinclair-MacLagan; Brigadier-Generals H. Gordon Bennett, A. J. Bessell-Browne, T. A. Blamey, C. H. Brand, E. A. Drake Brockman, W. L. H. Burgess, R. A. Carruthers, W. A. Coxen, H. E. Elliott, (the late) D. J. Glasfurd, S. C. E. Herring, C. H. Jess, G. J. Johnston, R. L. Leane, H. W. Lloyd, J. P. McGlinn, W. R. McNicoll, J. C. Robertson, J. C. Stewart; to Brigadier-Generals G. S. Richardson, H. E. Hart and many other officers of the New Zealand Defence Department; to Colonels A. Graham Butler, H. Pope; Lieutenant-Colonels E. T. Brennan, (the late) E. S. Brown, W. E. H. Cass, J. S. Denton, J. M. A. Durrant, A. C. Fergusson, W. J. Foster, F. A. Hughes, J. L. Johnston, T. W. Jolliffe, F. J. Kindon, H. T. C. Layh, F. M. de F. Lorenzo, N. M. Loutit, C. M. Macnaghten, R. J. A. Massie, (the late) D. McF. McConaghy, S. L. Milligan, (the late) J. A. Milne, D. T. Moore, L. J. Morshead, R. H. Owen, J. H. Peck, E. C. P. Plant, R. A. Rafferty, S. R. Roberts, A. M. Ross, A. G. Salisbury, (the late) R. Scobie, E. Hilmer Smith, T. H. Steel, A. H. Tebbutt, A. C. Temperley, J. C. M. Traill, J. L. Whitham, A. J. L. Wilson; Majors

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J. W. B. Bean, A. J. Boase, R. G. Casey, P. E. Coleman, R. O. Cowey, A. C. B. Critchley-Salmonson, G. F. Dickinson, J. M. Dougall, R. W. Everett, C. Fortescue, F. G. Giles, S. Grills, (the late) H. N. Henwood, H. Jacobs, A. R. Knightley, E. A. Lloyd, K. A. McKenzie, R. A. Ramsay, C. R. Richardson, C. Rumball, A. J. Simpson, J. T. Tait, J. L. Treloar, E. W. Tulloch, A. T. White; Captains J. Balfour, C. J. Bates, (the late) G. W. Brown, H. E. Butler (3rd Bn.), B. Combes, (the late) W. A. Connell, A. P. Derham, H. L. Ferns, F. A. S. Guinn, W. R. Hodgson, (the late) R. M. F. Hooper, S. H. Jackson, F. W. Kane, W. Kennedy, W. J. Knights, T. S. Louch, (the late) I. S. Margetts, (the late) G. C. M. Mathison, R. C. G. Prisk, (the late) A. J. Shout. V.C., G. Thomas, L. A. P. Ward; Lieutenants (the late) W. C. Beeken, C. F. Buttle, R. Carson, F. S. Goundrey, P. W. Harrison, H. V. Howe, G. C. Little, (the late) Noel Ross; Warrant-Officers H. V. Millington, J. C. Weatherill; Sergeant W. H. Freame; Corporals Hibbert and H. E. Sizer; Privates (the late) R. L. Donkin, Ellis Silas; Messrs. V. C. Duffy and R. K. Peacock; also officers of the Auckland Battalion and very many others.

Among the more important books and writings consulted in the compilation of Volume I have been—

The Dardanelles Commission Reports; Sir Ian Hamilton's Despatches; *Gallipoli Diary*, by Sir Ian Hamilton; *The Dardanelles*, by Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell; *Memories*, by Lord Fisher; *Naval Operations*, Vol. I, by Sir Julian S. Corbett; *Nelson's History of the War*, by John Buchan; *"The Times" History of the War; The Dardanelles Campaign*, by H. W. Nevinson; *Australia in Arms*, by P. F. E. Schuler; *Two War Years in Constantinople*, by H. Stuermer; *The Secrets of the Bosphorus*, by Henry Morgenthau; *With the Fleet in the Dardanelles*, by Rev. H. C. Price; *The New Zealanders at Gallipoli*, by Major F. Waite; Account of landing given by Noel Ross to his father, Captain Malcolm Ross, the official War Correspondent for New Zealand; *Gallipoli. Der Kampf um den Orient*, von einem Offizier aus dem Stabe Marschalls Liman von Sanders; *Der Kampf um die Dardanellen*, by Major E. R. Prigge; Commonwealth Official Year Books.

Great care has been taken to ensure the complete accuracy of every detail mentioned. While it is impossible for absolute veracity to be achieved in any narrative so largely involving human conduct and motives, it can at least be claimed that the writer has derived his information, as far as possible, only from those who actually saw and took part in the particular events narrated. In the pursuit of strict accuracy he found himself driven by experience to adopt the old legal rules of evidence, discarding all hearsay except under special guarantees. Moreover he found it useless, for the most part, to seek trustworthy accounts from wounded or overstrained men. The writer himself, either on the day of battle or soon afterwards, visited as far as it lay in him to do so, every im-

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portant trench or position mentioned in this and the following five volumes, and of most of them he kept detailed notes. By the kind trust of the authorities and of the men and officers of the A.I.F. he was enabled throughout the four years of the war to make a rule of being present, while the events narrated in these volumes were actually happening, on some part of every battlefield on which Australian infantry fought—the only important exceptions being the battle of Fromelles in 1916 (which he was only able to reach some hours later, when the troops were being withdrawn), and the battle of Hermies, which occurred in 1917 while he was for a short time unavoidably absent in England.

An endeavour has been made to give in footnotes a few biographical details of all those Australians and New Zealanders who are mentioned, and to connect them with the town or district to which they belonged and with the calling or profession which they followed *before* the war. Where these details have not been given, it has been because they were unavailable or could not be obtained in time.

In his search for rigid accuracy the writer was guided by one deliberate and settled principle. The more he saw and knew of the men and officers of the Australian Imperial Force the more fully did the writer become convinced that the only memorial which could be worthy of them was the bare and uncoloured story of their part in the war. From the moment when, early in the war, he realised this, his duty became strangely simple—to record the plain and absolute truth so far as it was within his limited power to compass it.

To the men and officers of the Australian Forces, both those who live and those who fell, whose comradeship is his proudest and dearest memory, he dedicates this effort to produce a history in which he has striven to attain a truthfulness worthy of them and of their nation.

C. E. W. B.

TUGGRANONG,
FEDERAL CAPITAL TERRITORY,
14th December, 1920.

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ABBREVIATIONS

A.A. & Q.M.G.	Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General.
A.A.G.	Assistant-Adjutant-General.
A.A.H.	Australian Auxiliary Hospital.
A.A.M.C.	Australian Army Medical Corps.
A.A.S.C.	Australian Army Service Corps.
A.C.C.S.	Australian Casualty Clearing Station.
A.D.C.	Aide-de-Camp (or Aide-de-Camp General) to the King.
Admin. H.Q.	Administrative Headquarters.
A.D.M.S.	Assistant-Director of Medical Services.
A.D.O.S.	Assistant-Director of Ordnance Services.
A.E.	Australian Engineers.
A.E.M.M.B.C.	Australian Electrical and Mechanical Mining and Boring Company.
A.F.A.	Australian Field Artillery.
A.F.C.	Australian Flying Corps.
A.G.H.	Australian General Hospital.
A.I. Bde.	Australian Infantry Brigade.
A.I. Bn.	Australian Infantry Battalion.
A.I.F.	Australian Imperial Force.
A.L.H.	Australian Light Horse.
A.P.M.	Assistant-Provost-Marshal.
A.Q.M.G.	Assistant-Quartermaster-General.
Art.	Artillery.
A.S.H.	Australian Stationary Hospital.
Aust.	Australia or Australian.
Bde.	Brigade.

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B.G.G.S.	Brigadier-General, General Staff.
B.G.R.A.	Brigadier-General, Royal Artillery.
Bn.	Battalion.
Bt.	Baronet.
Bty.	Battery.
Cav.	Cavalry.
C.B.	Companion of the Order of the Bath.
C.B.E.	Commander of the Order of the British Empire.
C.C.S.	Casualty Clearing Station.
C.G.S.	Chief of General Staff.
C.I.E.	Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire.
C.M.G.	Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.
C.O.	Commanding Officer.
Coy.	Company.
C.R.E.	Commanding Royal Engineers.
C.S.I.	Companion of the Order of the Star of India.
D.A. & Q.M.G.	Deputy-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General.
D.A.A. & Q.M.G.	Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General.
D.A.A.G.	Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.
D.A.C.	Divisional Ammunition Column.
D.A.D.M.S.	Deputy-Assistant-Director of Medical Services.
D.A.D.O.S.	Deputy-Assistant-Director of Ordnance Services.
D.A.G.	Deputy-Adjutant-General.
D.B.E.	Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire.
D.C.M.	Distinguished Conduct Medal.
D.D.M.S.	Deputy-Director of Medical Services.
D.F.C.	Distinguished Flying Cross.
D.H.Q.	Divisional Headquarters.
Div. (B., F., G., T.)	Division (British, French, German, Turkish).
Div. Sig. Coy.	Divisional Signal Company.
D.M.S.	Director of Medical Services.
D.S.O.	Distinguished Service Order.
Engrs.	Engineers.
Fld. Amb.	Field Ambulance.
G.C.B.	Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

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G.C.M.G.	Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.
G.H.Q.	General Headquarters.
G.O.C.	General Officer Commanding.
G.S.O. (1)	General Staff Officer, 1st Grade.
G.S.O. (2)	General Staff Officer, 2nd Grade.
G.S.O. (3)	General Staff Officer, 3rd Grade.
H.E.	High Explosive.
H.Q.	Headquarters.
H.T.M.	Heavy Trench Mortar.
I.C.C.	Imperial Camel Corps.
Inf.	Infantry.
K.B.E.	Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire.
K.C.B.	Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.
K.C.M.G.	Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.
K.C.S.I.	Knight Commander of the Order of the Star of India.
K.C.V.O.	Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order.
L.G.	Lewis Gun.
L.H.	Light Horse.
L.T.M.	Light Trench Mortar.
M.B.E.	Member of the Order of the British Empire
M.C.	Military Cross.
M.G.	Machine Gun.
M.M.	Military Medal.
M.T.	Mechanical Transport.
Mtd.	Mounted.
M.T.M.	Medium Trench Mortar.
M.V.O.	Member of the Royal Victorian Order.
N. & M.E.F.	Naval and Military Expeditionary Force (New Guinea).
N.S.W.	New South Wales.
N.Z.	New Zealand.
O.B.E.	Officer of the Order of the British Empire.
O.C.	Officer Commanding.
p.s.c	Staff College Graduate—Camberley, Eng., or Quetta, India.
Q'land	Queensland.
q.s.	Considered qualified for Staff Employment, in consequence of Service on the Staff in the Field.

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R.A.	Royal Artillery (British).
R.A.A.	Royal Australian Artillery.
R.A.E.	Royal Australian Engineers.
R.A.F.A.	Royal Australian Field Artillery.
R.A.G.A.	Royal Australian Garrison Artillery.
R.A.M.C.	Royal Army Medical Corps (British).
R.A.S.C.	Royal Army Service Corps (British).
R.E.	Royal Engineers (British).
Regt.	Regiment.
R.G.A.	Royal Garrison Artillery (British).
R.H.A.	Royal Horse Artillery (British).
S. Aust.	South Australia.
Sqn.	Squadron.
Tas.	Tasmania.
temp.	temporary.
temply.	temporarily.
T.M.	Trench Mortar.
V.C.	Victoria Cross.
V.D.	Volunteer Officers' Decoration.
Vic.	Victoria.
W. Aust.	Western Australia.
Yeo.	Yeomanry.

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CHRONOLOGY TO THE END OF APRIL, 1915

(*Italic* type indicates events dealt with in this volume)

June 28—Assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria.
July 23—Austria presents ultimatum to Serbia.
„ 28—Austria declares war on Serbia.
Aug. 1—Germany declares war on Russia.
„ 2—German troops enter Luxemburg and France.
„ 4—Germany invades and declares war on Belgium; Great Britain declares war on Germany.
„ 5—Austria declares war on Russia.
„ 7—Russia invades Prussia.
„ 10—Austria invades Poland. *Recruiting for Australian Imperial Force begins.*
„ 13—Austria invades Serbia.
„ 18—Russia invades Galicia.
„ 23—Battle of Mons begins. Japan declares war on Germany.
„ 26—Beginning of Russian defeat in E. Prussia; Battle of Tannenberg.
Sept 6-10—German invasion of France repelled in the Battle of the Marne.
„ 14-28—German retirement in France ends in the Battle of the Aisne.
Oct. 9—Germans occupy Antwerp.
„ 11—Battle of Flanders begins.
„ 29—*Turkey enters the war.*
Nov. 1—Battle of Coronel. *1st A. and N.Z. Contingent sails from Albany, Western Australia.*
„ 2-13—Second Russian invasion of Prussia.
„ 3—Russian campaign in Caucasus begins.
„ 7—British invasion of Mesopotamia begins.
„ 9-17—First Battle of Ypres.
„ 14—Russian advance in Prussia ends; German invasion along Vistula begins.
Dec. 4—*Australia and New Zealand Forces arrive at Cairo.*
„ 7-26—Germans unsuccessfully attack Warsaw. Russians advance in Galicia.
„ 8—Battle of Falkland Islands.
1915.
Feb. 3—*Turks attack Suez Canal.*
„ 7-14—German counter-offensive finally clears E. Prussia of the Russians.
„ 18—German submarine "blockade" begins.
„ 19—*Dardanelles bombarded by Allied warships; Dardanelles campaign begins.*
March 10—Battle of Neuve Chapelle begins.
„ 18—*Attempt by Allied Fleet to force the Dardanelles.*
„ 22—Russians capture Przemysl.
April 22—Second Battle of Ypres begins. "Gas" first used by Germans.
„ 25—*Allies land on Gallipoli.*
„ 28—Austro-German offensive launched under von Mackensen in Galicia.

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ERRATA

Page 298, *line* 8, *for* J. W. Rigby *read* W. J. Rigby.

Page 447, *line* 13, *for* 25th *read* 26th.

Page 447, *line* 14, *for* 26th *read* 25th.

Facing page 586 *(Map No. 24)*, the line showing the Australian objective, May 2nd, should have its southern extremity at Quinn's Post.

Page 596, *line* 5, *add* in the hands of the Turks.

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INTRODUCTION

THE AUSTRALIAN NATION AND THE WAR

FROM the point of view of the reader in other countries, a history of the part played by Australia in the Great War must inevitably be but a partial history. The rôle of the Australian people and of its armed forces fitted into the larger rôle of the whole British people much as the part of Britain fitted into the great drama enacted by the full "cast" of the Allies. As the historian of the British share in the Battle of the Marne may be in danger of making that share appear to have been the pivot of the whole campaign, so, and to an even greater degree, the Australian historian may run the risk of so constructing the entire conflict that it seems to centre upon that part of it with which he deals.

At the beginning of the War the British Army, small though it was, nevertheless by the tenacity of the retreat from Mons profoundly affected the course of the struggle. Similarly there were occasions at the end of the War when the Australian forces, engaged as they were in the very centre of the conflict at one of its most critical stages, were not without a conspicuous influence upon the result. Such occasions obviously could not occur with frequency. In the narrative of those campaigns in which Australia shared, the historian will endeavour to observe a due proportion, and to present the part played by Australia in its true relation to the vast events and mighty issues which were its setting.

But, while recognising that his country played in the total drama but an occasional, if a brilliant, part, the historian of Australia is bound to realise the other truth—that from the standpoint of his own country the story which he is to write constitutes a great drama in itself. He cannot forget that he is "a citizen of no mean city," and that no chapter in the history of Australia—much less such a chapter as this—is without its importance in the history of the Pacific and of the world. The struggle was a powerful agency in moulding the people of Australia and New Zealand,

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and, though fully appreciating the wider whole, the Australian narrator may fairly treat the efforts and experiences of his own country as a story apart.

The Great War profoundly affected even those nations which were farthest from its chief theatre, not only because of the range of its political and economic effects, but because it partook of the nature of a crusade. Into the remoter origins of the War this history, inasmuch as it deals almost exclusively with the Australian Imperial Force, cannot, without going beyond its allotted scope, appropriately enter; moreover it is far too soon to pronounce any decided verdict concerning its complex causes and the degree of blame or merit attaching to those who fought round its issues. The critical examination upon which the future judgment of such questions will be based has scarcely yet been begun. The documents essential to their study are still in the chancelleries of Europe. Even if the data were available for a full presentation of the case of the Allies, the minds best fitted for the task are not the minds of those who have but recently emerged from the stress of the conflict. The truth of contemporary history can hardly escape corruption from the influence of national passions.

But while the ability, and perhaps the right, to pass final judgment upon the causes and the issues of the Great War must be left to posterity, it is the contemporary who alone can speak with authority of the motives which actually impelled his fellow-countrymen. As has been said, to the Allies, and to our own country among them, the war was of the nature of a crusade. Not merely was their independence threatened or invaded; a new creed was being thrust upon the world, a creed utterly repugnant to the humanity of Christian civilisation. The inordinate conceit of the Germans in their "Kultur," the new morality of Nietszche, the military philosophy of Clausewitz, the vitiated history of Treitschke, all converted into fierce contemporary propaganda by such clamant spirits as Bernhardi, were being exalted into a national religion worthy only of barbarians. This German philosophy, like every other, had its historical causes, with which, however, we need not here concern ourselves. Based not upon that sense of right which, whether evolved or implanted, exists in all modern civilisation, but upon the warped psy-

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chology or diseased ambition of the few, it was utterly abhorrent to those nations which had been left free to develop according to the natural laws of human progress.

As was the case with the British and the French, comparatively few Australians or New Zealanders were fully acquainted with the philosophy underlying the Prussian attitude. But its visible results were well known to them all. They had heard of the cripple of Zabern; they had read of the unconscionable principles of the military bureaucracy of Prussia, and their instinct for freedom revolted against its pompous hectoring, its cynical intrigue, its tyrannous oppressions in time of peace, its ugly menace for time of war. They therefore exalted the struggle into one which should "save the world for democracy," establish the sanctity of treaties, and, if possible, inaugurate a reign of justice and rid the world of the whole system of war.

Not only in its issues but also in its methods this war affected, more deeply than any war of the past had done, the countries most removed from the actual clash of arms. Previous wars were fought by armed sections of nations; this was fought by the nations themselves. Not only was a greater proportion of each directly engaged; not only had almost every family at least some member serving at the front; but, in this onslaught of sophisticated paganism, the canons by which conflicts between Christian nations had been restricted to the armed contestants were set aside. War was made upon the peoples themselves with every available weapon. Not only were their lives assailed with lead and steel; their moral endurance was attacked by the use of every corrosive influence which could be devised by crafty writings in the neutral press, by coloured and selected news through wireless and cable services, by pamphlets distributed wherever intrigue could reach, by bribery, by the threat of starvation and the terror of bombs and floating mines—until even those who most loathed such methods were driven to adopt, for defence and for attack, means not much unlike them.

It is salutary to reflect how ill this philosophy of brute force served its adherents. Within a few weeks of the outbreak of war the sacking of Louvain, the burning of village after village, and the massacre of inhabitants had roused

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the crusading spirit not only in every avowed antagonist of Germany, but even in those nations which had desired to remain aloof and uncommitted. It was two monstrous crimes against humanity, perpetrated in accordance with the Prussian tenets—the invasion of Belgium and the "ruthless" warfare of submarines—which respectively gave the final impulse to Britain and America. The use of poison-gas in contravention of all pledges for the sake of instant advantage, the connivance at the massacre of the Armenian nation, the shelling of Paris, the bombing of London, all served to keep the first enthusiasm at white heat. These foretastes of the detested system united all creeds and classes in lands outside the German sphere. Political strife as in Ireland, social upheavals as in Russia, were, for the time being, stilled in a common abhorrence of such atrocities. Lacking in organised action though they were, almost as loosely associated as the crusaders of old, the high moral enthusiasm which swept the allies into war more than compensated for their unpreparedness. The end of the war was less a victory of the allied arms than a victory of the morale of the allied peoples. Their determination proved stronger than that of their enemies. There is little doubt that the most powerful factor in sustaining their resolve was their firm faith in the justice of their cause, a faith which many a German, however submissive to the perverted moral code of his leaders, can hardly have possessed.

The faith which upheld the allied cause was nowhere more sound and pure than among the peoples of Australia and New Zealand. Their very distance from the centre of the struggle made more distinct the idealism of their motives. The emotion which stirred them was purged of the local pettiness of the days before the war. For the first time Australians of all the States in the Commonwealth, and of all sections in those States, were a united and unanimous people. It is still too soon to discern what will be the ultimate effect of the war upon this country. Remote though the conflict was, so completely did it absorb the people's energies, so completely concentrate and unify their effort, that it is possible for those who lived among the events to say that in those days Australia became fully conscious of itself as a nation.

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CHAPTER I

AUSTRALIA'S POSITION AT THE OUTBREAK

On the 30th of July, 1914, a cablegram in secret cipher from the British Government to the Government of Australia informed it that there was imminent danger of war. It was not necessary to indicate the enemy. Every Australian knew that a quarrel between Austria and Serbia had afforded opportunity for the intervention of Germany. Few then realised that Germany was therein deliberately employing the characteristic methods which brought her into danger of war with Great Britain; that Britain might be immediately involved was hardly contemplated as a possible contingency. But all knew that Germany was the only power whose action would at that time drag the British people into any international struggle. If Great Britain were involved, what was the position of those younger British communities which inhabited lands remote from the old world, and which were loosely bound together under the name of the British Empire?

Of those peoples of the world which had sprung from the British stock, only one, that of the United States, had left the Empire and grown to maturity as an independent nation. The other offshoots, in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Newfoundland, were still but adolescent. The world regarded them and their motherland as one community. Foreign nations had begun to know something of the several British colonies as producers of raw materials and of new ideas; but their population, still in its infancy, was not yet reckoned as a factor in international politics.

Great Britain, having on principle allowed enterprising sections of her population to create of themselves self-governing states in the outer fringes of the world, had also permitted them to organise themselves as they desired, free of restriction, but nevertheless enjoying her protection. They paid her no levies, whether fixed from without or from within; they were free to tax her goods, her trade, her ships, and her people, within their own spheres. She demanded no contri-

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bution to any common army or navy. It was within their discretion to raise land and sea forces or not to raise them, to lend them to the mother land or to restrict their use to their own country. The responsibility for the defence of the whole was entirely and freely undertaken by Great Britain, whether the younger nations assisted or not.

The high-minded and progressive men who were among the early leaders in most of the colonies often nursed the vague hope that their virgin communities would be able to seclude themselves from the world, living without concern in its disputes, freed by their isolation from the danger of war or the need for army or navy. This had been particularly the case with Australia. But in the last generation swift transport, international trade, and the obvious temptation of a comparatively empty continent to nations whose land was over-crowded, had caused such hope to fade. Australians recognised that they were intimately affected, not only by the wealth of the world, in which they had every desire to share, but by its poverty. It was brought home to them that they were involved in its reciprocal relations. They could not afford the indifference which sometimes comes with strength.

Although the British Dominions oversea had thus reached the stage at which they were fast developing foreign relations, the British Government still undertook the conduct of their dealings with other countries. The younger peoples asked for no share in such transactions. They were apprehensive that it would limit their freedom; that it would bind them to provide armed forces other than those which they individually chose to provide, or would commit those forces to the support of a policy of which they might not individually approve. Most of them had established within their own coasts some organisation for at least home defence. But, according to the free principles upon which the British Empire grew, the question whether any of the forces of an oversea dominion should take part in one of the Empire's wars remained a question for that dominion alone. It is true that the rest of the world dealt with the States of the British Empire as with one nation. If Great Britain were at war, then automatically by the law of nations Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa were at war also. But it depended on the will

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of each of the dominions within the Empire how far it should actively support the mother country in such war. It had even been suggested by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when Prime Minister of Canada, that the oversea States of the Empire could maintain "neutrality" in any of Great Britain's wars in which they had no desire to join.

Thus, under the policy adopted by Great Britain, the unity of the Empire in war depended ultimately on the free will of each of its several parts; that is to say, upon the character and qualities which that policy had developed in the men and women of each new branch of her family. Combination and unity of action were necessary if the British Empire was to effect its joint desires, whether positive or negative, in the world. But the British policy left it to whatever virtue and good sense existed in each portion of the race to see the need, and to determine its procedure, either before or after the occasion actually arose. The policy of Britain in regard to her Empire was, in fact, precisely opposite to that of the rigid and calculating organisation upon which the German Empire was built. It was of the essence of liberalism: it avoided all imposed control and placed its trust in the good sense and feeling inherent in men left free.

The effective unity of the British Empire at the outbreak of war therefore depended upon the answers to three questions. What manner of people had been evolved from these offshoots of the race, on the free will and character of whose individual citizens the whole system relied? What organisation had each nation within the Empire provided against the chance of war? How, when war came, would each decide to use that provision?

To an extent unknown to the British people, and only partly realised by themselves, the younger branches of the British stock had, during the century before the war, developed qualities of their own, perhaps not so obvious as those which distinguished the American from the Englishman, but at least as marked as those which separated the Englishman from the Scot; and no branch had developed a more distinct character than the Australian. It is true that it retained many qualities common to all the British peoples. The Australian spoke the same language, read the same books, loved the same sports,

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held the same ideas of honesty, of cleanliness, of individual liberty; his children learned at their mothers' knees the same grand traditions of sea travel and old adventure, for he had as yet created few stories of his own. But he was becoming to some extent distinguishable from the Englishman in bodily appearance, in face, and in voice. He also displayed certain markedly divergent qualities of mind and character.

It would be strange if this had not been so. In the first place, the blood of the Australian was different, being a blend of four British strains—English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh. The percentage of Australians who came of any other stock was negligible; the population of this vast unfilled land was as purely British as in the islands at the other end of the world which had once been the home of its fathers. But whereas in the British Isles those four strains were still comparatively distinct, in Australia they had been blended by intermarriage into a people completely British, but such as existed nowhere else except in New Zealand. There also a similar nation was evolving, save that the Scottish element was stronger and the Irish less strong. In New Zealand the earliest settlement was but eighty years old. In Canada, although it had been colonised a century before Australia, the Government had so actively encouraged immigration that more than one-quarter of the population was newly arrived from Europe or the United States. Nearly another quarter was of French origin, jealously preserving its own language and religion. Meanwhile, although Australia is in extent slightly greater than three-fourths of Europe, if four men were taken respectively from its four uttermost corners, each of them would be practically indistinguishable in type from any one of five million other Australians whether in Sydney, Melbourne, or any other town or district of the continent. There is often far more difference between the natives of English counties twenty miles apart—Essex and Kent, Devon and Cornwall—than between Australians who live at a distance of two thousand miles from each other.

In the second place, like colonists of all ages, the Australian came of a race whose tradition was one of independence and enterprise, and, within that race itself, from a stock more adventurous, and for the most part physically more

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strong, than the general run of men. By reason of the open-air life in the new climate, and of greater abundance of food, the people developed more fully the large frames which seem normal to Anglo-Saxons living under generous conditions. An active life, as well as the climate, rendered the body wiry and the face lean, easily lined, and thin-lipped. An accent neither English, Scottish nor Irish had begun to differentiate Australian speech.

Bred of such stock, and left to develop themselves freely in their own way, Australians came to exhibit a peculiar independence of character. Their fathers, usually men of an assertive and forcible disposition, had cut loose from tradition and authority when they left the British Isles; they refused to take for granted the prescribed opinions, but faced each question for themselves and gave to it an answer of their own. If there was in them something of aggressiveness, there was also a vigorous and unfettered initiative. In them the characteristic resourcefulness of the British was perforce developed further. They had lived much in lonely places, where it was necessary to solve each difficulty without help, and in the process they learned to hold no practical problem insoluble. Freedom from suppression habituated them to prompt action in emergencies. It was a fact often observed, that in a ship-wreck or bush-fire one man of British stock could compass the work of several Germans; and this capacity the Australian possessed in an extreme degree. Because the conditions of his life were generous, he had within him a reservoir of lively energy on which he drew in critical times for almost unbelievable efforts.

Men passed among Australians for what in themselves they were worth. The little "society" which eddied round a Government House was an analogue from the old world quite outside the life of the nation. The younger generation was largely trained in State schools, and such remnants of the old feudal class distinctions as had survived among the earlier colonists were daily losing their hold. Socially the Australian people came nearer than perhaps any other to forming one class without distinction of birth or wealth. The greater number of young Australians, so far from being perpetually conscious of social superiority

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or inferiority, hardly realised that such barriers existed. The grown man was unaccustomed to commands untempered by the suggestion of a request. The only restraint he recognised before the war was self-imposed. This characteristic gave him a reputation for indiscipline, but it endowed him with a power of swift individual decision and, in critical moments, of self-control, which became conspicuous during the war. A doubt had sometimes risen as to whether the discipline necessary in an effective army or navy could ever be tolerated by young Australians.

The typical Australian had no respect whatever for the possessor of money as such. The whole tendency of his individualism had been to protect the weaker member. While the sympathy of the American was usually for the strong, that of the Australian was for those who lacked advantage. He was seldom religious in the sense in which the word is generally used. So far as he held a prevailing creed, it was a romantic creed inherited from the gold-miner and the bushman, of which the chief article was that a man should at all times and at any cost stand by his mate. This was and is the one law which the good Australian must never break. It is bred in the child and stays with him through life. In the last few moments before the bloody attack upon Lone Pine in Gallipoli, when the 3rd Australian Infantry Battalion was crowded on the fire-steps of each bay of its old front-line trench waiting for the final signal to scramble over the sandbags above, a man with rifle in hand, bayonet fixed, came peering along the trench below. "Jim here?" he asked. A voice on the fire-step answered "Right, Bill; here." "Do you chaps mind shiftin' up a piece?" said the man in the trench. "Him and me are mates, an' we're goin' over together." The same thing must have happened many thousands of times in the Australian divisions. The strongest bond in the Australian Imperial Force was that between a man and his mate. No matter how hardened a sinner against camp rules, how often in trouble at the *estaminet*, an Australian seemed never to fail in the purely self-imposed duty of standing by his wounded friend whenever his task in the battle permitted him to do so. In the foulest French winter, or at Cape Helles when bullets seemed to be raining in sheets, on every occasion when an

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Australian force went into action there were to be found men who, come what might, regardless of death or wounds, stayed by their fallen friends until they had seen them into safety.

These qualities of independence, originality, the faculty of rising to an occasion, and loyalty to a "mate," conspicuous in the individual Australian, became recognizable as parts of the national character. Not that either the British people or the Australians themselves realised fully before the war that an Australian national character or even a nation existed. The people of the young community were hardly conscious of complete union. It was only thirteen years since the six unconnected colonies had been formally federated by Great Britain, at their own request, into a Commonwealth of six States under the Australian Parliament. The Commonwealth controlled the defence, the common trade, and the customs of all the States; but until the Great War the feeling of the people appeared to be still largely one of attachment to its "State" rather than to Australia. Only in one point was the Australian people palpably united—in a determination to keep its continent for a white man's land. Nationalism and patriotism are cherished ideals, and the genuine Australian, with an almost feminine sensitiveness about laying open his feelings to another's gaze, disguised all such sentiments under a mask of cynicism. If he respected a person or an ideal, he screened his feeling with a dry jest which deceived others and perhaps himself. Only those who knew him well suspected the intense nationalism which the war revealed.

Such, at this date, was the people of this offshoot of the British stock, the embryo, it may be, of one of the earth's great nations. Hitherto it had lived secure under the protection of the British Navy, and had never yet been called upon to engage in any heavy struggle on behalf of itself, its principles, or its friends. It was obvious to many that this supreme test must one day come. The policy of Great Britain had left the over-sea dominions free to prepare against it beforehand or to remain unprepared. What provision had their free sense—in time of peace, when the motive was not insistent—induced them to make against an emergency which might be remote?

Their resolve for freedom had impelled them to provide armies, and in some cases navies, of their own; it had at the

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same time made them jealous of committing their forces to any common organisation or to one not entirely under their own control. They had prepared no set scheme for common action with Great Britain in case of war. If, as they grew in strength, a few steps were beginning to be taken towards that end, they were but recent and tentative.

The main force of the British Empire, when war broke out in 1914, was the old regular army and navy of Great Britain, which were maintained by the British people for the defence (subject to the will of the British Parliament) of all the British nations. The oversea dominions had established independent military or naval militias, the former corresponding to the British "Territorial" force; Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa had each a small nucleus of permanent troops. But these were intended for purely local defence, and could not be sent outside the boundaries of their own dominion. Any force for foreign service must be specially raised on each occasion, as had been the contingents sent to South Africa. Now that the population of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand amounted to one-fifth of the white population of the Empire, conferences were held with a view to arriving at some less haphazard organisation. At an Imperial Conference in 1902, after the South African War, it had been suggested that the small monetary contributions then voted by the dominions to the British Navy might be increased, that men and officers might be contributed as well as money, and that a scheme for a small expeditionary force might be established in each dominion, so that the organisation should be ready in case the dominion in any emergency decided to employ it. The suggestion was refused by the dominion Ministers, except those of South Africa. Even a provisional scheme for the sending abroad of a force in war was liable to be construed as a step taken not for defence but for aggression.

The establishment of a scheme for united defence, so far as the Army was concerned, turned mainly on this proposal. At the next conference, in 1907, the dominion Ministers put aside a tentative suggestion made in the same direction by Richard Burdon Haldane, Secretary of State for War. The furthest they would go towards a common military organi-

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sation was the formation of an Imperial General Staff. Its duty was to see that the armies of the different States of the Empire should be trained on similar lines, organised in similar units, and equipped with the same weapons, and that the officers of the Staff should be schooled on the same pattern, so that, if ever they had to act together, they would speak in the same terms and with a mutual understanding. The forces of the six Australian States, which were combined on federation into a single Australian army, were already trained upon a rigidly British system. In accordance with the suggestion of the Imperial Conference, a certain number of military Staff Officers were exchanged with the British Army, especially in India, and with Canada and New Zealand, while at various times leading Australian soldiers were sent to work in London on the Imperial General Staff. The Committee of Imperial Defence—a rather vague body called together from time to time by the British Prime Minister—was charged with studying the problems of the defence of the British Empire, and occasionally communicated advice to the oversea dominions concerning it. The military Staffs in the dominions, acting on this advice, drew up their respective "Defence Schemes." But neither the Imperial General Staff nor the Committee of Imperial Defence had the slightest authority over the dominion armies. These forces were entirely separate, and subject only to their own Parliaments. The troops were not pledged to serve abroad, even if their respective Governments were disposed to send them.

But though Australia possessed a "home service" army only, she regarded that army seriously. It was in a large measure the child of the Australian Labour Party. There was no division between the two great parties as to the need for defence, but in some respects Labour went furthest. The Labour leaders, especially Andrew Fisher and George Foster Pearce, caught the settled determination of William Morris Hughes, Attorney-General in the Fisher Government, who had been for years convinced that Australia would some day have to fight for her existence. By the action of successive Governments of both parties the citizen army was established. In 1909 Australia adopted compulsory service for it. In the following summer Lord Kitchener, invited by the Australian

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Government, visited the country and advised upon the organisation of the force so raised. His advice was adopted in its entirety. Under it the Australian Army was coming into being (as will be told in the next chapter) when the war broke out.

The independence which Great Britain fostered in her oversea dominions produced its equally marked effect in their provision for naval defence: Australia at least had acquired a considerable naval force. Common standards of training were adopted; but there was no binding arrangement for common action in war. There had previously existed a system, always unpopular in Australia, under which inadequate sums of colonial money were paid to the British Navy for the maintenance of insignificant squadrons in colonial waters. Australia's resolute nationalism broke down that system, and in 1909 swayed the Empire's policy to a principle by which the younger nations of the Empire were to provide separate "fleet units." The Australian Government, though power swung backward and forward from Deakin and Cook (Liberal) to Fisher, Hughes, and Pearce (Labour), held steadily to this national policy and carried it out with determination. In Canada there came in a Government which was less wedded to the policy of a national Canadian navy; with Winston Churchill's active support at the Admiralty, it altered Canada's rôle under the agreement and proposed a simple gift of three battleships to the British Navy. This proposal eventually broke on the rock of Canadian nationalism. After a bitter internal dispute it was rejected by the Canadian Senate immediately before the war, and no naval preparation worth mention had been forthcoming. In Australia, where the policy of a national Australian navy was adopted, the young country, after unwillingly paying a miserable £200,000 a year for the hire of a British squadron (which, be it said, the Admiralty for its part failed to keep up to the standard agreed upon), now willingly faced an expenditure of £2,464,867. Even then the payment by the Australian for the fleets which protected him was not proportionately so great as that of the British citizen; nevertheless it had been willingly made twelve times greater than before for the reason that the navy for which he was paying was Australian. By the time when war came, Australia had its own fleet upon the sea, paid for out

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of its own revenue, and manned, as far as was possible in the time, by Australian crews. It had instituted its own Naval College for officers and training establishments for men.

Thus the liberty which the younger British nations enjoyed had resulted in naval and military preparations exactly in keeping with that liberty. From the moment when the Australian began to organise his own national army and navy, they became forces of serious size and efficiency. But whether he sent these or any force to participate in any war, was a matter for his free decision when the occasion arose.

Such was the provision which Australia had made for common action with Great Britain in war. When the outbreak came, how did she decide to use that which she had provided?

It is not to be supposed that the problem of war, when it arose, presented itself to the components of the British Empire with its issues clear-cut, its contingencies plain from the outset. It is not here necessary to discuss the causes of the war, either those ultimate causes deep in German philosophy and history which seem now to have made the conflict inevitable, or the surface quarrels which precipitated that conflict in its time and place. It must suffice to recall, as far as possible, the atmosphere of those last hours of peace, and to indicate the view which the average Australian took of the struggle and of his relation to it.

In August, 1914, the test came with extreme suddenness. War fell upon the British people out of a clear sky. A hundred years of peace, sheltered by the British Navy, had rendered the Briton guileless and unsuspicious even when trouble clearly threatened the rest of the world. The continental peoples of Europe, divided from hereditary enemies by mere lines drawn upon the map, realised that, if the clouds which they saw piling should break, they would be in the deluge. But the British gazed on the lowering quarrel as at a picture, an interesting spectacle, but one scarcely affecting themselves. The notion that the assassination of a foreign Archduke by an outraged patriot could precipitate them personally into battle and death —that the son who came home daily from his work in a London office, or who shook from his eyes the spray of the Sydney surf, would within a few months be lying with his hair matted in blood on a Turkish hillside—did not even

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suggest itself until the tempest was rushing down upon them in the last few days of the crisis.

The causes of the war which broke out in 1914 were probably as well understood by Australians as by any other people. Their press, true to British tradition, was free, and it presented to them, on the whole, a true picture of the world as deduced from the news columns of the day in every country. These newspapers were religiously perused: the loneliest boundary-rider, in his hut thirty miles from the main homestead of the furthest sheep-station, read them whenever the ration-cart brought them—read them from the notices on the front page to the advertisements on the last. The news of the quarrel between Austria and Serbia was followed with the interest of intelligent spectators looking on at an important game. They knew that a crisis had arisen when the heir to the Austrian throne was assassinated, on the 28th of June, 1914, by a Serbian nationalist; that while Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was supporting a peaceful solution to which Serbia appeared to have agreed, Austria had suddenly delivered to Serbia an ultimatum in terms which seemed intentionally designed to make peace impossible. It was commonly believed—and it was afterwards proved to be the case—that Germany had seen this document before it was delivered. Russia, it was known, would help her fellow Slavs in Serbia. On Thursday, July 30th, Australians read that Austria had declared war on Serbia. On Saturday, August 1st, they were informed that Berlin was "waiting for war," and that events were "moving with dangerous rapidity." The sinister rumour went that, Russia having mobilised to help Serbia, Germany had given her twenty-four hours to explain her mobilisation. Peace or war, it was said, depended on Russia's answer. If Germany declared war on Russia, France was bound to support her ally; and the British newspapers were discussing whether in that case Britain would be called upon to support France.

These, shortly stated, represented, so far as Australia knew them, the facts of the situation which became the occasion of the war. But Australians distinguished with sufficient clearness between the occasion and the real cause. The news cabled for years before the war had led many of them to suspect that

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the party most powerful in Germany was deliberately planning to crush either France or Britain at a moment favourable to its plans. Many therefore believed that Germany was behind Austria in her negotiations with Serbia, and that, despite her professions, Germany did not desire peace, but war. Interest in the Serbian crisis became keen from the moment when it seemed likely to involve her. If Germany entered the war against Russia, she would do so with the full knowledge that it meant war also against Russia's ally, France. And the world knew that Britain and France, for their mutual security, had undertaken in some informal manner to support each other if an attack were delivered against either.

Until the last days of the crisis no part of the British people realised that it was itself involved in this impending struggle of nations. The British Empire looked amiably on while the last precious moments of peace expired, and Sir Edward Grey employed an incomparable patience and a transparent sincerity in endeavouring to find for Austria, Germany, and Russia one road after another to a pacific solution. As has been already said, on July 30th the Australian Government had received a cabled warning that there was imminent danger of war. Yet on that day the coming elections to the Federal Parliament were still the chief interest of the Australian people. But on July 31st the morning's news made it clear that war between Russia and Germany might be a matter of hours. Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, had met Parliament with a statement that the hour was one of gravity almost unparalleled. The First British Fleet had left Portland.

The Australian people, like the British, had very little knowledge of its army. Not one in a thousand either in Great Britain or Australia could have explained what a "division" was, although in France or Germany such knowledge was elementary. But Australians had as keen a sense as could be expected in the mass of a people of their dependence upon the navy; not only upon the Australian Navy, which, as it proved, was the only shield protecting the capital cities of Australia from actual bombardment by the German cruisers in the Pacific, but upon that greater fleet which they knew stood between them and things worse than bombardment, though it was at that moment making its way, with lights out, through the night, to

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an unknown destination in the North Sea. Many a man caught his breath when he read that the British Fleet was at sea upon business more serious than any which this generation had known. In Australian cities each news-cable, as it arrived, was posted outside the newspaper offices. All day small crowds gathered on the pavements scanning the bulletins. On the morning of Sunday, August 2nd, the announcement was posted that Germany had declared war on Russia. Every man knew that this involved France in the war; and, if France was involved, so might Britain be.

Thus suddenly, within the space of a few days, there came upon these loosely organised British States the test which had long been vaguely anticipated. No formal constitution bound the outer dominions to take any active part with the mother country. Under the free principles of Britain the oversea States had developed a stronger individual nationalism than either she or they realised. How did that national spirit affect their decision at this crisis? Especially concerning the Australian, some who did not fully understand him had doubts as to whither the marked independence fostered in him by Great Britain would lead him. Australia's attitude in her relations with the mother country had sometimes led outsiders to conceive that she was aiming at complete separation from the parent country. For at least a generation before the war her people had tended to act as a nation of themselves. It had sometimes been remarked that a section of them appeared cynical and captious, if not cold, in their relations with Great Britain. In ordinary times the waving of the British flag at the end of a political speech did not rouse them. The ceremonies surrounding the landing or departure of Governors-General left them unimpressed. As many commanding officers found during the war, so in peace time before the war, it was noticeable that, if the Australian was expected to cheer a distinguished visitor, he often maintained a resolute silence, in which the voices of a few loyal demonstrators endeavouring to make up for the rest sounded painfully thin. It was his quality to place his own estimate upon men and events. If he saw no special reason for applauding them then and there, it was useless to attempt to force his applause, even for the King himself. Those "imperialists" who before the war always

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sought to keep the Australian screwed up to a high pitch of protestation were apt to arouse in him a reaction precisely opposite to the sentiment which they intended to encourage. He was careless of forms of which he did not see the use, but as sensitive as a girl concerning any display of those feelings which he did profoundly possess. If a man was a genuine Australian, to charge him with cherishing deep feelings or enthusiasm was likely to drive him to deny it. The rulers of Germany had reckoned, as one amongst many factors which would help them in a war with Britain, that Australia might stand aloof or even break away from the Empire. When an Australian was taken prisoner during the war, it was a common thing for the German or Turkish intelligence officer who examined him to ask: "Why did you come into this? What business was it of yours? What induced you to travel all those miles to fight in a quarrel which had nothing to do with you?"

Yet those who understood the Australian even indifferently well were aware that, if a breath stirred which seemed to portend harm to any member of the family of nations to which he belonged, at that moment an emotion ran deep through the heart of the Australian people. The men who did not wave flags, who hated to show sentiment, who spent their day jogging round the paddock fences on horseback in dungaree trousers, with eyes inscrutable in the shade of an old felt hat, men who gave dry answers and wrote terse letters—these became alert as a wild bull who raises his head, nostrils wide, at the first scent of danger. Any sympathetic human being living in Australia during the "naval crisis" of 1909 could not but detect, far below the superficial political squabble, the swift stirring of emotion which passed through the heart of that silent sensitive body of working men and women which makes the real nation. Here was an old friend in danger—Australia's oldest friend. Since beyond the memory of living man Australians had lived as members of a family of peoples. Their country had grown under the protection of the British Fleet. They would expect help from Britain if trouble came to them, and she would expect it of them in turn. Despite any difference of ideas or ideals which might have marked their relationship, she was their oldest friend. To many young Australians Great Britain was a fabled country, of which they had learned

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at their mother's knee, the home of wonderful things—of the many stories of childhood, of snow and lawns and rivers and castles and wonders seen only on Christmas cards. In the common language the motherland was still often spoken of as "home."

Was this critical hour the time when the Australian would dream of deserting her? Only a German could have imagined it. There was no man in politics more representative of Australian sentiment than Sir John Forrest, at that time Treasurer of the Commonwealth. Forrest had been an explorer and a pioneer. He was not a brilliant man, but he was perhaps the man in all politics whom Australians most loved as one of themselves. Speaking at Busselton in Western Australia on the night of Monday, August 3rd, he said: "In the past Australians were proud to think of the glories of England. We shared her victories and triumphs. Justice and reason now demand that we must be prepared to share her difficulties and, if need be, her disasters. If Britain goes to her Armageddon, we will go with her. Our fate and hers, for good or ill, are as woven threads." The first official statement of Australia's attitude had been made by Senator Millen, Minister for Defence, on Friday, July 31st, the day when the danger that Britain would be involved in the war became really evident. "If necessity arises," he said, "Australia will recognise that she is not merely a fair-weather partner of the Empire, but a component member in all circumstances." The same night Andrew Fisher, leader of the Opposition (then the Labour Party), a man of translucent honesty and high purpose, speaking at Colac in Victoria on behalf of his Party, gave the same pledge which he had given at a demonstration of Australian trade-unionists in the "naval crisis" of 1909. "Should the worst happen," he said, "after everything has been done that honour will permit, Australians will stand beside the mother country to help and defend her to our last man and our last shilling." Joseph Cook, Prime Minister of Australia, speaking the night after Andrew Fisher in the same hall, said: "If there is to be a war, you and I shall be in it. We must be in it. If the old country is at war, so are we."

The Australian, in truth, acted as everyone who knew him

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was sure that he would act. A tremendous struggle was clearly involving the earth, a struggle which neither Britain nor all the peaceful organisation of the world could succeed in preventing. In that crisis the attitude of Australia was from the first perfectly definite and united. During the days before Tuesday, the 4th of August, 1914, when Britain, alone of all those European nations acknowledged to be greatest, remained still uncommitted, the mass of Australians became possessed of one anxiety alone—the fear that Britain might hold aloof from the war.

It was believed that there was a sharp division in the British Cabinet. Australians knew that Great Britain was not bound by the letter of any treaty to give support to France. Mr. Asquith had stated this definitely in the British House of Commons in March, 1913. They knew also that it had been a vexed question whether, if Britain did enter the war, her army should be sent abroad to fight by the side of the French, or whether she would prosecute the war with her navy only. The general sense of a democracy seems to point curiously straight in large questions of national honour. The sense of the people of Australia—and no less of the British democracy—was that, whether Britain was or was not bound to France by the letter of an agreement, yet her statesmen and her press in constant discussion had assumed that these nations would stand together in trouble; and that, having thus allowed the French people to believe that Britain would aid France in any such crisis as the one which now faced her, they were morally bound by an obligation as strong as the bond of any treaty. The Australian felt that he was, through Britain, personally committed to the support of the French. At certain stages in the crisis he was full of anxiety lest Britain might fail.

But the anxiety was soon to vanish. It was the settled plan of the German War Staff to crush France before Russia could mobilise her ponderous armies. On Sunday, August 2nd, Germany took the first two steps towards invading France, in each case through a small and friendly country. On Sunday morning the Kaiser addressed twenty thousand of his people at the Imperial Palace in Berlin. "The sword is being forced into our hands . . ." he said. "We will

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show our adversaries what it means to attack Germany. . . . Go to church and ask God to help our brave army." That same day the German Army entered the little neutral State of Luxemburg, and Germany delivered an ultimatum to Belgium —whose neutrality she in common with the other great powers had undertaken by treaty to protect—giving her twelve hours in which to permit or refuse the free passage of German troops through Belgian territory on their way to attack a power friendly to Belgium. These events instantly determined the action of the British Cabinet. The anxiety of the waiting people both in Great Britain and Australia was swiftly ended when Sir Edward Grey, on Monday, August 3rd, announced to the House of Commons: "If the German Fleet comes into the English Channel and bombards the French coast or attacks French Shipping, Great Britain will give France all possible protection."[1]

When on the night of the 4th of August, 1914,[2] Britain declared war upon Germany, the whole of the Australian people was behind its Government in offering unreserved help.

There is no doubt that the motive which stirred Australia powerfully in the first place was the realisation that "the old country" was, for the first time in memory, confronted with a struggle in which she might actually cease to be a great nation.[3] Second to this was an intense hatred of German principles and methods—of the principle that only the strong have rights, and of the methods of militarism and ruthless suppression which were its logical result. It was only a pro-

[1] The words quoted are those in the cable to the Australian press. They are not materially different from those in the British reports.

[2] By Sydney time 9 a.m. August 5th.

[3] The motives which impelled Australians can be judged by the letters and other writings of those who gave their lives for their ideals. The following are typical of very many.

Private Charles Stanley Forster, a youngster of 19 killed at Lone Pine, wrote to his father in Sydney: "I have the greatest confidence that we shall uphold the traditions of the British race. I fully realise what a great piece of work is before us . . . I am sure you will not be disappointed with the part played by the Australian Forces. General Birdwood said that if this be successfully accomplished it will be handed down in history to the glory of the Australian and New Zealand Army. I shall do my little part to the best of my ability." Through the rough metre of the verse constantly written by Australian soldiers on Gallipoli there shows often the same sentiment. Corporal J. D. Burns (son of a clergyman at Bairnsdale, Vic.), who was killed on Gallipoli, wrote:

"The Banners of England unfurled across the sea,
Floating out upon the wind, were beckoning to me.
Storm-rent and battle-torn, smoke-stained and grey:
The Banners of England—and how could I stay!"

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portion of Australians who realised, in the early stages of the struggle, that they were fighting and must continue to fight for a third reason also—for the defence of Australia, since, if Britain fell, Australia too must fall. Though Australians were twelve thousand miles from the sound of the guns, there occurred during the war certain crises in which it was easy to realise that, if the Navy of the British Empire succumbed, Australia had no defence. Under the admonition of the country's leaders, as the war drew on, this motive became more keen. The old confidence of the era before the war—the assurance that conquests of free peoples by force of arms and the suppression of civilians at the point of the bayonet would not be attempted by any civilised nation—died out with the realisation that precisely these things were being done every day by the German Government. Long before the end of the war the Australian motive had come to this—Australians were fighting because they hated German principles, to which they were as completely opposed as white is to black, and because, if the allies lost, Australia would be a spoil to the conqueror.

The free decision of Australians was never in doubt. They poured out their ships, their men, and the money for their maintenance. To every cause which would benefit their allies they gave unstintingly. Appeals for France, Belgium, Serbia, Russia, Italy, Armenia never reached the Australian in vain. When it came to the support of his own and the British soldiers the stream of his giving was never checked.[4] The men, the women, and not least, the children, worked for their soldiers with all the strength that was in them.

[4] Figures (for which the writer is indebted to Mr. J. O. Fairfax and Mr. E. B. Harkness) show that as the result of one day's effort the citizens of the State of New South Wales alone gave £846,939 to the Red Cross.

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CHAPTER II

THE AUSTRALIAN OFFER

In the days of intense anxiety immediately before the declaration of war, when the entrance of Britain into it and the steps which she would take if she did enter were equally uncertain, there was a feeling in the British dominions that a declaration of their support would strengthen her position in the eyes of the world. New Zealand on July 30th offered to send a force of New Zealand troops if need arose. In Canada, on July 31st, Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister, hurriedly returned to Ottawa, summoned a meeting of the Cabinet, and telegraphed to the British Government that it could count on the fullest aid from Canada. The Canadian Government asked its Ministry of Militia and Defence for advice as to the force which could be sent at an early date. During the next few days several telegrams reached the Australian newspapers reporting statements attributed to Colonel Sam Hughes, the talkative Minister of Militia and Defence in Canada. He had said that "an offer of 30,000 men had been practically decided upon," and that 20,000 Canadians would be ready to sail within a fortnight if required. This news appeared in the Australian journals on Monday, August 3rd, under large headlines: "Canada offers 30,000." As a matter of fact Canada had offered to send 20,000 men, and more if required, but the actual terms passed unnoticed in Australia. Within two months in Canada, as in Australia, the men in training were far more than were originally contemplated.

It so happened at this perilous time there was brewing in Australia a Federal election, and one in which the political struggle was particularly bitter and the tactics intricate. The two parties in the country were Liberal and Labour. The Liberals had been in office, with Joseph Cook as Prime Minister and Senator Millen as Minister for Defence, but during their whole term they had been hampered by a heavy majority of their opponents in the Senate. Senator Millen, one of the most experienced and astute of Australian politicians, had been worried to the limit of endurance by the task of

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piloting Government measures through a hostile House. The Ministry, in order to rid itself of this obstacle, had introduced a Bill specially designed to bring the deadlock to an acute stage, so that it might apply the remedy laid down in the Australian Constitution for such a situation, to wit, a dissolution of both Houses of Parliament. The newly-arrived Governor-General, Sir Ronald Craufurd Munro Ferguson,[1] had given his assent. Feelings ran high and bitter. Parliament had been dissolved on June 27th, and polling was to take place on September 5th. The Ministers were mostly in the constituencies far from Melbourne (the temporary Capital and Seat of Government), pursuing the business of the election.

Under the arrangements made at the Imperial Conferences mentioned in the last chapter, the Committee of Imperial Defence, in assisting the dominions to draw up their "Defence Schemes," had arranged certain warnings which should be sent to them by the British Government whenever there was danger of war. There are certain precautionary steps which, for reasons of prudence, every country takes when the international situation is so threatening that war seems imminent. It is necessary, for example, to decide what measures should be immediately enforced in regard to the merchant ships of an enemy then lying in the country's ports, and also what precautions must be adopted in the case of neutral ships, which might carry enemy spies or goods, or might be fired on by forts at night or wander into minefields. These and many other steps, which are known as the "precautionary stage" of mobilisation, are in prudence planned beforehand, so that they can be taken immediately upon the receipt of a warning that war is probably impending. The country is thus put into a position—its forts manned, its garrisons ready, its wireless stations and railway bridges guarded—in which it cannot be taken unprepared. Later, if word is received that war has actually broken out, a further and different set of measures can be applied.

The Committee of Imperial Defence had drafted two messages which could be sent in times of peril by the British

[1] Now Viscount Novar of Raith.

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Government to the Governor-General of each dominion: the first warning him that there was imminent danger of war; the second, if war arrived, notifying him of the fact. On the receipt of the first message the Government of the dominion would, if it thought fit, order the "precautionary stage" of mobilisation. On receiving the second it would take whatever steps it had decided upon for a time of war.

Australia, fortunately, had her "Defence Scheme" almost ready. It so happened that in 1908—the year following the Imperial Conference which originated the plan—the Chief of Staff of the Australian Forces was Colonel William Throsby Bridges,[2] an able soldier and a man whose grim driving force at all times strongly influenced whatever Minister he might be working with. Bridges (whose title was Chief of Intelligence, inasmuch as the "General Staff" had only been established since the South African War and was a new thing at the date in question) started upon a Defence Scheme of his own. He first sketched in his mind the scheme as a whole, and then decided to begin upon the detailed measures to be taken by the Commandants in the six States, each of which is a "District" in the Australian army system.[3] He left until later the proceedings to be undertaken by the central authority of the Commonwealth acting from Melbourne, such as censorship of letters, cables, and newspapers. In this work, shortly after he had begun it, he was joined by a young officer of the Royal Australian Garrison Artillery, newly returned from two years in the British Staff College, Major C. B. B. White.[4] When Colonel Bridges left the Headquarters Staff in Melbourne in order to become the Australian representative on the Imperial General Staff in London, the work was continued under his successor, Brigadier-General Joseph Maria Gordon. The steps to be taken by the States had been completely drawn up. For those to be taken by the Commonwealth a beginning had been made

[2] Major-General Sir W. T. Bridges, K.C.B., C.M.G. Commanded 1st Aust. Div. and A.I.F., 1914/15; b. Greenock, Scotland, 18 Feb., 1861; died of wounds, 18 May, 1915.

[3] The six States and the six Military Districts are almost identical, the only important difference being that Broken Hill in New South Wales belongs, for convenience, to the 4th Military District (South Australia), and part of the Northern Rivers of N.S.W. to the 1st Military District (Queensland).

[4] Lieut.-General Sir C. B. B. White, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O., p.s.c., A.D.C. During the last offensive of the war Chief of Staff, 5th Army; subsequently Chief of General Staff and First Military Member of Military Board of Australian Forces; b. St. Arnaud, Vic., 23 Sept., 1876.

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by Bridges himself, who drafted them with a stern rigidity. He laid down the conditions to be imposed upon the press. "I never for a moment believed they'd stand 'em," he told a friend, long afterwards, expressing his surprise at the public-spirited manner in which the newspapers had accepted the restrictions designed to prevent information from reaching the enemy. After Bridges left Melbourne, considerable additions were made to the Defence Scheme by Major White. At the outbreak of the war it was still incomplete. But the instructions to the States were ready. The sending of a certain telegram from Melbourne would put into force sets of printed orders which lay in the safes of the District Commandants, waiting only to be unsealed.

On Wednesday, July 29th, the British Government despatched the first of the two warning telegrams. This was received by the Governor-General of Australia on July 30th.[5] It informed the Government that the time had arrived for bringing into force the "precautionary stage" of the Defence Scheme. This was immediately followed by a second telegram, instructing the Australian Government that the measures for the examination of ships entering Australian ports were not at the moment required, but that arrangements should be made to enforce them when necessary. On Saturday, August 1st, the word came that this precaution also should be taken. On Thursday, July 30th, when the first critical news arrived, the Governor-General was in Sydney, as was also Senator Millen, the Minister for Defence. Joseph Cook, the Prime Minister, alone was at the seat of Government in Melbourne: he had arranged to follow Andrew Fisher, the leader of the Opposition, in an important election speech at Colac on Saturday.

It will appear to future generations of Australians a strange token of the manner in which Australia stood on the brink of the precipice without suspecting the tremendous plunge ahead of her that, even on the receipt of this warning, the Prime Minister (whose whole-hearted unswerving

[5] An indirect warning was received by the Navy Office about the same time from the Senior Naval Officer on the New Zealand Station and the Commander-in-Chief of the China Station. By 10.30 p.m. on July 30th the Australian Squadron, which had been cruising off the Queensland coast, was on its way south under orders from Senator Millen and the Naval Board.

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devotion to the British Empire was and is one of the main principles of his life) did not instantly call the members of his Cabinet to meet him the next day or the day after in Melbourne; that the Minister for Defence did not immediately return to the Navy and Defence Departments at the seat of Government; and that the Governor-General did not forthwith move to Melbourne and ask the Prime Minister to confer with him. Certain swift and comprehensive orders were given to the Fleet; but, except for this, the only definite step was that the Minister for Defence sent for the acting-Chief of the Military Staff to travel up to confer with him in Sydney. This was the officer on whom at the moment rested almost the entire responsibility for the control of Australia's military system. Its headquarters in Melbourne were thus left temporarily without the normal head of the most important branch.

It so happened that at this crisis the Australian army was without its Chief of Staff. Brigadier-General Gordon, who succeeded Colonel Bridges, had recently retired. Bridges, now Brigadier-General, having established the Military College had been made Inspector-General, and was absent in the north of Australia. Colonel Legge,[6] an Australian officer who had made his name by his administrative ability, and who was largely responsible for the details of Lord Kitchener's scheme, upon which the Australian army was now organised, had been in England as Australia's representative on the Imperial General Staff. He had been recalled to succeed General Gordon as Chief of the General Staff, but was at sea on the outbreak of war, and did not reach Melbourne till August 8th. The officer who was filling the position in the meantime was Major C. B. B. White, upon whom, during these days, there fell almost the sole responsibility for advising the Government.

On the night of Friday, July 31st, Senator Millen, by his statement in Sydney that Australia was "no fair-weather partner" in the Empire, and Andrew Fisher at Colac, by pledging to the support of Great Britain, if necessary, Australia's "last man and last shilling," placed the position of Aus-

[6] Major-General J. G. Legge, C.B., C.M.G. Commanded 1st Aust. Div., 1915, 2nd Aust. Div., 1915/16; subsequently Commandant, Royal Military College of Australia, Duntroon; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. London, Eng., 15 Aug., 1863.

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tralia beyond doubt before the world. The European newspapers spread the news of those promises next day. During the two days which followed, Senator Millen in Sydney conferred with Major White, and also with the Governor-General and William Irvine, the Federal Attorney-General, who happened to be in that city. But even yet the "precautionary steps" recommended by the telegram received on July 30th were not taken. The Prime Minister was speaking at Colac, and the rest of the Government was scattered throughout Australia. It was reported that an urgent telegram reached one of them in the country, but that there was no one with him who could decode it. On Sunday, August 2nd, a further telegram came from the British Government asking that precautionary measures should be taken at defended ports.

The greatest haste ensued. Heads of military departments, Mr. T. Trumble (the acting-Secretary), Colonel Sellheim (Adjutant-General),[7] Lieutenant-Colonel Forsyth (acting-Quartermaster-General),[8] Lieutenant-Colonel Horace Dangar (acting-Chief of Ordnance), J. B. Laing (Finance Member of the Military Board), and Captain T. Griffiths (Secretary of the Military Board)[9] were brought in by motor-car to their departments. Later in the morning they met the Prime Minister at his office. The Prime Minister held the first call on all telegraph and telephone lines during that day. Separated from his Minister for Defence and from the Chief of the General Staff at a moment when the precautions laid down for times of "danger of war" were due to be promulgated, he was in a position of great anxiety: but the situation was eased by a meeting of the Minister for Defence, the Attorney-General, and the Governor-General in Sydney, where it was decided to put the "precautionary stage" into force. At 1.50 p.m. on Sunday, August 2nd, Senator Millen telegraphed to the Prime

[7] Major-General V. C. M. Sellheim, C.B., C.M.G. Commandant, Administrative H.-Q., A.I.F., Egypt, 1915/16, and London, 1916; Adjutant-General and Second Military Member of Military Board of Australian Forces; of Brisbane, Q'land; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 12 May, 1866.

[8] Brig.-General J. K. Forsyth, C.M.G. Commanded 2nd Inf. Bde., 1915/16; subsequently Quartermaster-General and Third Military Member of Military Board of Australian Forces; of Fortitude Valley, Brisbane, Q'land; b. Brisbane, 9 Feb., 1867.

[9] Brig.-General T. Griffiths, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O. A.A.G., A.I.F., 1916; Commandant Admin. H.-Q., A.I.F., 1917/18 and 1919; subsequently appointed Administrator at Rabaul, of late German New Guinea and Islands; officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; b. Presteigne, Radnor, S. Wales, 29 Sept., 1865.

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Minister that this action was proposed. That afternoon orders were issued bringing into effect (as the press said) "the first stage of an ordinary mobilisation."

All that the people knew of these proceedings was that the Prime Minister had received certain messages from England. "I cannot talk about these things," he said to the pressmen. "They are too grave. All I can say is that we are not asleep." It was announced that he had called a special Cabinet meeting for the next day. The Minister for Defence and the Attorney-General were leaving Sydney by that night's express, and Senator McColl, the Vice-President of the Executive Council, was in Melbourne. The Cabinet meeting was to be held at three in the afternoon, immediately after the Sydney express arrived.

It was indeed time for swift action. On August 1st a wireless message in the secret German code was received by many German merchant ships which were loading or unloading in Australian ports. On Sunday, August 2nd, two of the German steamers which were taking in coal at Newcastle in New South Wales suddenly left. It had previously been intended that they should sail round the north of Australia through the intricate navigation of Torres Straits, and they had, according to custom, taken on board Torres Straits pilots for the passage. As soon as they were clear of Newcastle they stopped, sending the pilots back to port with the intimation that they would not be needed. The steamer *Westfalen* did the same next day. Another fine German ship, the *Elsass,* which was lying in Sydney Harbour at the wharves in Woolloomooloo Bay, with papers for a voyage to Antwerp, pushed off as early as she could on the morning of Tuesday, August 4th, and in the hurry of swinging round made a large hole in the Woolloomooloo Baths. There were no instructions to stop her, and she cleared at 8.5 a.m. through Sydney Heads. There were no recognised means of detaining such ships until a state of war was actually recognised. On August 5th the steamer *Pfalz* tried to get away shortly after noon through the heads of Port Phillip (Melbourne), but was stopped by a shot from the forts, which had just heard of the outbreak of war.

The Governor-General and Major White returned with the two Ministers to Melbourne. The special Cabinet meeting,

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held immediately on Monday afternoon (August 3rd), decided to offer to the mother country the assistance both of the navy and of a force of Australian troops. G. L. Macandie, Secretary of the Board of Naval Administration, and Major White, acting-Chief of the General Staff of the army, were instructed to be in attendance, and the latter was asked to furnish any plans that might exist for the sending of an expeditionary force from Australia oversea.

It has been mentioned in the last chapter that the majority of the Ministers from oversea dominions who attended the Imperial Conferences in London were shy of making any provision, however tentative, for such a contingency. It is true that, under Richard Seddon, New Zealand did undertake the creation of a "reserve" pledged to serve abroad if required, and that Natal was willing to do the same. In 1913 New Zealand agreed to a definite scheme for an expeditionary force. But in other dominions ministers were nervous of the opposition which the mere suggestion might create among their respective peoples. The contingency was almost certain eventually to arise, unless history contradicted itself. During his work upon the Defence Scheme Major White had asked to be allowed to draw up a provisional plan on which such a force could at any time be quickly organised, if Parliament ever so required, but the permission was withheld. The Defence Scheme of Australia provided only for the chance of an enemy raiding or invading her shores. A plan for meeting the enemy in the enemy's own country—or, indeed, anywhere except within Australia—officially had no existence.

One Australian Defence Minister, however, had faced the problem of sending a force to combine with New Zealand if ever need arose. Senator Pearce, Minister for Defence from 1910 to 1913, undertook such provision in the face of whatever political consequences it might bring. Major-General Alexander Godley, who had been lent by the British Government to inaugurate Lord Kitchener's defence scheme in New Zealand, had chanced to visit Sydney in 1912. Brigadier-General Gordon suggested that the opportunity was a good one for a meeting to discuss common action between Australia and New Zealand in case either were invaded. Senator Pearce agreed. At that meeting a scheme was proposed by which

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Australia and New Zealand should each provide contingents based upon the number of troops which they had respectively sent to the South African War, but so organised as to compose, not a series of unconnected contingents, but a single fully-organised "division." A division at that time was 18,000 strong. Australia was to provide 12,000 men, and New Zealand about 6,000, organised in the appropriate units —two infantry brigades coming from Australia and one from New Zealand, each with its proportion of ambulances and other troops. The details of Australia's share in such a scheme—as to how the force should be raised and organised —were worked out by Major White. New Zealand's share in it was elaborated in Wellington. This measure was one of co-operation between Australia and New Zealand only. But in August, 1913, the New Zealand Minister for Defence, visiting London, discussed with the British Army Council a provisional arrangement for an expeditionary force. The composition of the New Zealand quota of such a force, though independently arrived at, was almost the same as that in the previous arrangement with Australia. At the outbreak of war it had not yet been effectively organised; but as the scheme was ready and considered, it became the basis of New Zealand's offer of troops to Great Britain. Now, therefore, when the Prime Minister of Australia needed a plan for the vast and urgent work of raising and training a force to be sent oversea, the notes formulated by her young Chief of Staff were the one piece of forethought on which the country depended in this emergency. Major White could guarantee that it was possible to raise and organise for service abroad a volunteer force of 12,000 men of all arms, and to have them ready for sailing within six weeks.

The Prime Minister was determined that Australia's contribution should be on a greater scale than this. If Canada had offered (as was believed) 30,000 men, Australia could not offer fewer than 20,000. White agreed that 20,000 Australians could be raised, and that there was a fair prospect that they would be ready to sail within six weeks. He was asked to draft a cablegram to the British Government embodying that offer. The cable, which was immediately sent, ran as follows:

'In the event of war the Government (of Australia) is prepared to place the vessels of the Australian Navy under the con-

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trol of the British Admiralty when desired. It is further prepared to despatch an expeditionary force of 20,000 men of any suggested composition to any destination desired by the Home Government, the force to be at the complete disposal of the Home Government. The cost of despatch and maintenance will be borne by this (i.e., the Australian) Government.'

The Prime Minister, at the close of the Cabinet meeting, announced this offer to the press. It was at once posted outside the newspaper offices, where the crowds who read it burst into cheers.

The force had so far merely been offered "in the event of war." The offer was published in the British press next day, August 4th, before war had been declared. The British Government on the same day replied that there was no immediate need for the force, but that it would be wise to take steps in case the necessity arose. Two days later, on August 6th, the Secretary of State for the Colonies telegraphed that the British Government "gratefully accepted the offer . . . to send a force of 20,000 men, and would be glad if it could be despatched as soon as possible." But already before that date men had begun to appear from all directions at the headquarters in Sydney and Melbourne begging to enlist, and on August 5th a small staff had been established in the Victoria Barracks, Melbourne, for registering their names.

As yet it was not known what form the contingent would be required to take. The British Government had not stated what composition it desired. An inquiry was therefore despatched as to whether the War Office preferred the force to be sent organised as a division, or otherwise. On this apparently minor question, arising at the very birth of the Australian force, hung an issue all-important for Australia and of immense influence upon the development of the Empire.

The young acting-Chief of the Australian General Staff, who was well acquainted with the British Staff, had fears that the latter would prefer the Australian force to be organised in small formations—such as infantry brigades, with the proper proportion of artillery, field ambulances, engineers, and transport attached—so that each Australian unit could be separated from the others and incorporated in a British division. From the British Staff Officer's point of view the Australian troops were unlikely to be so efficiently organised or

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disciplined as those coming from the British army dépôts, where the tradition of the British regular army and the efficiency of the British regular non-commissioned officer served as the foundation on which to build the new army. Moreover the British Staff would probably mistrust the capacity of senior Australian officers to command a large body of men in the field. British officers, and indeed British citizens, would not realise that there was any special desire on the part of Australian soldiers to retain their national identity. They did not themselves object to having a "colonial" brigade in most of their divisions, and they would naturally not realise what objection the Australian should have to such an arrangement.

For these reasons the acting-Chief of Staff, although he drafted the cable so as to hint that Australia was capable of organising a division, rather feared that the War Office would ask for Australian troops in a form in which they could be split up amongst British divisions. And so it happened. The British Government's answer, on August 7th, ran: "The Army Council suggest that a suitable composition of the expeditionary force would be two infantry brigades, one light horse brigade, and one field artillery brigade."

This answer suggested a force very similar to that which had been discussed in Australia's arrangements with New Zealand—a force which would comprise only 12,000 men. It was quite clear that any force so composed would be dismembered and incorporated with units from other parts of the Empire in such a way that its national character would be lost.

But the man in whose hands the Australian Government had placed the organisation of Australia's contribution to the army of the Empire abroad was one who saw far ahead, and who realised something of what it would mean to her that this force should go to the war as a national unit. William Throsby Bridges, Inspector-General of the Australian Military Forces, had been in Queensland when the war broke out, but had been recalled to Melbourne. He was a man of great knowledge, slow of thought, but always thinking and thinking deeply, and when he arrived at a purpose he held inflexibly to it. From August 5th, when he reached Melbourne and was entrusted with the organising of the expeditionary force, he was determined that Australia should send to this war an

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Australian "division"—a compact unit, to be kept and fought as an Australian unit wherever it might go.

To begin with, he took two steps. He appointed Major White as the chief of his staff in the new force; and he drafted for the Minister such a reply to the Army Council's proposal as he knew would decide the matter in accordance with his resolve. It stated that Australia "fully expected 20,000 to go" and had begun organising a division of infantry, including —in accordance with the regular Home Army organisation— three brigades of 4-gun batteries of artillery, but without the howitzer brigade and heavy battery prescribed for a British division. (A full British division at that time would amount to 18,000 men). The telegram added that, in addition, a light horse brigade was being constituted, consisting of 2,226 men and 2,315 horses. "Do you concur," it ended, "or still wish your proposal adopted? Anticipating embarking in four to six weeks. An early answer is requested." Next day the British Government replied that it gladly availed itself of this offer in place of the force which the Army Council had suggested.

The stand thus taken by the far-sighted, sardonic soldier-statesman was the first and greatest step towards settling the character which the expeditionary force was destined to assume—that of a national Australian army. The same question subsequently arose many times, in Gallipoli, France, and Palestine, the British Staff having the greatest difficulty in understanding Australian nationalism or grasping the fact that it could be used to the benefit of the allies. He was a long-headed man who saw, though dimly, even at this early stage, the national interest in keeping Australia's force together.

In the stand which he had made General Bridges was actuated by pure Australian nationalism. He does not appear to have had at the time the faintest idea that the division which he advocated would ever be commanded by himself. At the moment he was much more concerned with getting the Defence Scheme, which he had fathered, into smooth working. In that scheme there was a provision that, in the event of war, the Inspector-General was to become automatically the commander of the troops in Australia. It was this position which he expected to occupy, and he believed that.

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if he could take it over promptly, he would be of use to the country. He saw that this was to be mainly an infantry war, and he considered that Australia would best be represented at the heart of it by an infantry division. At the same time he realised that light horse was the national arm of Australia, and he desired that arm to be represented. A brigade of light horse would roughly make up the 2,000 men required to complete the offer of 20,000. Accordingly such a brigade was suggested. He had no expectation of personally commanding either the force or the division. Indeed he himself suggested that the command should be given to Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hutton,[10] the brilliant British officer who had been lent to Australia as the first commander of her forces after the federation of the Australian States into the Commonwealth.

Such was the chain of events by which the Australian force was shaped. Had it gone to the war in the form which the Army Council advised, there would have been no Anzac Corps. Australia would have had to its credit no "Landing," no Lone Pine, neither Pozières nor Broodseinde, no Villers-Bretonneux, no Mont St. Quentin, neither Romani nor Damascus, no battle of the Hindenburg Line. The allies would have lacked an element whose enthusiasm was not without its influence upon the war. The Australian nation would not have existed in the same sense as to-day.

The British Government on August 10th announced that it had gratefully accepted the offers of the dominions to supply the following forces:

CANADA—The cruisers *Niobe* and *Rainbow,* and an expeditionary force of 20,000 men; also such further numbers as might be required.

AUSTRALIA—The Royal Australian Navy, and an expeditionary force of 20,000 men.

NEW ZEALAND—The New Zealand Naval Force, and an expeditionary force of over 8,000 men.

The numbers of this first contingent from New Zealand were far greater in proportion to the population than those of the other oversea States. Her population at this time was 1,128,160; Australia's 4,972,059; Canada's 7,758,000. The

[10] Lieut.-General Sir E. T. H. Hutton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., p.s.c. Organised and commanded 21st Division, 1914/15, but retired through ill-health; b. Torquay, Eng., 6 Dec., 1848.

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oversea States each offered to maintain their respective forces; from the first they paid the expense of every man whom they sent to the front, his sea transport, food, clothing, his horse and motor transport, the repair of his arms, and the ammunition fired by his guns. At first elaborate cross accounts were kept of the actual goods supplied; but from the commencement of the Gallipoli campaign a calculation was made of the cost per day of each man, and Australia paid a fixed sum for the upkeep of every Australian soldier in the various theatres of the war. The arrangement worked most smoothly. The Australian Government was anxious to pay its full share, and the British Government showed in the details a large-minded liberality which was characteristic of Great Britain's financial policy throughout the war. Up to the 30th of June, 1920, the expenditure of Australia upon war purposes was £385,760,402. Of this sum she had raised from revenue and internal loans £268,122,381, while £47,500,000 had been lent by Great Britain, to which a large amount was further owing for various services.

It became necessary to appoint a commander for the Australian Infantry Division and Light Horse Brigade. The Australian Government refused General Bridges' suggestion that the position should be offered to General Hutton. The command was given to Bridges himself, and the work of creating the force was put into his hands. From that day forth Bridges, working continuously and inseparably with White as his Chief of Staff, in Melbourne, in Egypt, and in Gallipoli, organised the field army which was Australia's main contribution to the war.

The first question was whether the expeditionary force could be formed from the existing regiments and battalions of the Australian Army, or whether an entirely new army must be founded and trained. In Canada some of the existing regiments volunteered bodily for the front. In New Zealand the system was that each of the battalions and mounted regiments of the New Zealand Army provided a company or a squadron in the expeditionary force; these companies and squadrons carried the names and badges of their old regiments. But, as was explained in the last chapter, Australia had just accepted Lord Kitchener's new army system. It had been a wholesale change: the old system of a militia was given up for

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one in which the country was divided into 224 training areas. In each of these the boys were compulsorily trained as cadets from the age of twelve. At the age of eighteen they passed into the "Active" battalions and regiments of the Commonwealth Army, where they received a short annual training for a further seven years. The new system had been launched in 1911. The members of the old militia army had been permitted to complete the three years for which they had enlisted, but the only new blood allowed into the army from 1911 onwards was the young draft of 18-year-old boys (or "trainees"), about 17,000 in number, which came in every year from the senior cadets. Of the old militia only the officers and non-commissioned officers were allowed to re-engage in the new army.

The result was that, although the numbers of the Australian forces had risen from 23,000 of the militia days to 45,000 under the compulsory training scheme, and were rising fast each year, they consisted almost entirely of boys of from 19 to 21, commanded largely by officers and non-commissioned officers of the old force. If the system had reached its full development (which would not have been until 1919), the expeditionary force could more easily have been constituted upon the basis of the existing army. But as Australia could not send away an army of boys, however willing, and as large numbers were needed in a short time, it was decided to raise a separate army specially for this service. That army eventually existed as a parallel force to the "Australian Military Forces" (as the army for home service was called). The expeditionary army had its own commander, its own headquarters and staff; and ultimately, when established in London, its Administrative Headquarters became a miniature War Office as large and important as the Central Administration of the Australian Army in Melbourne. It had its own rates of pay, its own rules for promotion, its own seniority and gradation list of officers.

It must not be supposed that, when the first two Australian "units" were offered to Great Britain, General Bridges, or anyone else, had any idea of the size to which this army would grow. He was organising simply an infantry division and a light horse brigade. The popular idea was that the war would

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last for possibly five or six months, by which time the allies would be across the Rhine. Indeed more than one officer during the voyage studied Baedeker's guidebook to the Rhine Valley, and wondered if he would be in time to reach the scene before the war was over.

The contingent now being raised seemed an immense one for Australia. No provision for anything so large as a division existed in the Australian Army system; a brigade was the largest formation yet provided for. Even Great Britain herself had never, before the present war, sent a fully-organised modern division across the seas as one compact unit. No one at this time dreamed that further contingents approaching the same size would be needed from Australia. For nearly a year the infantry division which Australia sent was commonly known as "The Australian Division" simply. Yet the long-sighted soldier who raised them, though he had fallen to a Turkish bullet before a second Australian division was born, had himself named these two units the "First" Australian Division and the "First" Australian Light Horse Brigade.

At this very early stage no clear distinction was realised between the two "units" of the expeditionary force and the "force" of which they formed part. General Bridges was responsible for raising them both. He commanded the infantry division in person, administering both that division and the light horse brigade—that is to say, he approved the promotions (subject to confirmation by the Minister for Defence), laid down the provisions as to discipline and issues of equipment, and so forth. No one yet clearly saw that a different staff would be necessary for these two duties —one to administer, and the other to fight the division in the field. At the beginning the General administered the force with the staff of the First Australian Division. Nevertheless he and his Chief of Staff did realise that a large question lay ahead of them in regard to this point. The impression was that the force would be administered by the British War Office to a much greater extent than it eventually was, although General Bridges was determined never to let the control pass from Australia. In his own mind all the time was the conviction that, when the force arrived over-

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seas, there must be some Australian headquarters at the base to keep touch between the units of the Australian force in the field and the Australian Government; and he was haunted by the fear that he might be required to take charge of those duties and to leave his division. As time went on, it became manifest that such a staff was indeed required, and eventually, in Egypt, it was established. But on one thing Bridges was resolved— that, come what might, he would never be induced to leave his division in the field in order to command the force at the base.

Such were the vague notions entertained at this early stage concerning the main expeditionary army which Australia set out to create. A second expeditionary force, smaller and quite distinct, was being raised at the same time, in order to comply with a request of the British Government for the seizure of German possessions and wireless stations in the Pacific. This force, whose establishment came under the new Chief of the General Staff, Colonel J. G. Legge, and which sailed on August 19th, was known as the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force. The history of that expedition is told in another volume. It was necessary to give the main force a name to distinguish it from the smaller one, and at one of the earliest meetings with his new staff General Bridges asked for suggestions. About a dozen titles were put forward by various officers.

"Too long!" said the General bluntly to some of these proposals. He would not on any consideration have the title "expeditionary." "It's not an expedition," he said. "I want a name that will sound well when they call us by our initials. That's how they'll speak of us. We don't want to be called the 'B.L.U.F.'!" "Australian Imperial Force" was his own suggestion, and, like most strong men, he adopted his own proposal in the end. Though the day when every military institution was called by its initials—as happened during the war—had not yet arrived, he was perfectly right in his forecast. It was by the letters "A.I.F." that the Australian Imperial Force became known throughout the Empire.

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CHAPTER III

THE "A.I.F."

THE scheme for the Australian Imperial Force was completed by General Bridges and Major White on August 8th. The force was to be drawn, as far as possible, from men who had undergone some training: half of them were to be men then serving in the citizen army of Australia—mainly youngsters in their twentieth year and upwards; the other half were to be men not then in the forces, but who had once been in the militia or had served in the South African or other wars. The units were to be connected with the different States in Australia; they were to be definitely local and territorial. This principle, laid down from the first, was of necessity afterwards abandoned in the case of special arms, such as the artillery, the army medical corps, and the engineers, but the infantry battalions and light horse regiments continued to be recruited from their own States throughout the war.

The two most populous States of Australia were New South Wales and Victoria. Each of these covered less than the huge average area of an Australian State, but if the population of Australia had been divided by three, New South Wales would have had rather more than a third and Victoria rather less; the four other States would have made up the remaining third between them. An infantry division (the smallest infantry force which is complete with guns, ambulances, transport, etc.) consisted of three infantry brigades together with all the attendant arms. It was accordingly decided that New South Wales should furnish the 1st Infantry Brigade (consisting of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Australian Battalions, each 1,023 strong); Victoria the 2nd Infantry Brigade (consisting of the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th Battalions); and the remaining four States the 3rd Brigade.

The four less populous States—Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania—were commonly looked upon as the "rural" States of the Commonwealth. In Victoria and New South Wales nearly half the population lived in two disproportionately large cities, Melbourne and Sydney. Of the other four States only South Australia possessed a large city

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population. In Queensland, of which half lay in the tropical north, the people were largely engaged in cattle-raising on the huge "stations" or runs which covered most of its vast territory. In Western Australia, the largest and youngest of the States, a large proportion of the inhabitants consisted of goldminers working in the half-desert, of farmers in newly-opened coastal districts, and of timber-getters from the great eucalyptus (jarrah and karri) forests in the south. In Tasmania, the small island-State, lying about a hundred and fifty miles south of Victoria, the population comprised mainly sheep-farmers, fruitgrowers, and miners, who, in that colder climate, had kept many of their British characteristics —square frames, bright complexions, and a more deliberate manner of action. These four States differed widely in the number of their inhabitants. Queensland (with 660,158 people) furnished a large proportion of light horse, the folk of the cattle-stations being peculiarly suitable for this arm. Tasmania, the smallest (201,675), was naturally unable to provide many completely Tasmanian units. The 3rd Infantry Brigade (sometimes known as the All-Australian Brigade) was accordingly composed as follows:

9th Battalion—Queensland.
10th Battalion—South Australia.
11th Battalion—Western Australia.
12th Battalion—Half Tasmanian; the other half Western Australian and South Australian.

The same composition was retained in almost every Australian infantry division which was raised throughout the war. The 2nd, 3rd, and 5th Australian Divisions, when formed at a later stage, each contained one brigade from New South Wales, one Victorian brigade, and one brigade from the other four States.[1] Indeed this system would probably have been rigidly preserved, if it had been realised from the first that further divisions would be sent. But during the days when the 1st Division was being organised it did not suggest itself that so large a unit as a division would again be required. From the rush of men who volunteered—too many for the 1st Division—another brigade of infantry was offered to Great Britain on 3rd September, 1914. This brigade was numbered

[1] In the 3rd Division the Tasmanian battalion was in the Victorian brigade.

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the Fourth, and was organised as a separate contingent. It was consequently composed on a small scale, as the first division was on a large one, of units from all the Australian States, that is to say,

13th Battalion—New South Wales.
14th Battalion—Victoria.
15th Battalion—Queensland and Tasmania.
16th Battalion—South and Western Australia.

One of the later brigades, the Eighth, was offered singly in the same manner, and these thus formed two exceptions to the general system on which the divisions of the A.I.F. were composed.

In the 1st Australian Division the artillery, engineers, ambulances—even the clerks, grooms, and batmen comprising the Divisional Headquarters—were each drawn from their special State. As with the infantry, so with the artillery, the composition was —

1st Field Artillery Brigade:
1st, 2nd and 3rd Batteries (each of 4 field guns)—New South Wales.
2nd Field Artillery Brigade:
4th, 5th and 6th Batteries—Victoria.
3rd Field Artillery Brigade ("All-Australian"):
7th Battery—Queensland.
8th Battery—Western Australia.
9th Battery—Tasmania.
(The ammunition column of this Brigade was in part drawn from South Australia).

Other arms were composed as follows:

Engineers:
1st Field Company—New South Wales.
2nd Field Company—Victoria.
3rd Field Company—Queensland, New South Wales, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania.

Army Medical Corps:
1st Field Ambulance—New South Wales.
2nd Field Ambulance—Victoria.
3rd Field Ambulance—Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania.

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and the 8th from Ballarat; the 5th and 6th were from Melbourne. As there was only a month between the Proclamation of August 10th (which opened recruiting for the Australian Imperial Force) and the proposed date of embarkation, September 12th, there was little opportunity for General Bridges to ensure that such minor principles in the scheme should be perfectly understood.

The great driving force of Bridges created all this new army within a month, mainly upon the lines of the scheme which White had drawn before the war. He chose his brigadiers before recruiting opened, and had them attached to the commandants in their respective States to assist in organising and training their brigades. He left it to the brigadiers to nominate their regimental commanders, and to the regimental commanders to choose and secure the officers of their own units. He advised that the pay for privates in the new force, when abroad, should be higher by one-quarter than the pay of the citizen force in Australia. This then amounted to five shillings a day "active" pay and one shilling a day "deferred" (that is to say, to be paid to them on discharge). The pay of Australian soldiers and sailors in peace-time was calculated to yield them the same return, when their rations and lodging were taken into consideration, as the average Australian worker obtained in the shape of wages; six shillings a day, although generous, was not high by that standard. It was, however, the highest pay given to a private in any army. The New Zealander received five shillings. The American private received four shillings and sevenpence. The British infantry private at the beginning of the war was getting one shilling a day (at the end of the war, to induce him to remain in the army of occupation, his pay was raised to three shillings). On the other hand, to Australian soldiers who were married there was at first given no separation allowance for their families, such as is paid to married officers and men in the British Army. Instead, they were obliged to sign a declaration agreeing to allot not less than two-fifths of their active pay to their family. In 1915 a separation allowance was instituted, but it was paid only in the case of soldiers receiving less than eight (later ten) shillings a day. Of the officers in the Australian Imperial Force, the pay was not particularly high.

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While the lieutenant (with £1 1s. a day while abroad) and the captain (with £1 6s.), received more than the corresponding officers in the British Army at the beginning of the war, Australian brigadier-generals (£2 12s. 6d.) received less than those in the British Army, and in higher ranks this difference increased.

The first fine rush to enlistment brought to the 1st Australian Division a class of men not quite the same as that which answered to any later call. All the adventurous roving natures that could not stay away, whatever their duties and their ties; all those who plunged heads down into war, reckless of anything else, because it was a game to be played and they were players by nature; all those who had been brought up on tales of old British adventure, and who, seeing the mother country of their romance in peril, could not remain still for a moment until they were in the thick of things; all those who could not refrain from taking life in strong draughts, both the good and the bad of it; all those whose tender upbringing had bred in them the fine exalted British standard which is to be constantly found, in a degree which some nations would deem quixotic, in good Australian homes; old soldiers of the British regular army to a man, many of them having been called up as reservists to their old regiments; hundreds of those newly-arrived younger men who knew the old country as the land of their childhood, English and Scottish immigrants to whom their "home" was calling; Irishmen with a generous semi-religious hatred of the German horrors in Belgium; all the romantic, quixotic, adventurous flotsam that eddied on the surface of the Australian people concentrated itself within those first weeks upon the recruiting offices of the A.I.F. The men who would not wait for commissions as officers, which were to be had almost for the asking by any educated Australian if he chose to go to Great Britain; the men who would not risk their chance of getting to the front by holding out for enlistment in some mounted corps—light horse, artillery, or transport—which most Australians naturally preferred; the men whose greatest fear was that they would not be "in" whatever was going, and that the war might be over before they reached the fighting—

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these were the material with which the ranks of the twelve infant battalions of the 1st Australian Division rapidly swelled.

In only two or three cases do the records preserve details of these early enlistments. The newspapers stated that by April, 1915, there had been enrolled 12,000 shearers and station hands, members of the Australian Workers' Union, and 1,000 bank clerks. In New South Wales alone 164 students of the State Agricultural College and 140 policemen had joined. More than one clergyman, not accepted as chaplain, enlisted in the ranks. One was a well-known priest of the Church of England, Digges La Touche,[3] a fiery North of Ireland man, educated at Trinity College, Dublin. La Touche had only been in Australia for two years, but had become known as a diocesan missionary and a controversial debater upon rationalism. He joined the infantry as a private, and told the Dean of Sydney that he desired to rise from the ranks entirely by his own exertions. He was discharged for medical reasons, but rejoined, and left Australia as a sergeant. A fellow-sergeant in a New South Wales battalion was one of the members of the State Parliament, E. R. Larkin.

Many men, rejected in the Capital of one State, made the long journey to another to enlist. One youngster, four times refused in Melbourne, was accepted in Sydney. Another man rode 460 miles, and travelled still further by railway, in order to join the Light Horse in Adelaide. Finding the ranks full, he sailed to Hobart, and was finally enlisted in Sydney. Many, being refused in Australia, took passage to Great Britain and enlisted in British Regiments. Other Australians returned from every part of the world to enlist in their own country. In 1914 Stefansson's expedition was exploring for the Canadian Government in the Arctic Circle. With it was a young Australian, George Wilkins.[4] Not until the second year of the war did a schooner bring them definite news of the struggle. They returned. Wilkins hastened from Canada to England and thence to Australia, where he joined the Flying Corps. Within a few days he left for the front, having made an almost continuous journey from the northern ice.

Those who during the first few days crowded the recruiting

[3] Lieut. E. Digges La Touche, 2nd Bn.: killed at Lone Pine (a.v.) 6 Aug., 1915.
[4] Capt. G. H. Wilkins, M.C.; of Adelaide, S. Aust.; later Official Photographer to the A.I.F.

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offices came mostly from the great cities. But within the first year many farming districts had been deserted by almost all their young men. It has been claimed for King Island, between Tasmania and the mainland, that it sent to the front a greater proportion of its inhabitants than any other district. But similar claims are made in other quarters, and their truth can never now be determined. The recruiting offices were in the cities. In the great pastoral districts inland, and in some newly settled farming areas, especially in Western Australia, news of the war arrived late and irregularly. When Liège fell and it became clear that the struggle would not be over in a few months, the younger men began flocking to the Capitals to enlist, and often there remained no record to connect them with the district from which they came. In some cases they locked their houses and left their paddocks untended during the war.

Some who had been officers in the militia entered the force as privates. Many a youngster, who could have had a commission, enlisted in the ranks and remained there in order to serve beside a friend. There were in the Australian force no special corps in which University or "public school" men enlisted apart from others. One light horse regiment indeed there was, the 10th, to which the sons of almost every well-known pastoralist or farmer in Western Australia came bringing their own horses and their own saddles. Just a year later half of that regiment was wiped out within a few seconds in one of the bravest charges ever made. Similarly the great public schools of Victoria formed a company in the 5th Battalion. But for the most part the wealthy, the educated, the rough and the case-hardened, poor Australians, rich Australians, went into the ranks together unconscious of any distinction. When they came into an atmosphere of class difference later in the war, they stoutly and rebelliously resented it.

It might seem that in the creation of a new army—half from men trained as militia and the rest from men completely untrained—the instruction of the rank and file in the technique of modern fighting would prove the heaviest task. Such, indeed, was the expectation of many commanding officers in this new force.

It turned out differently. The training of the men was

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never the main difficulty in the Australian Imperial Force. The bush still sets the standard of personal efficiency even in the Australian cities. The bushman is the hero of the Australian boy; the arts of the bush life are his ambition; his most cherished holidays are those spent with country relatives or in camping out. He learns something of half the arts of a soldier by the time he is ten years old—to sleep comfortably in any shelter, to cook meat or bake flour, to catch a horse, to find his way across country by day or night, to ride, or, at the worst, to "stick on."

The Australian of the bush is frequently called upon to fight bush-fires; and fighting bush-fires, more than any other human experience, resembles the fighting of a pitched battle. The greatest strain upon soldiers on active service is generally the want of sleep. In war men are required to work for sixty or seventy hours without closing their eyes, toiling with all their strength until they often drop from weariness. In most countries a man lives his life without ever having to work continuously through a day and a night. But in the Australian bush that effort may become necessary at any moment during the long summer months. In 1913 a bush-fire, no more serious than usual, started at a point on the east coast of Tasmania and was driven inland by the wind towards the newly-settled farms near Campania. As tidings came of its approach, the men of the four or five farms on the edge of the bush were organised by one of the younger settlers into the usual teams for fire-fighting. On Sunday night the blaze was still apparently at a safe distance. Early on Monday morning came news that a change of the wind had brought it swiftly through the forest. At five o'clock in the morning the young farmer who organised the teams was roused, and an hour later, with his younger brother and thirty-eight men, he was in the thick of the fire-fight. From 6 a.m. on Monday until 4 a.m. on Friday the elder brother was working incessantly without sleep. The rest fought for 36 hours at a shift. Two were employed in bringing food to the fighters; the rest were burning firebreaks ahead of the fire and then dashing into and beating down any flames which burst out across the breaks. After 94 hours the fire was sufficiently held to allow of some respite. The young farmer, who till then had

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led them continuously, was able to sleep for four hours, and he then worked for another twelve until all danger was past. Three years later the younger brother, who had helped him, was recommended for a Victoria Cross after sixty hours' fighting at Mouquet Farm.

During the last year of the war the cadets of the Military College at Duntroon were sent out to fight a fire in the hill country near the College. The work was organised as an operation in a military campaign. Fires, floods, and even the concentration of sheep for shearing, or the long journeys in droving bullocks down the great stock routes across the "back country," offer many conditions similar to those of a military expedition. The Australian was half a soldier before the war; indeed throughout the war, in the hottest fights on Gallipoli and in the bitterest trials of France or Palestine, the Australian soldier differed very little from the Australian who at home rides the station boundaries every week-day and sits of a Sunday round the stockyard fence. The one military accomplishment in which the majority of Australians had never practised themselves was that of marching long distances. Except for the old race of "sundowners," almost extinct, any Australian who, before the war, walked a mile when there was a horse at hand which could be ridden was looked upon as wanting in intelligence.

In practice it was found that the rank and file of the Australian Imperial Force could be trained in a few months, provided that the officers knew their work and were men capable of handling men. But the man who commanded them must needs be a man in every sense of the word. Most Australian soldiers had never in their lives known what it was to be given a direct order undisguised by "you might" or "would you mind?" Since the discipline of the much-harassed bush school-teacher, they had never known any restraint that was not self-imposed. In this fact lay potentialities both for good and for evil not to be found in the men of those nations which bring up their young in leading-strings. If an Australian soldier wanted to do a thing, he possessed the capacity for acting on his own initiative. He seldom hesitated on the brink of action. To paint him as a being of lamb-like nature and the gentle virtues would be entirely to miss his

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character. "Colourless" is the last adjective that could be applied to him. He was full of colour, entirely positive, constantly surprising those who knew him by some fresh display of qualities which even his own officers (who in most cases had been his mates) had never suspected.

If the Australian soldier were ever in need of a plea, it would be upon his positive qualities, not upon the negative quality of docility, that his advocate must rely. The British "Tommies" among whom he afterwards mixed, best-natured of men, extraordinarily guileless, humble-minded to a degree, never boastful, and seldom the cause of any serious trouble, instinctively looked up to the Australian private as a leader. If he was a good Australian he led them into good things, and if he was a bad Australian he led them into evil, but he always led. He was more a child of nature even than the New Zealanders. When the Americans forgathered with him at the end of the war, he led them also.

Such men could not easily be controlled by the traditional methods of the British Army. The fact that a man had received a good education, dressed well, spoke English faultlessly and belonged to the "officer" class, would merely incline them, at first sight, to laugh at him, or at least to suspect that he was guilty of affectation—in their own language, "putting on dog." But they were seriously intent upon learning, and were readily controlled by anyone really competent to teach them. They were hero-worshippers to the backbone. There was a difficulty in reconciling them to any sort of irksome rule; the putting of any precinct "out of bounds" they regarded as an attempt to treat them as children. At first there undoubtedly existed among them a sort of suppressed resentfulness, never very serious, but yet noticeable, of the whole system of "officers."

How the Australian officer won his footing will be told in its place. Early in the history of the A.I.F. it became clear that the right selection and training of officers was the problem vital beyond any other in the creation of the Australian Army. Given officers and non-commisioned officers of the right type and of sufficient training, the rank and file of an Australian force could be trained in a few months. The "Staff" for the 1st Australian Division was chosen by General

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Bridges from among the small permanent staff which administered and trained the Australian Army, and from among certain British officers who had been previously lent by the British Government, or who were in Australia on exchange for Australian officers sent oversea. He had no difficulty in selecting a staff which would have been a brilliant one for any division. He "picked the eyes" of the Australian forces for the purpose. But it was not to the "Staff Officers," but to the regimental officers, that the handling of the Australian soldier fell. The Staff was responsible for plans of operations and organisation in general, and the officers whom General Bridges chose for it will be described later.

For his brigadiers and regimental officers Bridges had scarcely any regular officers available. He was thus forced to depend upon the officers of the Australian militia. To them were joined, when they could be obtained, any past or present officers of the British regular army who happened to be in Australia. These were always among the earliest to volunteer. Bridges added the cadets of the senior year of the Royal Military College at Duntroon, of which he himself had recently been the first commandant.

As brigadiers of his New South Wales (1st) and Victorian (2nd) infantry brigades the General chose two outstanding citizen-officers from those States. For his composite (3rd) brigade he picked an experienced British regular officer and trusted friend, who had been Director of Drill under him at the Military College. This was Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. Sinclair-MacLagan.[5] Colonel MacLagan had twice served in Australia in recent years; first, immediately after the South African War, and now, while assisting Bridges in the moulding of the Royal Military College. Besides a complete knowledge of his profession, he possessed a most attractive way with men and a fine sense of humour. In the handling of a brigade consisting largely of miners from the "fields" and bush workers from the back-blocks these qualities were likely to be invaluable.

For the Victorian brigadier Bridges selected Colonel James

[5] Major-General E. G. Sinclair-MacLagan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 4th Aust. Div., 1917/19; subsequently appointed to command 51st (The Highland) Division, Scotland; officer of British Regular Army; of Glenquiech, Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, Scotland; b. Edinburgh, 24 Dec., 1868.

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Whiteside M'Cay,[6] one of a family of brilliant brothers well-known in Australian journalism. M'Cay himself was a lawyer, but since his early years he had been a keen militiaman. He had sat in the Federal Parliament, and was Minister for Defence in the Reid Ministry of 1904 and 1905. At the outbreak of war he was made censor, but gave up that post to command his brigade. For the brigadier from New South Wales Bridges made the experiment of selecting, on an estimate of his character, a very young and comparatively untried officer, a Sydney barrister, H. N. MacLaurin.[7] MacLaurin was the son of one of the most respected public men in New South Wales, Sir Normand MacLaurin, a Scotsman, once a leading Sydney medical man and for years Chancellor of the University of Sydney. Young MacLaurin had been in the militia since his university days, and had recently been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 26th Infantry of the citizen forces. For the 1st Light Horse Brigade there was chosen a senior officer of the Australian permanent forces, Colonel Harry Chauvel,[8] then in England as Australian representative on the Imperial General Staff. He was instructed by telegraph to join the brigade on its arrival oversea.

To the commanders of these original brigades were assigned regular officers, either British or Australian, who formed their small staffs. On a brigade staff in the infantry the "brigade-major" generally constituted the operations branch, and the "staff-captain" (at that time known as "orderly officer") the administrative branch (supplies, transport, and routine). In the 1st Brigade two British officers then on service in Australia were allotted for these positions, Captain F. D. Irvine,

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[6] Major-General the Hon. Sir J. W. M'Cay, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., V.D. Commanded 5th Aust. Div., 1916, and G.O.C. A.I.F. Depots in the United Kingdom, 1917/19; barrister and solicitor; of Castlemaine, Vic.; b. Ballynure, Ireland, 21 Dec., 1864.

[7] Colonel (temp. Brig.-General) H. N. MacLaurin. Commanded 1st Inf. Bde., 1914/15; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 31 Oct., 1878; Killed in action, 27 Apr., 1915. Several weeks after MacLaurin's death an order was promulgated promoting a number of A.I.F. colonels (including MacLaurin) to the temporary rank of Brigadier-General. He was therefore known to the A.I.F. as a colonel and is so referred to in this History.

[8] Lieut.-General Sir Harry G. Chauvel, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. Commanded Desert Mounted Corps, 1917/19 and G.O.C., A.I.F. troops in Egypt 1916/19; subsequently Inspector-General of the Australian Military Forces; of Clarence River District, N.S.W.; b. Tabulam, Clarence River, 16 Apr., 1865. (For Further biographical details see Vol. VII, the story of Sinai and Palestine).

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R.E.,[9] and Lieutenant D. M. King, Liverpool Regiment,[10] To the 2nd Brigade were assigned Major W. E. H. Cass,[11] an ex-schoolmaster and an officer of the Australian permanent forces who had lately been on exchange to India, and Captain H. J. F. Wallis, Wiltshire Regiment,[12] lately A.D.C. to the Governor of New South Wales. To the 3rd Brigade were allotted an officer of the Australian staff, Major C. H. Brand,[13] and Captain A. M. Ross,[14] a British officer employed at the Royal Military College as instructor in tactics. The 1st Light Horse Brigade had two permanent Australian officers upon its staff, Captain E. M. Williams[15] and Lieutenant W. P. Farr.[16]

The manner in which the regimental officers for the original 1st Division were selected may be illustrated by the case of the 1st Australian Infantry Brigade, whose records for this period are, for some reason, much more complete than those of the other troops. The brigadier, MacLaurin, was a man of lofty ideals, direct, determined, with a certain inherited Scottish dourness rather unusual in a young Australian, but an educated man of action of the finest type that the Australian Universities produce. He felt that he was very young for the position, but he was ready to take any responsibility if it became his duty. The notice of his appointment required him to nominate the commanders of the four battalions of infantry composing his brigade. He went straight to the man who knew more about the personnel of the forces in New

[9] Major F. D. Irvine, R.E. p.s.c., Bde.-Major 1st Inf. Bde., 1914/15; officer of British Regular Army; b. 20 Jan., 1875; killed in action, 27 Apr., 1915.

[10] Lieut.-Colonel D. M. King, D.S.O., M.C., p.s.c., G.S.O. (2), 5th Aust. Div., 1916/17; officer of British Regular Army. Subsequently commanded 1st Bn. King's Liverpool Regt.; b. Calcutta, India, 25 Nov., 1886.

[11] Lieut.-Colonel W. E. H. Cass, C.M.G. Commanded 54th Bn., 1916; subsequently General Staff Officer, C.G.S. Branch, Defence Dept., Melbourne, Vic.; b. Albury, N.S.W., 28 Aug., 1876.

[12] Lieut.-Colonel H. J. F. Wallis, Wiltshire Regt., Staff-Captain 2nd Inf. Bde., 1915; subsequently commanded Territorial Force Bn., Leicester Regt; officer of British Regular Army; b. Pershore, Worcestershire, Eng., 30 Sept., 1881.

[13] Brig.-General C. H. Brand, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. G.O.C. 4th Inf. Bde., 1916/18; subsequently Commandant 3rd (Vic.) Military District; of Bundaberg, Q'land; b. Mount Radford, Q'land, 4 Sept., 1873.

[14] Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Ross, C.M.G., D.S.O. G.S.O. (1) 1st Aust. Div., 1918; officer of British Regular Army; lived for many years at Rugby, Warwickshire, Eng.; b. Pennakunda, Madras, India, 9 March, 1879.

[15] Lieut.-Colonel E. M. Williams, D.S.O. Commanded 1st Anzac Mounted Troops, 1916/17; officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; b. 12 Feb., 1884.

[16] Lieut.-Colonel W. P. Farr, D.S.O. A.A. & Q.M.G., Desert Mounted Corps, 1917/19; officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; b. Fitzroy, Vic., 21 Nov., 1889.

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South Wales than any other, a devoted servant of his country, Captain W. J. Sherbon, chief clerk of the "District." "Look here, Sherbon," he said, "can I undertake this? I am asked to choose the colonels of my infantry battalions. Who are the men for it?" Captain Sherbon, after a moment's thought, mentioned the three names which his experience had left on the surface of his mind: "I would take Colonel Braund[17] of the 13th Infantry," he said, "Onslow Thompson,[18] and Owen.[19]"

Onslow Thompson was a member of one of the oldest families of pastoral settlers in New South Wales. He was a country man and had been manager of the original Camden Park Estate (once belonging to Captain John Macarthur, who introduced the merino sheep into Australia), and it was with the light horse that he had so far served. He had been in the old New South Wales Mounted Rifles since 1892, and now, at 49 years of age, was on the unattached list of officers. MacLaurin pointed out that he was a light horseman; but Sherbon knew his man. Onslow Thompson conspicuously possessed the energy and dash which would fit him for hard fighting, and the fine principles which would make him a sure leader of men. "He is the sort for you," was the chief clerk's advice, and MacLaurin followed it. Colonel Owen was a British officer, an Australian by birth, who had served in the 2nd Battalion, South Lancashire Regiment. He had recently retired. He was a man whose age might possibly be held a disadvantage for strenuous active service, but Captain Sherbon realised that, besides his experience, which would be invaluable at this stage, he possessed qualities which fitted him for a leader. Braund was a member of the Parliament of New South Wales for the Armidale seat. He had lately been appointed to command his regiment. He was possessed of strong ideas, a total abstainer, and a man of vigorous action. MacLaurin asked Captain Sherbon how he could obtain him. "Send a card into Parliament House and ask him to meet you,"

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[17] Lieut.-Colonel G. F. Braund, V.D. Commanded 2nd Bn., 1914/15; member for Armidale in the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly; b. Bideford, Devon, Eng., 13 July, 1866; killed in action, 4 May, 1915.

[18] Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Onslow Thompson, V.D. Commanded 4th Bn., 1914/15; of Camden, N.S.W.; b. Ynys House, Eglwysilan, Glamorgan, Wales, 6 Jan., 1865; killed in action, 26 April, 1915.

[19] Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Owen, C.M.G. Commanded 3rd Bn., 1914/15; b. Wollongong, N.S.W., 7 Jan., 1862.

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was the answer. MacLaurin did so, and Braund was appointed. It was in this manner that the 4th, 3rd, and 2nd Battalions of the 1st Infantry Brigade obtained their respective commanders. Each man of them was a fighter. Two of them fell within the first few days at Anzac, and all three have their place in Australian history. For the 1st Battalion there had already been chosen an officer who had commanded a militia battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel L. Dobbin.[20]

These four commanders had now the responsibility of selecting their own regimental officers. Colonel Onslow Thompson chose for his second-in-command Major C. M. Macnaghten,[21] a man who had made a name by his remarkable training of the senior cadets in one of the half-slum areas of Sydney—the unpromising district of Woolloomooloo. Macnaghten was the son of a former Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of the London Police, Sir M. L. Macnaghten. He was an Englishman by birth, a solicitor by profession, and had been an officer in the New South Wales Scottish Rifles, to which his brigadier, Colonel MacLaurin, also belonged. Macnaghten was distinguished by a vigorous impetuosity, and, on becoming an "area-officer" under the Kitchener scheme for the Australian defences, he took over that district of Sydney in which the bane of area-officers, the larrikin, was probably strongest. He called in the keenest young Australians amongst his legal and other friends to help as subalterns, and quickly made the Woolloomooloo cadets the finest in any district of the city. Macnaghten proved that, with good leading, the Australian youngster, even of the awkward age between 16 and 18—when he is least controllable—could be so led that the enforcement of discipline might be left to the boys themselves. If there were any covert indiscipline in that battalion, the youngsters who were non-commisioned officers would wait for the offender on his way home and deal with him in their own fashion.

Colonel MacLaurin and Major Macnaghten were fellow-enthusiasts in this work, and probably they, working together,

[20] Lieut.-Colonel L. Dobbin. Commanded 1st Bn., 1914/15; solicitor; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Dublin, Ireland, 29 April, 1868.

[21] Lieut.-Colonel C. M. Macnaghten, C.M.G. Commanded 4th Bn., 1915/16; solicitor and area officer; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Rhutenpore, Nuddhola District, Bengal, India, 18 Nov., 1879.

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largely influenced the choice of officers throughout this brigade. Indeed the notion began to spread that the selections were being made by a coterie of the Australian Club in Sydney. Accordingly, while the officers of the first contingent were selected on the responsibility of General Bridges, the duty was afterwards transferred to selection boards consisting of the District Commandant and three senior citizen-officers. It had been complained that some of the earlier commissions had been allotted to youngsters too immature to command Australians. Fixed rules were therefore laid down by which commissions were henceforth to be given only to men of twenty-three or over. This system often noticeably failed to obtain the right type of fighting officer. Fortunately, by the time it was in operation, the Australian battalions were already fighting, and officers were obtained by selecting those men who had shown themselves leaders in actual battle, or who appeared to possess the necessary qualities. Some of the later battalions to arrive in Gallipoli were almost immediately re-staffed by the latter process. From that time forth promotion of selected men from the ranks was the system by which the A.I.F. obtained nearly all its officers.

But in the original 1st Australian Division the great majority were selected from those who were officers already. Only 24 officers out of 631 had never served before; 66 were officers of the Australian permanent (or regular) forces, and two others had previously served in them; 16 were officers of the British regular army; 15 were British officers who had retired; 99 were thus professional soldiers. On the other hand 402 were officers of the old Australian militia forces, including many temporary "area-officers," and another 58 were young officers under the newly-instituted compulsory service scheme. Of the remainder, 33 were retired officers of the Australian militia, and 9 of British, colonial, or foreign territorials. Of the whole 631 there were 104 who had seen service in the South African or other wars.

One class of officers must be specially mentioned—the cadets of the Australian Military College at Duntroon. General Bridges, who had founded the college less than four years before, decided to take with him the whole of the first year's cadets. The Australian Military College had been

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established on the advice of Lord Kitchener, and upon it really hinged the whole of the Kitchener scheme for Australia's army. The efficiency of his system, which split the Commonwealth into 224 training areas, depended entirely upon the permanent officer who was to be in charge of each area. In order to ensure that the "area-officer" should be of the best quality obtainable, Lord Kitchener had advised the Commonwealth Government to establish a training college somewhat upon the lines of the United States Military Academy at West Point. He recommended that cadets should be secured from the whole range of the Australian people, irrespective of wealth or class; and that after a four year's course they should be sent abroad for experience with a British or Dominion army, so that all future officers of the Australian staff corps should be (to use Lord Kitchener's own words) "equal, if not superior, in military education, to the officers of any army in the world." He advised that for the future no officer should be appointed to the Australian permanent staff from any other source than the military college.

The Australian Government assented to this advice and rigidly adhered to it. The College was founded far inland, the fine old homestead of Duntroon in the beautiful rolling country near the unbuilt capital of Australia having been chosen for the site. Round it, in a series of neat wooden barracks grouped like a village on the hillside, the staff of military and civil instructors under General Bridges had trained the cadets of the first four years. These were chosen from every grade of the population; no one troubled as to their parentage.

The Commonwealth Government went beyond Lord Kitchener's recommendations in this respect. Provided a boy was medically fit and passed a competitive examination—which was held in all the States—Australia took charge of him from that time onward and granted him an allowance to cover all expenses. In the first eight years of the life of this school 17 cadets had been the sons of school-teachers, 5 the sons of stationmasters, and 11 the sons of other railway employees; 11 were the sons of other public servants, 9 the sons of farmers, 7 the sons of doctors, and 6 the sons of clergymen; there were sons of pastoralists, drapers, chemists, carpenters, labourers,

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ironmongers, army officers, blacksmiths, builders; every trade in the directory was represented. About 30 Australian cadets were entered each year. By a flash of rare statesmanship, the college was thrown open to New Zealanders,[22] should the New Zealand Government care to train its staff there also. This offer was accepted, and an average of eight New Zealand cadets entered yearly. Hundreds of lives and the fate of battles might depend upon an Australian staff and a New Zealand staff possessing an intimate understanding of each other.

At this date the cadets who first entered the college had not yet finished the last year of their training, and the question had already arisen of sending them abroad for the year's experience which Lord Kitchener had recommended. Regimental experience with a fighting unit in war would more than make up for the loss of this, and General Bridges advised that the cadets concerned should be split up amongst the units of his force. This was done. The First Year of Duntroon cadets sailed as officers in the first contingent, and the Second Year cadets came a few weeks later with the 4th Infantry Brigade and the light horse of the second contingent. They went into the fight as regimental officers with the infantry, the light horse, and the artillery and engineers, not as officers of the Staff. They were an unknown factor at the outset; the training of Duntroon had not been tested; how its quality was proved will be told later. It may be said here that every cadet who passed through the college in time served at the front; 181 fought in the A.I.F.; 42 died; 58 were wounded.

It is necessary that in any battalion or regiment there should be one or two members who understand the routine of an army in respect of training and discipline, and also in the drawing of supplies and equipment. A new unit can "worry through" in these matters of organisation, provided that it has an experienced regimental sergeant-major and a good quartermaster-sergeant. In the infancy of many of the newly-raised British battalions the regimental sergeant-major (universally known as the "R.S.M.") was more important than the colonel. The discipline of the unit depended upon him, and the privates

[22] This had the best results in creating between the Australian and New Zealand Forces a sympathy which was invaluable in the war. The Royal Australian Naval College at Jervis Bay, on the other hand, was not opened to New Zealand Cadets.

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were in considerable awe of his personality. In an Australian battalion the sergeant-major never exercised quite the same influence. But in order that these two positions should be filled from the first by experienced men, General Bridges laid it down that every regimental sergeant-major and every regimental quartermaster-sergeant (as also the sergeant of the regiment's machine-gun section and the sergeant of its signallers) should be drawn from among the 568 permanent warrant-officers and non-commissioned officers of the Australian forces.

During the first part of the war machine-guns were treated as a weapon of the infantry or light horse. Men were not specially raised for them, and the machine-gun officer of the regiment and the sergeant of its machine-gun section were those specialists who trained certain of the men in the use of the regimental guns. Artillery, engineers, and army medical corps, on the other hand, were corps which drew upon specialists in the general population, so far as these could be found.

To fight with an untrained artillery firing over its head is nervous work for infantry. The value of militia artillery was doubted before the war. But the Australian home army depended for its field artillery upon militia batteries, with three permanent batteries (the Royal Australian Field Artillery) as a model for instruction. In war these regular batteries were to be attached to the light horse. The Australian Field Artillery (militia) spent only seventeen days in camp each year, and were naturally for the most part imperfectly trained. They were armed with the latest gun, the 18-pounder quick-firing field-gun of the British pattern. The Australian artillery had at this date only four guns to a battery, whereas the British artillery had six. The reason was a theory, then current, that the invention of the quick-firing field-gun had enabled four guns to do more work than six of the older pattern. It was also held that four guns were as many as one officer could conveniently control. This belief was held in Great Britain, where, however, the change from 6-gun to 4-gun batteries had not yet been made.

For this reason, although the 1st Australian Division sailed with the full number of field-gun batteries—that is to say, with three field artillery brigades of three batteries each—these totalled only 36 guns in all as against 54 in a British division.

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The only howitzers in Australia were of the obsolete 5-inch pattern and not the new 4.5 inch weapon; consequently the three howitzer batteries which were included in the artillery of a British division were not included in the 1st Australian Division. Nor was a battery of "heavy" (or long-range) guns sent with it. The artillery of the 1st Australian Division thus consisted of 36 field-guns, as against the 72 field-guns and field howitzers and four heavy guns of a British division.

At the same time, to provide this artillery, the Commonwealth sent oversea nearly one-third of all the 18-pounder guns which it possessed. There were only 116 of these guns then in in the country, and within less than a year it was to send away a further 40 in addition to its four old-pattern 5-inch howitzers.

No. 1 Permanent Battery of the Royal Australian Field Artillery was taken with the 1st Australian Division "to serve as a model for the militia" (to use General Bridges' words). This became the 1st Battery of the artillery of the A.I.F. Certain of the Australian militia batteries volunteered almost to a man, and, with their numbers changed, became batteries of the A.I.F. For instance, when the 37th Battery of Field Artillery in Western Australia was asked by its commander, Major A. J. Bessell-Browne,[23] for volunteers, the whole parade stepped forward. Seventy-eight per cent. of the men of this battery were young compulsory "trainees." The youngest of them were afterwards rejected, and their places filled by a certain number of men from the bush, or by others who had been previously trained. Otherwise the 37th Battery went as it stood, officers and men, and became the 8th Battery in the Australian Imperial Force. In the same way the 9th Battery, A.I.F., represented an existing Tasmanian battery. Swarms of recruits offered for the artillery because it was a mounted service, and up to the end of the war there was never any difficulty in getting men of any grade of education for its ranks.

The engineers were raised from the crowds of tradesmen who offered. In a British division there would have been only two field companies of engineers. General Bridges, however, had the foresight to realise that one field company would be

[23] Brig.-General A. J. Bessell-Browne, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D. Commanded 5th Aust. Div. Artillery 1917/19; merchant of Perth, W.A.; b. Auckland, N.Z., 3 Sept., 1877.

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needed by each brigade. Accordingly three were raised. The result proved him to be entirely in the right.

The officers of the medical corps in the A.I.F. were taken mainly from those of the same corps in the citizen army. This corps had been organised by Surgeon-General W. D. C. Williams[24] since the South African War. There were no regular medical officers in Australia, except the Director-General of Medical Services (Surgeon-General Williams) himself. As in the case of the artillery, the men who joined the army medical corps included a large proportion who were of good education—artists, students, and others.

Such were the officers and men of the "first contingent." At first the only enlisting places were in the capital towns, in some cases a thousand miles from the districts whence the furthest recruits had to come. They threw up their work—not a few wound up their businesses—and came to the city. Often they were medically rejected and had to make their way home again. The medical inspection was exceedingly severe. "Many of them," wrote one medical officer,[25] "have thrown up good jobs, and have travelled hundreds of miles. They have been fêted as heroes before leaving, and would rather die than go back rejected. Some I have to refuse, and they plead with me and almost break down—in fact some do go away, poor chaps, gulping down their feelings and with tears of disappointment in their eyes."

At this stage men were rejected for defective or false teeth, who, a year later, were gladly accepted. An officer of the 58th Battalion, Lieutenant R. H. Hooper,[26] one of the biggest and most sturdily-built Australians in his brigade, had been rejected at the first enlistment, yet the same man, after serving through France, was selected to go on the wild adventure of the "Dunsterforce" through Persia. The minimum standard of height was fixed at 5 ft. 6 in., and that of chest measurement at 34 inches, although men of lighter build were allowed to enlist as drivers in the artillery.

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[24] Surgeon-General Sir W. D. C. Williams, K.C.M.G., C.B.; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 30 July, 1856; died of illness, 10 May, 1919.

[25] Major J. W. B. Bean. Medical Officer, 3rd Bn., 1914/15; b. Bathurst, N.S.W., 1 Jan., 1881.

[26] Captain R. H. Hooper, M.C. (58th Bn.). Farmer; of King Island, Tas; b. North Fitzroy, Melbourne, Vic., 30 Sept., 1885.

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General Bridges and Major White had intended that about half the force should be drawn from the youngsters of 19 years and upwards who were then in the citizen forces, but in the hurry with which the force was raised this arrangement was not carried out. Over a third of the men in the infantry and a quarter of those in the light horse were civilians, who had never in their lives been connected with any military force. The 1st Division contained 2,263 young trainee soldiers, 1,555 older militiamen, and 2,460 who had at one time served in the Australian militia; there were also 1,308 old British regulars and 1,009 old British territorials in its ranks. But 6,098 men had never served before.

The age for enlistment ran from 19 to 38. Only senior officers and some of the warrant and non-commissioned officers were older. The rank and file of the force was of an ideal fighting age—two-fifths of it over 25; nearly the same number between 21 and 25; one-fifth under 21. Nearly 90 per cent were single men, although of the officers a quarter were married, a proportion which rose to one-third in the case of light horse officers, who came mainly from country districts, where Australians marry earlier than in the towns.

The uniform of the Australian Imperial Force sometimes struck the world as drab. It was designed for one object only —that of being serviceable for war. To make it as simple as possible, General Bridges ruled out the bright bands round their felt hats by which the several arms of the Australian citizen forces had been distinguished. The uniform was "khaki" only, and as the cloth available at first was of a pea-soup shade, with a soft felted surface, that became the distinguishing colour of the Australian uniform throughout the war. Bright buttons were dispensed with, inasmuch as the South African War had taught that the sun glinting from them might betray the presence of the troops at a distance. The brass buttons, embossed with the outline of the Australian continent, were oxidised to a dull black. Every Australian wore on his collar an oxidised badge with the rising sun, and on each shoulder-strap the single word "Australia." The tunics were of the "Australian pattern," which had been devised for the Commonwealth Forces in peace time—a Norfolk jacket, pleated, caught in at the waist with a belt of the

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same cloth, and with a simple oxidised buckle; loose sleeves, very full under the arms and buttoned at the wrists; a high loose "roll" collar, and four useful roomy pockets. Australian infantry wore knee-breeches somewhat similar to those of mounted men; but whereas the infantry had putties, Australian mounted men had leather leggings.

After arrival in Egypt men of all arms were given a small peaked cap with a flat circular crown rendered stiff by a wire hoop (of which more will be heard later); but from the first they largely wore the felt hat, with its wide brim looped up on the left side, which was already traditional with Australian soldiers. This hat, with its badge of the rising sun on the looped side, came to be the mark of the Australian throughout the world. Several other armies possessed a wide-brimmed felt hat; the New Zealanders wore theirs with a shorter brim, turned down, and with the bright colour of their arm of the service streaked through the puggaree; the hat of the Americans was softer, with its brim unlooped after the fashion of the Puritans; the Canadian cavalry had a brim stiff and straight as a board. The only non-Australian soldier who regularly wore the typical Australian hat was the little Gurkha from the Himalayan Highlands. The Australian uniform, like everything else connected with the force, was designed entirely for work. At first, to those accustomed to the tight-fitting, bright-buttoned jackets familar to most "smart" soldiers, the loose-limbed men in their easy, loose-fitting tunics appeared somewhat slovenly. The officers for the most part drew their uniforms from the same official stores or factories as the men.

The army which was being raised for foreign service, being separate in every way from the Australian citizen force, required to be newly equipped with every item of a soldier's kit and armoury. Clothing had to be made for it within a few weeks; the Quartermaster-General's branch, working night and day, had to draw up for each and every sort of unit a list of stores and equipment, from machine-guns down to claw-hammers, from overcoats to screwdrivers, from Maltese carts to electric cells and meat choppers. All equipment of the existing citizen forces (except those regiments which were actually mobilised and guarding bridges or wireless stations)

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was immediately called in—so hurriedly indeed that commanding officers, in the belief that the authorities desired haste above all things, shovelled together their regimental stores, often without lists, and poured them in upon the ordnance officers, who were already struggling with the overpowering task of fitting out the A.I.F. within a month.

From this equipment, and from stock in their stores, the ordnance officials had to supply what they could. Many requisite articles did not exist in any Australian military store—clothes for a northern winter, waggons and harness for an expeditionary force. These they had either to purchase from the stocks held by Australian merchants, or else to draw from the four Government factories which had within the last three years been established for the Defence Department. The Australian Government had in this, as in other ways, taken its new system of defence seriously, and had set up a factory for making British army rifles at Lithgow, in New South Wales; and in Victoria a harness factory at Clifton Hill; a cordite factory at Maribyrnong, and a clothing factory near the headquarters of the Defence Department in Melbourne. A factory of woollen cloth was in course of construction at Geelong, in Victoria. The Lithgow Small Arms Factory, which was installed for the Government by an American firm, was designed to produce 15,000 rifles a year, but it had not yet begun to approach its full output.

There were, however, in Australia 87,240 of the latest British short-barrelled rifles. These, when returned by the citizen forces, were issued to the troops going abroad, the stock in Australia being eventually more than made up by the "Lithgow" rifles. Twenty-five per cent. of the rifles which Australian troops took with them oversea during the war were of Lithgow make. Small arms ammunition was obtained from the Commonwealth cordite factory, from the Colonial Ammunition Company; and from England, American ammunition having been found unsatisfactory. Rifle ammunition was indeed so plentiful that 10,000,000 rounds were supplied to South Africa before the first Australian contingent sailed, and further consignments were sent there constantly during the war. The working hours at the Commonwealth Clothing

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Factory were so far increased at the outbreak of the war that the whole staff was in full swing from eight in the morning till ten at night, but though the machines were kept going during the meal hours at the request of the workers themselves, the factory could not contrive to meet the press of work.

As the force for service in Europe would need new and warm clothing, the Contracts Branch of the Defence Department went into the Australian market and bought heavy khaki cloth, blankets, woollen underclothing, socks and shirts, of the best that could be obtained. All the woollen factories in Australia were called upon. Manufacturers were set to making boots, carts, waggons. Within the first four weeks of war 60,000 pairs of boots had been obtained, and one manufacturer alone had supplied 800 waggons. During the previous three years the Government had laid in large quantities of army stores against the chance of a sudden mobilisation. These also were now drawn upon. The Quartermaster-General's branch of the Defence Department rose so well to the task suddenly thrown upon it that the 1st Australian Division became, to the British officers who saw it in Egypt, a classic example of a well-provided unit. The 1st Light Horse Brigade was furnished with equal thoroughness. It was commonly said that no troops ever went to the front more generously equipped than this first Australian contingent. The cloth of their jackets was strong; their clothing was woollen all through; the packs, pouches, and belts of the infantry were of the splendid green canvas known as "web equipment," which proved twenty times better than leather; their boots were as pliable as civilian boots, and far stouter. In France countless favours were obtained in exchange for Australian boots.

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CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN STAFF

THE staff with which the 1st Australian Division sailed was the most brilliant that any Australian general had at his disposal during the war; indeed it may be doubted if any better existed among the regular divisions of the original British Expeditionary Force. Five of its officers had passed the staff college in Great Britain or India, and at least three or four of them had there made their mark by an exceptionally brilliant course. General Bridges picked the eyes of Australia ruthlessly. Without hesitation he took both the heads of departments and apparently indispensable juniors. His judgment was sometimes strangely at fault, but that in the main his choice was right, was shown by the subsequent history of this small staff. Eleven of its members were generals before the end of the war. Incalculable results depended upon the quality of the original divisional staff and the standard which it set. Its members figure constantly in this history. Some at least of them may well be described at the outset.

The man who commanded the 1st Australian Division, William Throsby Bridges, was born on the 18th of February, 1861, at Greenock, in Scotland, where his father, a captain in the Royal Navy, happened to be stationed. He was thus 53 years of age when appointed to the 1st Division. Though the family came from Essex, Captain Bridges lived wherever his naval duties took him. He had married an Australian, the daughter of Mr. Charles Throsby of Moss Vale, New South Wales. The son was sent to school at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, while his father was stationed there, and afterwards to the Royal Naval School at Greenwich, where the severity of the discipline left its impress upon him. During his son's schooldays Captain Bridges retired from the Navy and took his family to live in Canada. His own father, the Rev. George Bridges, had retired to some hermitage in the Canadian wilds many years before, after the shock of seeing his four daughters drowned in a sailing accident. Captain Bridges settled at Shanty Bay, and his son was sent to school at

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Toronto, whence he entered the Canadian Military College at Kingston with a view to training for the British Army. His father, however, lost his private means in a bank failure, and brought his family to Australia. They settled in his wife's native town of Moss Vale, where Captain Bridges became Clerk of Petty Sessions.

William Bridges stayed at Kingston until he graduated, and then came to Australia to join his parents. The day after landing at Sydney he joined the Roads and Bridges Department of New South Wales, and was made Inspector at Murrurundi and Narrabri. When New South Wales sent a contingent to the Soudan, he volunteered. He was too late. But soon afterwards, in 1885, when a vacancy occurred in the New South Wales Permanent Artillery, he was given the appointment over the heads of many others. After his marriage to an accomplished woman—Edith, daughter of Alfred Dawson Francis, of Moruya, N.S.W.—he was placed in charge of the Middle Head forts in Sydney. The place was completely cut off; it offered neither work nor prospects. Bridges read novels, and spent the rest of his time sailing with the officer commanding the South Head forts, often, to the terror of his wife, outside Sydney Heads. It was a purposeless life, and Bridges might never have been known to Australian history, had not the authorities decided to establish a School of Gunnery at Middle Head. Then he had something worth working for, and he worked for the rest of his life.

Bridges was a profound student, and his colleagues soon began to look upon him as a learned soldier. He was dour and brusque in his manner, picking his own way along the paths of his profession with a grim determination to "get on," but far too proud to steer for promotion by the way of servility either to superior officers or to Ministers of State; nor would he stoop to the intrigue which was at one period as common an instrument in the Australian military staff as it was in those of older armies. He served in the South African War as a major attached to the artillery of the Cavalry Division, and was present at the Relief of Kimberley, at Paardeberg, and in several other actions until invalided with typhoid. Shortly after his return from that war he joined the Headquarters Staff, with which he continued from that time on-

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wards to be connected. As Chief of Intelligence he set to work upon the problems of the Defence Scheme of Australia, and five years before the Great War visited London as the Commonwealth representative upon the Imperial General Staff.

This work upon problems connected with the theory of war supplied him with exactly that material for thought which most attracted him. He was a slow but a deep thinker, his chief interest being in questions of an academic nature. A clever philosophical definition invariably gave him pleasure. He read widely, and his friends put him down as a typical professor. He had a tall, bony, thin, loose-limbed frame and the bent shoulders of a student. His manner was gauche and on occasions rude. While he was Commandant at the Military College, one of his superior officers paid a visit to that place without previously letting him know. The visitor happened to arrive at the officers' mess during a meal. Bridges sat grimly in his place without rising or showing the senior visitor to a seat; the juniors of the mess had to perform the honours. His favourite form of answer was a grunt followed by a terse sentence. He was ruthless as to the feelings of others; he seemed to make no concessions to humanity; he expected none from it.

Officers and men were afraid of him, as schoolboys might be of a stern headmaster. They did not think of him as primarily a soldier, and in the opinion of those who knew him best he was likely to prove a purely academic commander. He had shown none of the qualities which commonly mark the leader. At the Military College he was barely known to the cadets and did not trouble to know them. But he knew his work. Before he started the college at Duntroon he visited the military schools of Britain, Canada, America, France, Belgium, and one in Germany. His driving-force amongst professors and instructors was the power that ran the college at high tension. He seemed to make few friends and to be graceless in his treatment of these. At Mena Camp in Egypt the staff was returning from a field day, cantering through the camp, the long-legged general riding at its head with the loose, awkward seat which was characteristic of him, when his horse caught its foot in a tram-rail and fell with him. The horse was a big, spirited animal, full of breeding, presented to the force

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before it sailed by a well-known Australian horse-breeder. It scrambled to its feet with the general's foot caught in the stirrup. Anything might have happened. But Captain W. J. Foster,[1] General Bridges' aide-de-camp, a young Australian officer bred to horses from his youth, was riding behind him. Foster literally leapt from his saddle, his horse still at the canter, and had the general's reins in his hand before the big horse was yet on his feet. Everyone who saw this action recognised it as a feat of daring horsemanship which probably saved the general's life. Yet Bridges never said "Thank you." When his Chief of Staff remarked later: "Foster deserved a V.C. to-day," the general gave his usual grunt. "I suppose anyone else would have done it," he said.

Only those who watched him most closely knew that Bridges possessed one of those intensely shy natures which are sometimes combined with great strength. He had an abhorrence of the least show of sentiment, and would rather have gone to any extremity of rudeness than let a trace of it appear in his face, his voice, or his actions. He was genuinely attached to his aide-de-camp, and leaned upon his assistance, but he left such feelings to be discovered by other means or not discovered at all. He was fond of children, but he would not permit others to notice it He made men afraid of him, but he disliked them to show their fear. Several members of his original staff were too nervous of him to make decisions of themselves or to advise him strongly and candidly. His grim attitude only made them more nervous; they lost confidence, and left more and more of the decision to him, with the result that they were piling upon him a heavier responsibility for solutions and details than any man in his position could bear. He could not, by a kindly word or a tactful hint, help another out of a difficulty; his self-consciousness prevented it. If a man affected his nerves, he dispensed with him. Nor could he brook direct opposition; he hated to face the personal awkwardness of continuing to deal daily with a subordinate with whom he was at variance. If he quarrelled with an officer, he got rid of him.

[1] Lieut.-Colonel W. J. Foster, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. G.S.O (1) Yeomanry Mtd. Div. (Imperial) 1917/19.. Officer of Australian Permanent Forces; of Melbourne, Vic.; b. Warwick, Q'land, 8 Dec., 1881.

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And yet to those who had that capacity which in horsemanship men call "hands"; to those who were sensitive to his moods and could handle him; to men of the world, such as Colonel Neville Howse, V.C., who became loosely attached to his staff as supernumerary medical officer; to men whose efficiency he trusted and admired, such as his Chief of Staff, or Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan of the 3rd Brigade, who had been Director of Drill under him at Duntroon—to such men he could be a delightful companion and a friend. He was a good host when shyness did not prevent it. Towards the end of the training in Egypt a French Mission visited Mena Camp in order to take stock of the Australians, and General Bridges had what to him was the painful duty of showing them his troops. He could read French well, but when the French officers arrived with General Birdwood outside the Mena mess, and it was explained to General Bridges that the visitors could not speak English and that he would have to talk to them in French, he blushed to the back of his neck. A few jerky replies were all that came from him as he rode glumly along beside the polite Frenchman who was head of the Mission. Yet when Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner for Australia in England, came to the mess, General Bridges was an easy and delightful host, recalling old days and laughing over old political jokes.

Though he never truckled to a minister, he never dreamed of ignoring politics as a factor to be considered in his direction of Australia's force. He had a wise far-reaching view of politics, based on deep experience, and his advice as to how any problem should be put before the Government, and what the probable view of that Government would be, was extraordinarily sound, and was relied upon implicitly by General Birdwood in his early dealings with Australia. He had a deep experience of the press, but, though ambitious, he was far too proud to seek publicity. Never once did he, by word, act, or implication, seek even the shadow of an advertisement. Though the Government had attached a War Correspondent to his headquarters for the benefit of the Australian people, and though, thanks to the general's fine national instinct and that of Colonel White, the correspondent was left free to see whatever he liked, good or ill, for the purpose of this present history of

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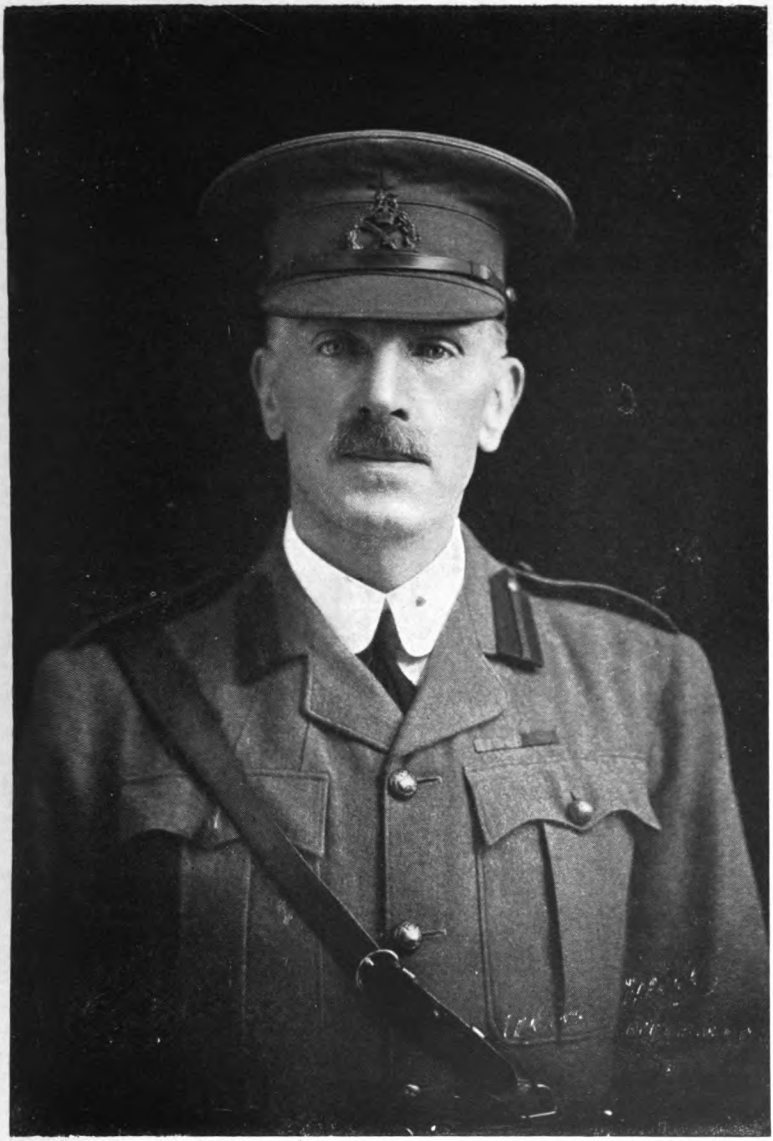

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM THROSBY BRIDGES, COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE AND OF THE 1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION (MORTALLY WOUNDED AT ANZAC, 15TH MAY, 1915)

Photo by Alice Mills.

To face p. 68.

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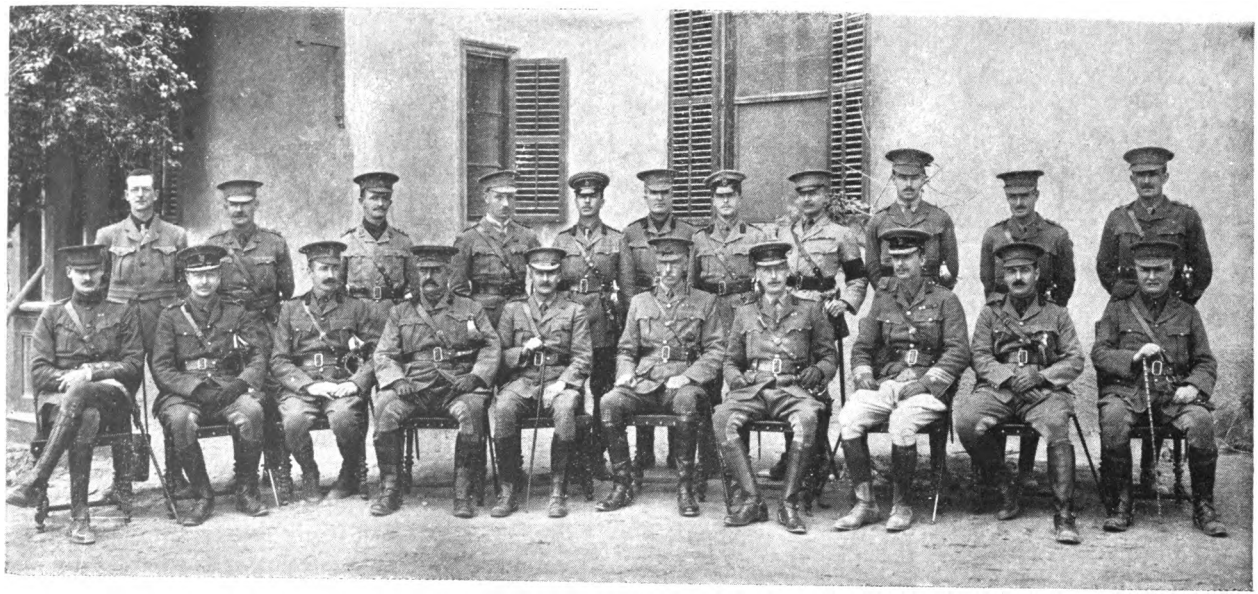

GENERAL BRIDGES AND HIS STAFF, MENA CAMP, DECEMBER, 1914

Back row (*left to right*): Mr. C. E. W. Bean, Lieut. W. Smith, Capt. J. T. Fitzgerald, Major T. Matson, Capt. W. J. Foster, Capt. T. Griffiths, Lieut. E. C. P. Plant, Capt. S. M. E. R. de L. de Bucy, Lieut. R. G. Casey, Lieut. R. A. Ramsay, Lieut. F. P. Murphy.

Front row: Lieut.-Col. J. G. Austin, Major C. H. Foott, Major J. Gellibrand, Lieut.-Col. W. G. Patterson, Lieut.-Col. N. R. Howse, V.C., Major-General W. T. Bridges, Lieut.-Col. C. B. B. White, Major D. J. Glasfurd, Major T. A. Blamey, Lieut.-Col. G. A. Marshall.

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their country's army, only on two occasions did General Bridges ever suggest to him what he should write. The first was when the general considered that it had become necessary to prepare the Australian people for certain disciplinary measures to be taken in Egypt; the second was on the eve of the landing, when he called the War Correspondent to him just before leaving the *Minnewaska*: "I don't make a practice of asking favours of the press," he said simply; "but I'm going to break the rule this time. I think it is worth mentioning, upon its own merits, that each of the three artillery officers who have been chosen to observe for the naval guns when we land is a Duntroon boy."

General Bridges was not a popular leader. He was not an athlete. Few people guessed that he had any outdoor virtues. Yet of the feats of which he was proudest, one quite unknown among his colleagues was that of having built in Australia a bark canoe of the sort used by the Indians in Canada, and having attempted in it to shoot the rapids of the only considerable mountain river in Australia, the Snowy. He induced one companion to make the trip with him. The river was not to outward appearance very dangerous, but in one long reach the canoe was swamped. Both men were able to swim, but the short lumpy waves, striking Bridges' companion on the back of the head as he swam, very nearly rendered him unconscious, and he was pulled ashore exhausted.

Such was the commander of the 1st Australian Division and of the Australian Imperial Force—a man little known to Australians except as a name occasionally seen in lists of military appointments. For his Chief of Staff he had an Australian of a personality as nearly the opposite of his own as it is possible for two natures to be. Cyril Brudenell Bingham White was the son of a North of Ireland man of good family, formerly an army officer. The father migrated to Australia, and eventually took up pastoral property in Queensland. Cyril White was born at St. Arnaud, in Victoria, but went with his people to Queensland at the age of five, and lived at various times at Charters Towers, Gympie, and Gladstone. The father was at one time a wealthy man, but drought and the adversity which sometimes comes upon the best of men in the Australian back country suddenly threw him back into

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poverty. A magnificent man, 6 ft. 3 in. in his shoes, and with a heart as great as his body, he set his face again to the journey without a single complaint against his fate. Three times the conditions of the land broke him, and three times he picked himself up, without a grumbling word, to confront his fortunes. His wife—one of those Irish women whose gentle nature has made a tradition for their race—went with him. Delicate in health, she faced the hardships of a life in places where, when some of her children were born, there was no white woman except the wife of a shepherd to render help.

Cyril White, owing to the fall in his father's fortunes, went to a State school—a Normal school in Brisbane—which he left at the age of fifteen. An elder brother sacrificed himself to afford him a year's tuition at a private school in Brisbane—"Eton," kept by an old Eton master. Young White left with a prize for shorthand, entered a bank as a clerk, and never cost his father a penny from that moment. A boy of the keenest imagination and of restless intelligence, the drudgery of the bank clerk's work was bitter as gall to him; the monotony, and the absence of intellectual fodder or of any sort of promise of a life of interest, created an almost overwhelming oppression. There was little hope for a youngster from a salary of a pound a week. On being transferred up country, he received £120 a year. Nearly a third of his slender pay he sent to his mother; £1 each week he gave to a country schoolmaster to coach him nightly after the banking hours, so that he might complete his education. With the pittance which was left he clothed, lodged, and fed himself, and also put by the slender capital with which he was determined to make a start for himself when opportunity permitted. In those days his ambition—probably instilled by his father—was to become a barrister. During three years of drudgery in the bank the boy rose at six and worked upon his education until eight. After the day's work he sat down to his books at nine o'clock in the evening and worked until midnight. At the end of those three years an opportunity offered to cut loose from the life he hated. An examination was to be held for the permanent artillery of Queensland. Young White decided to sit for it. He had been for a short period

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in the Wide Bay (Militia) Regiment. T. W. Glasgow,[2] a bank clerk in the same town, Gympie, was a fellow militiaman. White passed, and on the Commonwealth of Australia being federated and taking over the separate forces of the States, he became an officer in the corps which was eventually known as the Royal Australian Garrison Artillery.

From the day when he entered the Australian military service White appeared to be destined for "staff" work. In the early days of the Australian Commonwealth its forces were temporarily under a Commander-in-Chief (afterwards replaced by a Military Board), and for the first holder of this position Australia obtained from England the loan of a very brilliant officer, Major-General Edward Hutton, who had previously commanded in New South Wales. Hutton, like many of the leaders of history, was of the character which finds it difficult to bend its judgment to that of any other man. Shortly after his return to England he was put on the retired list, and was thus little known to the British people. But he was a soldier of a brilliance only too rare. His mark remained deeply impressed both upon the Australian Army and upon his greatest pupil, White, who in 1904 became his aide-de-camp.

After the South African War, in which he served as a subaltern in the 1st Australian Commonwealth Horse, the War Office offered to receive a certain number of Australian officers into the British Staff College at Camberley, near London, and White was chosen, in 1906, as the first representative of his country. The primary object of the staff college is to train regimental officers in what might be called the "business" side of their profession. This "business" training is necessary in order that a man may fit intelligently into any place upon the organising staffs which control the various portions of an army, much as the central and local staffs control any great commercial house and its various branches. A term of two years at the staff college was held out as a prize for the officers of British regiments, and perhaps half-a-dozen in each infantry battalion had been allowed this opportunity before the war.

[2] Major-General Sir T. W. Glasgow, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D. Commanded 1st Aust. Div. 1918; grazier; of Gympie, Q'land; subsequently a Member of the Australian Senate; b. Upton Bank, Mary River, near Tiaro, Q'land, 6 June, 1876.

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Those who graduated were marked "Passed Staff College" (usually "p.s.c."), and though perhaps only half of these were taken to serve in staff appointments, the advantage of having all staff officers and many regimental officers trained upon identical lines was very great.

White worked for two years at the staff college. During the time which he spent in England, Brigadier-General Henry Wilson[3] and Major-General William Robertson,[4] who were to become two of the most prominent British leaders in the Great War, were commandants of the college. Two of his fellow-students were a certain Captain John Gellibrand,[5] a Tasmanian who had entered the British Army and served in the Manchester Regiment, and Captain Duncan Glasfurd,[6] a young Scottish officer of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of whom more will be told in these pages. White's career at the staff college drew upon him the attention of the British authorities; his grasp was so quick, his intelligence so brilliant, and his personality so attractive, that in the view of some of his British superiors, it was a pity for his career to be wasted in a comparatively small service such as that of Australia. At the end of his course, while he was on his way home, the War Office telegraphed a request that he should be lent to it for a further period. The conditions of the offer made it particularly attractive, and for three years White was employed in lecturing and training regular troops and officers in the various divisions of England and Ireland. Australia nearly lost him through a certain strange incident, now almost forgotten, when, by reason of an absent-minded order at a critical moment in certain cavalry manœuvres, a body of light cavalry met the Horse Guards in a charge, both at full gallop. White, who was attendant upon a senior cavalry officer, was riding a light polo pony ten paces ahead of the lighter line. He saw that his one chance was to find a gap in the apparently

[3] Field-Marshal Sir Henry H. Wilson, Bt., G.C.B. D.S.O., p.s.c. Chief of Imperial General Staff from February, 1918.

[4] General Sir William R. Robertson, Bt., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., p.s.c., A.D.C.; Chief of Imperial General Staff from December, 1915, to February, 1918.

[5] Major-General Sir John Gellibrand, K.C.B., D.S.O., p.s.c. Commanded 3rd Aust. Div. 1918; subsequently Chief Commissioner of Police, Victoria; of Risdon, Tas.; b. "Lleintwardeine," Ouse, Tas., 5 Dec., 1872.

[6] Brig.-General D. J. Glasfurd, p.s.c. Commanded 12th Inf. Bde., 1916; officer of British Regular Army; of Edinburgh, Scotland; b. Matheran, India, 23 Nov., 1873. Died of wounds 12 Nov., 1916.

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solid ranks which were thundering down upon them. For a moment it seemed hopeless; then a gap opened, and he flashed through it: the field behind was a litter of men and horses, and two soldiers lost their lives.

On his return from England White became Director of Military Operations, and, as such, was acting-Chief of the General Staff at the outbreak of the war. Australia was fortunate in this chance, for nowhere else but in this young officer's head, and in the plans drawn by him for common action with New Zealand, existed the scheme according to which the Australian Imperial Force was mainly mobilised.

From the outset White depended entirely upon his personality for his success. His view of his duty to the army and to his country was an exalted one—to do the work which lay ahead without giving a thought to the reward. If the work were well done, those who were responsible for its recompense would see that it was paid. If they did not—still, it was well done; and that was the only reward which a man of any proper pride or patriotism would seek. Sooner than ask for promotion, he would go ragged. Never during the war would he so much as raise his little finger to solicit the distinctions which might have come his way. Where he was wanted, there he would be placed by other hands than his, and in that position he would serve his nation to the utmost of human power, with full service, pressed down and overflowing. Other methods were used, obviously and often successfully, during the life of the A.I.F. Their success no more affected White than the tide affects the rock round which it swirls. More than one among the leading Australians who served with him, feeling himself at some time overlooked or subordinated to the general interest, took heart from this example. "If it's good enough for White, it's good enough for me," was an argument heard more than once when self-interest prompted a different attitude.

An extraordinary personal charm served White in place of the thrust which brought many soldiers to the front. But behind it he possessed rare qualities both of brain and character, which combined to make his genius instantly recognisable. He took a lightning grasp of any problem, whether of organisation or tactics. He realised the question in one

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illuminating flash, and his mind was at work upon the broad lines of the solution when most men would still be painfully accumulating the facts. His sense of proportion was absolutely sure. When once his intellect grasped the subject-matter, it discarded the unessential points and went directly along the broad highway of what was vitally important. The points which it held steadily in view were the essentials. When some unit commander was slow to see them, White would patiently hold him to them, explaining them again and again, but never allowing himself to be diverted from the main issue. His pleasant manner often hid his strength from the casual observer. In the position of Chief of Staff to his commanding officer, from which he was never released throughout the war, it was not his business to make the final decision. His duty was to present to his chief the alternatives, together with his own opinion upon them, in such a way that the general himself could readily decide. Yet the number of times during the war in which White acquiesced in a decision which he believed to be wrong was infinitesimal; he almost invariably swung his superiors to his view. With his inferiors, on a matter of principle, he was inflexible.

From the moment when he joined General Bridges, White's usefulness as a staff officer was so manifest, and the subordination of his own personal interests to the work of whatever general he was serving was so complete, that after the days of training he seldom came into touch with the men or even with the officers, except the seniors. During the training in Egypt he forced himself to make time for a certain amount of work among the troops exercising in the desert. The few simple lucid expositions which he gave to officers and men of various units with whom he met on these rides through the desert valleys were never forgotten by those who heard them. He had known how to deal with men. At the end of the South African War the troopship *Drayton Grange* sailed from Durban with insufficient preparation. Over a thousand time-expired Australians had been crowded between the decks by the authorities, who were afraid of them ashore. When mutiny broke out among these troops, it was young White, who, as ship's adjutant, was called upon to go down into the troop-decks among the men and face them. Every time

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they had promised to toss him in a blanket when he came; and every time, when the young officer confronted them, they forbore.

Such was the man who, first as the right hand of General Bridges and afterwards as that of General Birdwood, was more than any other the moulder of the Australian Imperial Force. The men of the force knew little of him. When great folk came to Australian Headquarters, White was always in the background. His name was seldom heard. Yet in the height of his influence, during the dreadful winter of 1916 in France, there was not an activity in the Australian force which he did not control. During that time, when the difficulties of the A.I.F. were greatest and its sufferings most acute, every branch of the force—engineers, quartermaster-general, transport, supply—came to him for decisions, for the reason that his quick grasp and his sympathy in their enterprises ensured something being done. Not only the operations but the organisation of the force were inevitably referred to him. In the press of this work not a day passed but he found time in it to lend his help by some kindly action completely outside his special function—to smooth the way for a Comforts' officer organising coffee stalls in the mud area; to think out some problem of canteen transport; to help some overworked man or officer to his English leave; to support the Official Photographer in some difficulty with the British Intelligence Staff; to assist in getting Australian artists to the front for the sake of their country's record, or to promote some Christmas souvenir for the men to send to their people at home.

Of White's influence on the operations of the Australian Force in certain critical actions, and on the organisation and reorganisation of the A.I.F.—which was more his work than that of any man—the tale will be told in its place. His ability raised him, against his will rather than by reason of it, to be the Chief of Staff of a British Army. Towards the end of the war his name was often mentioned as that of the next Chief of the General Staff in France, had any misadventure removed the distinguished officer then holding the position. He was ambitious, and an admirer of much in the British Army methods if properly carried out, but no inducement on earth would have tempted him to leave

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his own country's service. "I would rather remain a sergeant in the Australian Army," he said, "than be a field-marshal in any other."

For the second officer on the "operations" side of his staff General Bridges chose a major of the British Army who was in Australia on loan to the Commonwealth Forces as Director of Military Training. This was Major Duncan Glasfurd, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, one of the two officers mentioned above as having been at the staff college at the same time as White. Glasfurd was an able officer with a profound knowledge of his profession, capable of brain, slow of thought but sound of judgment, and possessed of the hard pluck of most Scottish folk. He retained to a remarkable degree the freshness of a Scottish schoolboy, simple, enthusiastic, completely devoted to duty. He had been wounded in South Africa, and had served in every part of the world. In Australia his work had been largely the inspection of the cadet training. He was warmly enthusiastic concerning the Australian boy, and was much dissatisfied with the dull perfunctory training administered by many of the temporary area-officers, some of whom were entirely lacking in the necessary qualities of character, while all were overloaded with clerical work. The training of the 1st Australian Division at Mena Camp was largely supervised by Glasfurd.

For the third officer on the "fighting" side of his staff (known technically as the "general staff") the General selected an Australian officer then in England—Major Thomas Albert Blamey.[1] Blamey, like many other leading Australian officers, had begun his career as a schoolmaster. He was a man of very quick intelligence and exceedingly definite in his views. He had lately passed through the Staff College at Quetta, in India, where he completed a brilliant course; afterwards he had been attached to various regiments on the North-west Frontier. At the outbreak of war he was in England, attached to the Headquarters of the Wessex Territorial Division, for whose yearly training he was preparing the camps when he was summoned by telegraph to join General Bridges' staff in Egypt.

[1] Brig.-General T. A. Blamey, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., p.s.c. B.G.G.S. Aust. Corps 1918; Chief of Staff A.I.F. 1919; subsequently Deputy Chief of General Staff, Defence Dept., Melbourne; b. Wagga Wagga, N.S.W. 24 Jan., 1884.

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For head of the Adjutant-General's side of his staff, which deals with the promotion, discipline, appointments, and status of the soldier generally, General Bridges took the then Adjutant-General of the Australian Forces, Colonel Victor Sellheim, who had a reputation for ability which had followed him since his days as a schoolboy at Brisbane Grammar School. Colonel Sellheim also controlled the Quartermaster-General's section of the staff, which was responsible for stores, ammunition, and transport. In this department his chief assistant was a senior officer of the Australian Forces, Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Patterson.[8] Patterson broke down under the trials and worries of the Landing, and the work fell upon the next officer in this branch, Major Cecil Henry Foott,[9] an officer of great ability who was to become one of the notable figures in the Australian Imperial Force. Foott was a Queenslander who had received a classical education at Toowoomba and Brisbane Grammar Schools. He was a man of educated tastes and fine intellect, and cared like a father for whatever men came under his charge, determined that at all costs they should be properly supplied. Officers of the Lines of Communication, living palatially in the mail-steamer *Aragon* during the trials of the Gallipoli campaign, or in comfort at Alexandria, more than once learned in Foott's own language what was his opinion, when obstacles which he thought unnecessary were placed in the way of exhausted or wounded men from the Peninsula. When war broke out, he was in England, attached to the staff of the Southern Command, after having gone through a staff college course.

Captain W. J. Foster, also a Queenslander, an officer far too capable of handling men to be wasted on the work actually allotted to him, was Camp Commandant and principal A.D.C. For his Chief Accountant, Bridges asked for the appointment of a senior officer, late Paymaster in Victoria. The foundation of a vast system of pay and accounting, and also great financial decisions calling for an expert in high finance, really depended

[8] Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Patterson, A.A. & Q.M.G. 1st Aust. Div. 1915; officer of Australian Permanent Forces; b. 2 Sept., 1862. Died of illness in Australia 19 May, 1916.

[9] Brig.-General C. H. Foott, C.B., C.M.G., p.s.c. A.A. & Q.M.G., 1st Aust. Div. 1915/17; Chief Engineer, Aust. Corps, 1918. After Armistice appointed Deputy Director-General Repat. and Demob. Dept., London; subsequently Deputy Adjutant-General, Defence Dept., Melbourne; of Rocklea, Brisbane, Q'land; b. Bourke, N.S.W., 16 Jan., 1876.

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upon the officer chosen for this post. The official in question did not eventually sail with the force. Despite its devotion, the small staff which was taken was soon hopelessly overloaded with matters entirely outside the routine. This fact, together with the absence of special advice in complex matters of finance, was partly responsible for the confusion—of which the precise details were never publicly known—into which the financial system of the Australian Imperial Force subsequently fell. As ordnance officer in charge of supplies of arms, clothing, and equipment, Bridges appointed Major J. G. Austin,[10] the British officer who had lately been lent by the War Office to inculcate a modern military system into the ordnance branch in Australia. In charge of the divisional train (the horse and waggon transport which accompanies a division and distributes supplies to the units, as distinguished from motor transport companies which bring the supplies to the division) he placed a British officer who had been lent to organise the Australian transport, Captain Jeremy-Taylor Marsh.[11] A British officer similarly serving in Australia, Major G. C. E. Elliott, R.E.,[12] was appointed as chief engineer on Bridges' staff.

For the head of the medical staff of the 1st Australian Division[13] there was chosen a well-known Melbourne surgeon, Colonel Charles Ryan,[14] who had served at Plevna with the Turks. At the same time there accompanied the force in a vague position, as Director of Medical Services of the A.I.F., Surgeon-General W. D. C. Williams, an Australian who had made a reputation as an organiser in the South African War, and who had since built up the Army Medical Corps in Australia. In a "young man's war" years were rather against both of these officers, and Ryan was far

[10] Brig-General J. G. Austin, C.B., C.M.G. A.D.O.S. 1st Anzac Corps, 1915/16; subsequently Chief Ordnance Officer, Havre, and afterwards i/c Royal Army Clothing Dept., London; b. Barbadoes, West Indies, 20 June, 1871.

[11] Lieut.-Colonel J.-T. Marsh, C.M.G. Commanded 1st Div. Train 1914-19. Officer of British Regular Army; eldest surviving son of late Colonel J.-T. Marsh, R.E., of West Jerpoint, County Kilkenny, Ireland; b. Chatham, Kent, Eng., 16 Dec., 1872.

[12] Lieut.-Colonel G. C. E. Elliott, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.E. Commanded 1st Div. Engineers 1914/15; 2nd Div. Engineers 1915/16; 4th Div. Engineers 1916/18; officer of British Regular Army; b. 8 Oct., 1872.

[13] The official title is "Assistant-Director of Medical Services."

[14] Major-General Sir Charles S. Ryan, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., V.D. Consulting Surgeon, A.I.F., 1916/19; a leading Surgeon of Melbourne, Vic.; b. Killeen, Longwood, Vic. 20 Sept., 1853.

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more interested in the professional side of his work than in administration. The officer who before the end of four months was at the head of the medical services of the division, and within two years was in almost complete control of the Australian medical services outside the home country, was Lieutenant-Colonel Neville R. Howse, V.C.[15], who returned from the New Guinea expedition only just in time to obtain leave to sail with the 1st Division as supernumerary medical officer. As the chief of his artillery Bridges selected an officer of the militia who had recently returned from England, where he had been pursuing an enthusiastic study of the science of modern field artillery. This was Colonel J. J. Talbot Hobbs,[16] an architect of Perth (Western Australia).

Two other officers of the original 1st Divisional Staff must be mentioned for the sake of the part which they played later. At the outbreak of war the Secretary of the Military Board, which controlled the Australian Forces, was a civil servant who had entered the service of his country in 1886 as a gunner in the Victorian Permanent Artillery, Honorary Captain T. Griffiths. Born in Wales, he had come to Australia at a very early age, and was a man who knew military procedure, routine, and organisation as did few soldiers. General Bridges, determined to take him, first appointed him to his general staff and afterwards to the somewhat vague office of "military secretary." A distinction, not yet fully understood, existed, as was mentioned above, between the particular units of the "A.I.F." and the "A.I.F." itself. Griffiths quickly became identified with the staff of the "A.I.F." (the War Office, as it were, as distinct from the staffs of brigades, divisions, and so forth). Within three years he was one of the great figures in the Australian Army.

In Tasmania there was at this time an apple-grower who had been nursing a young orchard at Risdon. He was a Tasmanian by birth, of a pioneer family, and had served as an officer in the British Army, until his battalion—the 3rd of the Manchester Regiment—was disbanded under Lord

[15] Major-General Sir Neville R. Howse, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G. D.M.S., A.I.F. 1915/19; of Orange, N.S.W.; b. Stogursey, Somerset, Eng., 26 Oct., 1863.

[16] Lieut.-General Sir J. J. Talbot Hobbs, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., V.D. Commanded 5th Aust. Div. 1917/18; Aust. Corps 1918/19; architect; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Chelsea, London, Eng., 24 Aug., 1864.

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Haldane's scheme. He refused to accept the loss of seniority which the authorities offered him as a condition of his continuing in the British service, and came out to his native island with a small pension to try his luck upon the land. This was Captain John Gellibrand, who, as has been already said, was with White and Glasfurd at the staff college in England. Gellibrand was a highly-educated man, with one of the most brilliant intellects—in the opinion of some who knew him the most brilliant—in the Australian Imperial Force. He had fought as a company officer at the Relief of Ladysmith in 1900, and in Gallipoli and France was one of those officers whose bravery was conspicuous even according to the standards by which gallantry was judged in the early days at Anzac. He was a tremendous worker, and was possessed of a humour, a quick understanding of men, and a standard of quixotic honour, which fascinated every Australian youngster who worked under him, and which made him the finest trainer of young officers that the Australian Force was to know.

Gellibrand was unconventional in the extreme, and even after he became a general he wore the same clothes as his men. His tastes were entirely healthy and entirely Bohemian. He was a direct speaker of the truth, never whittling down a fact or mitigating the sharp edge of a report to please a superior. "There comes a day in the life of all young officers," he used to say, "when a superior will ask them for their opinion. If the youngster gives an answer which he thinks will please, he is done; he is useless. If he says straightly what he thinks, he is the man to get on." It was a constant wonder, to those who knew in Gellibrand one of the best and ablest officers in any army within the experience of the Australians, how a man with these qualities and with staff college training could have been allowed—much less almost compelled—to slip out of the British Army. It was standing evidence of the hopeless defects in a system which elected a staff much on the principles of a hunt-club. Gellibrand did not play polo at the staff college; he was not a good rider; he had no skill at games; he kept largely to himself; he read voraciously. Men of this type found it no easy matter to achieve success in the old British Army.

Immediately on the outbreak of the war, this retired

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British army captain volunteered his services to the military authorities in Tasmania, but met with some difficulty in obtaining employment. His existence there, however, was known to his old fellow-student at the staff college, Colonel White. White obtained Bridges' leave to send for him. A few days later there appeared at Headquarters in Melbourne a farmer, who apparently had come straight from his work in the paddocks. The crumpled soft collar showed evidence of heavy work. The clothes were such as a boundary rider might wear upon his daily round. General Bridges looked up, with obvious surprise, when the newcomer was brought into his room. After a few questions and answers the visitor was shown out. "Umph!" grunted the general to his Chief of Staff. "So that's your friend!" With obvious doubts he took him. For some days the unkempt figure, going about its work in the barracks, caused a mild amusement to the clerks. Some officers, on finding him to possess fixed and very definite ideas as to the sea-carriage of troops and horses, were slightly contemptuous; some clerks, on being instructed to produce quick general estimates of figures in place of the details which they had been accustomed painfully to work out, regarded as an eccentric the officer who cut across all their notions of the right and proper. Yet there is at least one great battle now to the credit of the A.I.F. which, if ever a fight was won by a single brain and character, was won by John Gellibrand.

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CHAPTER V

THE FIRST CONTINGENT SAILS

At each Australian Capital, about the middle of August, the infant regiments began to take shape. In most cases the officer chosen to command one of them received between the 13th and 17th of August a telegram informing him of the fact, and instructing him to organise his unit and choose its officers. The brigadier, who had selected him, generally helped by suggesting a second-in-command, an adjutant (always a regular officer or adjutant of militia), and allotted him four permanent non-commissioned officers—often old British N.C.O.'s—to form the backbone of the regimental staff. The commanding officer then began to pick the rest of his staff, mainly from the militia officers who volunteered in the areas allotted to his unit, and on or about August 17th, all over Australia, the regiments, battalions, and companies of the Australian Imperial Force began to concentrate in some camp near the capital cities of the States. On Randwick Racecourse and the grassy sandhills of Kensington, both in the suburbs of Sydney; at Broadmeadows, a bleak, grassy plateau ten miles from Melbourne; at Morphettville in South Australia; at Enoggera in Queensland, Blackboy Hill in Western Australia, and Pontville in Tasmania, for the space of one month the army was growing. Few records of those early days exist to show how an army is born, but the following accounts will preserve some picture of the process.

On August 13th Major A. J. Bennett,[1] who had fought in South Africa, was ordered by Colonel MacLaurin, the brigadier, to organise the 3rd battalion of the 1st Infantry Brigade. The next day Major Bennett conferred with the brigadier, and selected from eight of the training areas of New South Wales most of the officers of the battalion. At 9 a.m. on August 17th the chosen officers presented themselves, clothed in their militia uniforms, at the Victoria Barracks,

[1] Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Bennett, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D. Commanded 4th Bn. 1915; 1st Bn. 1915; and 20th Bn. 1918; officer in Education Dept., Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., 10 Jan., 1865.

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Sydney. There, on the weather-worn asphalt of the parade-ground, they found a swarm of men in every sort of civilian garb. "Crowds of men," writes one of the original officers,[2] "jostling each other, laughing and talking excitedly, tall men, short men, youngsters just left school, men in the prime, and even a sprinkling of greyheads. Mostly their faces were bright, attentive and eager. . . . Sometimes one's scrutiny met primitive faces, heavy-jawed, small bright eyes with a curious hard yet pathetic look. . . . Here and there stand men with quiet resolute faces and trim bodies, with an air of respect and control—the unmistakable stamp of the old soldier. Mark well—the steady ex-Imperial men will form the nucleus of our N.C.O.'s. The dissolute ex-Imperial man will be a constant source of trouble to himself and everybody else. . . .

"At length the shuffling, sorting and list-taking ceases. The men have all presented themselves before the second-in-command. He has seen each medical certificate of fitness and jerked out a few short queries. He turns to a knot of officers who represent our regimental staff so far, and they depart and sort out the men. Markers are called out. The regiment, so far about 300 strong, is told off into eight squads, the skeleton of a battalion. They are 'shunned' (called to attention), dressed, numbered, formed into fours, formed two deep, proved and stood at ease. Then steps forward a young militia captain who is to take charge and march them to Randwick Racecourse . . . and the 3rd Battalion of Infantry, no longer a name but a living entity, moves off in column of fours, a long sinuous serpent, to lunch and glory."

Such was the actual birth of one of those splendid regiments, which may go down to history known by their mere numbers, but of which those who knew them will never be able to think except as living breathing things, each full to overflowing with its own peculiar motive and pride and character. The infant 3rd Battalion at first found no tents on Randwick Racecourse. The men therefore slept on the wooden terraced steps of the grandstand, in their clothes, with a blanket and their civilian greatcoat over them. The orderly room (the office of the battalion "staff") was a chamber under the grand-

[2] Captain J. W. Bean. In this quotation the word "Imperial" is applied, as commonly in Australia, to the British soldier (as in Imperial Army, Imperial Parliament, etc.).

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stand. For three weeks the newly-gathered staff—adjutant, quartermaster, and medical officer—were called upon to inspect, register, and swear in the battalion, and to equip each man with every single item that he need possess, from his greatcoat to his clasp-knife. The all-impelling idea of General Bridges, that the Australian contingent was to sail in a month, forced the pace. Since the only places for enlistment were in the capital cities, many men had been recruited who would not have been taken had the time been longer. The floating population of the cities probably secured too large a proportion of the acceptances. Immigrants from Britain who happened to be about the towns showed an extraordinary preponderance in the earlier stages—Colonel MacLaurin left it on record that at one period 60 per cent. of the recruits for his brigade were British born; before it sailed, 73 per cent. of the men in the first contingent were Australian born, and of the remainder many more, no doubt, had lived in Australia since childhood. As all arrangements had to be improvised, many of them were very bad, especially those for the enlisting of the best soldiers of all— the men from the country. Steps were in some cases taken by the battalions themselves to help the recruits from the country. In the 1st Brigade alone 700 unsuitable men were displaced for others before the embarkation.

The second difficulty of the infant regiments was the struggle for equipment. The ordnance staff of Australia was designed not for war but for peace, and it was no reproach to its over-harassed and numerically insufficient officers that the peace system broke down at once. At the beginning there was thrust upon them the task of obtaining by purchase the stores which they did not possess. Just at the time when a cool head and a clear desk were necessary, they were besieged by contractors and tenderers; commanding officers, new to their work, flocked to them for advice as to what stores they should draw and whence and how. Battalions had to obtain different articles from widely separated storehouses. Officers were detailed by each anxious regiment to see the ordnance officer in person, to wait upon his doorstep and push through their lists of requirements, piece by piece, as best they could. Commanding officers learned that the surest way to obtain their

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requirements was to send an officer with a motor-car to pester the officials until he could bring the goods back with him. The confusion at the stores increased, and officers who should have been training their regiments were occupied in equipping them.

The growth of the units may be judged from the instance already given—that of the 3rd Battalion of Infantry. On Monday, August 17th, it marched to Randwick Racecourse 330 strong—20 acting-officers and 310 men. On August 18th three companies were formed; on August 20th they had grown to five. On that day the issue of clothing began. By the 22nd the battalion had 18 acting-officers and 503 men. On the 26th its rifles were issued, and next day five officers and five non-commissioned officers were sent to Randwick Rifle Range for instruction in musketry, so that they could teach the rest. On August 29th recruiting for the battalion in the country districts had commenced, an officer being sent to meet the trains and conduct the country recruits to Kensington Racecourse, where the battalion was now camped in tents. By September 3rd the battalion was complete—32 officers and 991 men. It was allowed to recruit 75 men over its strength, in order that unsuitable men could be discharged. On September 14th it marched out for the first time with its brigade to the heathland overlooking the sea at Maroubra. It had now some of its waggons, 11 horses, and the two Maxim machine-guns which were then allotted to every battalion. On September 16th the brass band held its first daily practice. On September 20th the men's paybooks were compiled. By September 23rd, when the battalion was five weeks old, musketry practice had begun, the battalion had its horses complete, and the order was issued for the embarkation of the men in the Aberdeen liner *Euripides* in Sydney Harbour, and for that of the horses and drivers in the *Clan Maccorquodale*. On September 27th orders were received to defer embarkation. The horses and drivers already on board the *Clan Maccorquodale* were taken off the next day.

The same history, with variations, would be true of almost every unit in the young force. Thus the 2nd Battery of Field Artillery was formed when Major S. E. Christian[3]—the

[3] Brig.-General S. E. Christian, C.M.G. Commanded 5th Div. Artillery, 1916. Officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 17 Apr., 1868.

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permanent artillery officer chosen to command the 1st Field Artillery Brigade—informed Major R. L. R. Rabett[4] (a young officer of the militia artillery) on August 23rd that the latter had been provisionally appointed to command the 2nd Battery of the A.I.F. Its officers were to be Acting-Captain C. A. Callaghan,[5] 2nd-Lieutenant E. A. Olding,[6] 2nd-Lieutenant J. C. Selmes[7] (all of the militia artillery), and Lieutenant C. A. Clowes[8] (a Duntroon boy). Major Rabett was told that his men were to be drawn, as far as possible, from the 5th Brigade of Artillery of the citizen forces. Any balance needed was to come from men in the same district who could ride and who, if possible, had some experience in field artillery. On August 24th the nucleus of the 2nd Battery was concentrated on the Sydney Show Ground. It consisted of 44 young trainees serving in the Australian Field Artillery (citizen forces); 3 trainees in other arms; 37 men of the old militia artillery; 25 who had some other artillery experience; 9 who had been trained but not in the artillery, and 22 who could ride but had no training at all. The 2nd Battery started drilling the next day in company with the 1st Battery, whose men were regulars, being those of the 1st Battery of the Royal Australian Field Artillery taken over by the A.I.F.

The 2nd Battery received its guns on August 29th and its horses on September 10th. Like all other batteries, it voted the latter a most uncouth and ragged lot, when they arrived from the country unclipped and dishevelled, many of them unshod and with their hoofs worn to the quick by long travelling over hard roads. Also like all other batteries, it found them in the end splendid animals, when they had been fed, groomed, and rested. An order was received, on September 23rd, to embark the guns and waggons. When this had been carried out, other orders came reversing it.

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[4] Lieut.-Colonel R. L. R. Rabett, C.M.G. Commanded 12th (Army) Bde. A.F.A., 1916/18; b. Sydney. N.S.W., 23 May, 1887.

[5] Lieut.-Colonel C. A. Callaghan, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 4th F.A. Bde., 1918/1919. Merchant; of Gordon, N.S.W.; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 31 July, 1890.

[6] Major E. A. Olding, D.S.O. 1st F.A. Bde. Master coachbuilder; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Nundah, Q'land, 11 July, 1889.

[7] Major J. C. Selmes, D.S.O. Commanded 1st F.A. Bde. (temply., with temp. rank of Lieut.-Colonel), 1918; b. North Sydney, N.S.W., 8 July, 1879.

[8] Maior C. A. Clowes, D.S.O., M.C. Bde.-Major 2nd Aust. Div. Artillery, 1918. Duntroon Graduate; b. Warwick, Q'land, 11 March, 1892.

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The units of the first contingent all over Australia were complete and ready to sail by September 21st. Ordnance, by sheer overwork, had managed to fit them out. The units of the second contingent were already forming from the dépôts. On October 1st the 14th (Victorian) Battalion of the new infantry brigade, which was to be part of the second contingent, marched from the dépôt at full strength with many over—1,070 in all. The transports for the first contingent had been chartered by the Australian Government from among the largest ships then in Australian ports—passenger liners and great wool-, meat-, and butter-carriers. They had been hurriedly fitted with mess-tables and hammocks, till their lower decks looked like huge crowded barrack rooms. The horse transports had been furnished with endless stalls for horses, well-secured against heavy weather, spread with coconut matting, and provided with baskets for clearing the manure. This work had been finished with great rapidity. There already lay in various ports a large fleet of troopships, numbered A1 to A28 (a system of numbering which the Australian transports retained throughout the war). A heavy price was due for every day's hire of each ship, and any delay in sailing was not only most trying for the troops, who had said good-bye to their families and friends, but also highly expensive to the country.

But things were happening upon the sea which had caused the Government suddenly to postpone the date of sailing. The original intention of the Australian staff had been to begin shipping the horses away in the slower vessels, from about August 26th, the other transports following as they were ready. But the Admiralty warned the Australian Government against allowing any portion of the expedition to sail at that moment. There were known to be German warships somewhere near the probable route, and until these were either hunted away or sunk, said the Admiralty, the transports should on no account leave without a convoy. "A convoy is not at present practicable," the telegram continued, "as the greater part of the Australian and New Zealand squadrons are engaged in offensive operations in the Pacific. When the force does start it should go preferably in one convoy." A later telegram stated that the route would probably be by way of Fremantle, Colombo, Aden, and Suez.

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The Admiralty had undertaken to provide an escort for the transports. What the escort was to be, and when it could arrive, would depend upon the position of the German squadron in the Pacific—and the German squadron had vanished. Its backbone consisted of two very fast and effective cruisers, the *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst,* not indeed "battle-cruisers," but the last word in cruiser construction previous to the introduction of that type. There was only one British ship in the Pacific which was beyond question capable of defeating vessels of their class—the Australian battle-cruiser *Australia* (which Winston Churchill had desired to see transferred to the Atlantic). The Admiralty was waiting for news that the German squadron had been destroyed or at least located. The first move of troops would be made when the New Zealand force started on its six days voyage across the Tasman Sea to Australia. It would then sail for a week along the south coast of the Continent and find the Australian transports assembled in the far west, at Albany or Fremantle, the last Australian ports on the voyage to England. From that place the two forces would move together in one large convoy across the Indian Ocean.

The Admiralty intended to let an escort of small cruisers bring the New Zealanders to Australia, and to increase the escort with the modern light cruisers *Sydney* and *Melbourne* of the Australian Navy when the whole force moved from Australia to Aden. From ports round the coast the Australian troopships were to come singly, without escort, to Albany. This meant in some cases nearly a fortnight's steaming without protection; but both the Australian staff and the Admiralty were thoroughly satisfied that the risk of German cruisers intercepting isolated ships on the Australian coast was not great enough to be regarded. It was arranged that the Australian transports should be concentrated on the Western Australian coast before October 3rd, and the Admiralty therefore asked New Zealand to have its contingent assembled at Wellington ready to sail by September 20th, by which date the small escort would be ready.

That date approached, however, without the main German Pacific squadron having yet been accounted for. The Admiralty considered that, with the German squadron still at large, the

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voyage of 30,000 troops across the Indian Ocean would entail too great a risk. It therefore telegraphed, on September 8th, to the Commander-in-Chief on the China Station that, if the *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst* were not accounted for by the end of the month, he must send the two armoured cruisers *Minotaur* and *Hampshire* to escort the Australasian expeditionary force across that part of the Indian Ocean which stretches between the Cocos Islands and Colombo. The Cocos Islands lie about midway between Australia and Ceylon, their low sandhills and coconut palms being the only signs of land sighted upon this long voyage. By reason of their situation they form a station for the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, and a small population of telegraph clerks leads a marooned existence on Direction Island, one of the group. This station, and the position of the islands directly upon the main trade route from Australia to India and Europe, gave the Cocos considerable importance in the strategy of the Indian Ocean. It was accordingly near them that the *Minotaur* and *Hampshire* were to pick up the convoy and, with the *Sydney* and *Melbourne,* escort it to Ceylon.

Why the Admiralty took this step, unless to pacify the Australian Government, is a mystery. If the German Pacific squadron, which was the danger to be guarded against, had met the convoy with this escort, the odds would still have been against the *Minotaur* and *Hampshire,* even if they had been unhampered by the troopships. The Australian Government probably did not realise this, although General Bridges did. His opinion was that the risk was worth taking. The New Zealand Cabinet, however, was most uneasy as to the diminutive escort—the *Psyche* and *Philomel*—which was to take the New Zealand ships as far as Australia. Yet it accepted the risk, informing the Admiralty that its force would leave Wellington (N.Z.) on September 25th and reach Fremantle on October 7th. Meanwhile, however, the Governor of New Zealand cabled to the Colonial Secretary that members of the Cabinet were very uneasy as to the adequacy of an escort consisting only of "P" class cruisers. These small craft were well-known on the station as old and weak ships, peculiarly liable to break-downs in the engineroom. The Admiralty immediately replied that the safety of such

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military convoys was most carefully considered, and that, while there was at the time no reason to consider the escort inadequate, yet, if the situation in New Zealand waters changed, steps would be immediately taken to strengthen the escort even at the cost of considerably delaying the departure of the convoy.

On September 16th, the very day on which it received this reply, the New Zealand Government heard that two days previously the *Gneisenau* and the *Scharnhorst* had visited Apia, the Capital of Samoa. Samoa is only 1,580 miles from Auckland, the main port in the North Island of New Zealand, and 2,570 from Sydney. It was formerly a German colony, but had just been seized by a New Zealand expedition under cover of the Australian fleet. The German cruisers had fired no shots, and had left at midday, steaming north-west. On the day on which these cruisers were at Samoa information reached the Admiralty from Ceylon that the German light cruiser *Emden*, of the same squadron, was in the Bay of Bengal, apparently by herself, raiding the traffic off the Indian coast between Calcutta and Madras.

Thus the whereabouts of the more important German warships in the Pacific became known at the same moment. The Admiralty changed its arrangements to meet the new situation. The battle-cruiser *Australia* and the French cruiser *Montcalm* were ordered to cover the force in New Guinea from attack, and then to search for the *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst*. The *Hampshire* was diverted from her prospective duty on the Australian escort, and instructed to find and sink the *Emden*. A Japanese cruiser was to take her place on the Australian escort. The Japanese Government having lent the *Ibuki*, then lying at Singapore, for this purpose, she started at once (September 18th). The *Minotaur* had left the day before. She and the *Ibuki* were to reach Fremantle about October 1st, in order to pick up at that port the combined Australian and New Zealand convoy. The transports were already beginning to move. Those from the furthest Australian port, Brisbane, had embarked their troops, and on September 24th started down the coast without escort towards the point of concentration in the west. On the same day the embarkation of units at the next most distant

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port, Sydney, was begun. The South and Western Australian companies of the Tasmanian battalion (12th) were moving to Hobart to join their regiment.

But Andrew Fisher, the Prime Minister of Australia—who, with Senator G. F. Pearce as Minister for Defence and William Morris Hughes as Attorney-General, was now directing the Government of Australia (Joseph Cook and the Liberals having been defeated by the Labour Party at the elections)—was exceedingly restive at the notion of transports coming unescorted round the Australian coast. As the date of sailing approached, this anxiety more and more obsessed him. On the day on which the 9th Battalion (Queensland) had actually left Brisbane in the Orient liner *Omrah,* the Australian Government inquired by cable of the Admiralty whether it deemed safe this independent movement of transports down the coast, seeing that nothing definite had been heard of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* since September 14th. The Admiralty replied that it still considered that the sailing of the transports round the Australian coast was "free from undue risk" but that, in view of the anxiety felt by the Governments of both Australia and New Zealand, it had decided that, when the two cruisers (*Minotaur* and *Ibuki*) reached Fremantle, they should continue round the southern coast of Australia to New Zealand, pick up the New Zealand convoy, and bring it to Western Australia. This entailed three weeks delay, and was the cause of that countermanding of orders of embarkation mentioned above.

General Bridges strongly opposed this postponement. He pointed out that it would harass the troops and those who had to provide for them. It meant deferring the time when they would be ready for service. The German cruisers would without firing a shot achieve their object of cutting communications between Australia and England. Even when the escort came, it would not be one which would prevent a vigorous enemy from damaging the convoy before being himself destroyed. The Admiralty had ordered the delay not because it believed it necessary, but in deference to the anxiety of Australia and New Zealand. On these grounds Bridges strongly urged the Government to ask the Admiralty to move the Australian convoy as previously decided, and, if necessary, to

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provide another escort for New Zealand troops, whose case was admittedly different.

Mr. Fisher, however, was determined that no Australian troopship should sail unescorted so long as the whereabouts of the German cruisers was unknown. The *Melbourne* was ordered from Sydney to escort into harbour in Melbourne such transports as had already sailed from Queensland. All arrangements for embarkation were suddenly cancelled.

The postponement was exceedingly trying to the men. They had said good-bye to their friends; they had been strung up to the excitement of departure; and this had now to be relaxed and the routine of elementary training picked up again where they had dropped it. In the course of the next four weeks two or three further false alarms as to the date of starting brought them to a frame of mind in which they began to doubt if they would ever start at all. The press censorship prevented the true date from being published, lest the news might leak through to Java or elsewhere and reach the captain of the *Emden*; indeed one paper in the early days did publish a list of the transports. The public, which had previously depended for its news on the daily journals, was thrown back upon report by word of mouth to an extent unknown for centuries. The wildest rumours, of the kind to which every army is subject, flew through both the people and the troops. In the Broadmeadows Camp, near Melbourne, the sanitary carts which went scavenging through the lines were marked on the back with the name of a manufacturer at Shepparton who made them—Furphy. These rumours of the camp came to be called "furphies," and subsequently in Egypt the word spread through the force.

The delay put a heavy strain upon discipline. Broadmeadows Camp was 10 miles from Melbourne, and officially every soldier was supposed to be in his blankets by 9.30 p.m. As a matter of fact, every night both men and officers thronged the streets and cafés in Melbourne until the small hours of the morning. In Sydney Colonel MacLaurin, whose discipline was sterner than that of other brigadiers, arranged a "drive" of some of the streets and secured a large haul of absentees. He would have liked to take his brigade away marching through the country. It was in

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these days that men of the original force were dubbed by some, who took the war lightly and did not realise to what tests these men were going, the "six-bob-a-day tourists." Other wise Australians shook their heads when they saw men of the first contingent about the city streets. "They'll never make soldiers of that lot," they would say. "The light horse may be all right, but they've got the ragtag and bobtail of Australia in this infantry."

Nevertheless the delay in sailing was probably justified. It is unlikely that the Admiralty could have provided a separate escort for the New Zealand convoy, and the shock to public opinion in Australasia if the New Zealand transports had been intercepted and sunk at sea would have been grave indeed. There was no question that the enemy, if he met ships full of troops, had the right to sink them and drown the men. The soldiers in them were being carried for the purpose of fighting and killing his compatriots. A humane enemy, meeting a single transport, might take the risk of letting her go on parole, but there was no reason under the laws of war for expecting this. The troopships could be legally sunk. It was the effects of such a shock which Andrew Fisher and the New Zealand Government had in mind. The sending of the cruiser *Melbourne* to cover Australian transports on the coast at this date would only protect them against small raiders such as the *Geier*. But the New Zealand convoy, with the escort now sent to bring it, would have enjoyed at least a moderate chance of surviving an encounter with the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau,* provided that those ships were not accompanied by the German light cruisers which were with them a few weeks later at Coronel. The political consequences of a slip at this stage would have been too great to be worth incurring, and protection even against part of the risk was well worth while.

On the night of September 30th arrived news that eight days previously the two German cruisers had suddenly visited and bombarded the town of Papeete, in the French island of Tahiti near the middle of the Pacific, 2,000 miles from New Zealand. From that time onwards they were not seriously considered as a danger to the Australian convoy. The one risk now remaining was that of meeting

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the German cruiser which had appeared in the Indian Ocean and had raided the traffic there with extraordinary boldness—the *Emden*. Another light German cruiser, the *Königsberg*, was also in that ocean, but she was understood to be near the African coast. The convoy was not likely to come into the range of either of these until it had left Australia. The Australian Minister for Defence (Senator Pearce) obtained from the Admiralty on October 4th an assurance that the movement of the transports was now safe, and on the strength of this Andrew Fisher agreed that it should be undertaken. But the New Zealand Government still insisted upon its transports being escorted by the *Ibuki* and *Minotaur*, and a further wait of twelve days was necessary until these cruisers arrived. On October 16th the New Zealand transports, ten in number, escorted by the *Ibuki*, *Minotaur*, *Psyche*, and *Philomel*, left Wellington, and the movement of the Australian troopships towards the port of concentration was at last resumed.

For the concentration of the transport fleet the Australian Government had chosen the deep and wide harbour immediately inside the southern bend of the south-western corner of the Australian continent, King George's Sound, better known to travellers in the years before it was supplanted by Fremantle as their regular port of call. It consists of a large outer bay, sheltered from almost every wind and leading into a smaller inner harbour almost entirely landlocked. The rolling heath-covered hills shut in even the outer bay, except for the narrow entrances on either side of Breaksea Island at its south-eastern end. The small town of Albany and the pier, where the largest ships can lie, are in a corner of the inner bay.

At this lonely sound there began to arrive, on October 24th, troopships from the ports of eastern Australia. The *Miltiades*, carrying reservists of the British Army who were to join their regiments in England, had left Sydney on October 17th; the *Argyllshire*, with artillery, the *Afric*, with the 1st Battalion, the 1st Field Company of Engineers, and part of the Train, and the *Suffolk*, with the 2nd Battalion, left Sydney the next day; the *Clan Maccorquodale*, with horses, the *Star of Victoria*, with the 1st Light Horse Regiment, and the *Euripides*, with the Headquarters of the 1st Infantry Brigade, the 3rd and 4th Battalions, and the 1st Field Ambulance,

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followed on October 20th. Melbourne being 600 miles nearer to the rendezvous, the Victorian transports started one day later, on the average, than those from Sydney. The Queensland ships, which had been waiting in Melbourne nearly a month since their voyage was stopped, sailed also. Sixteen ships left Melbourne between the 17th and 21st of October; five left Adelaide between the 20th and 22nd; two left Hobart (Tasmania) on October 20th. The Western Australian troops, in two ships, were to join the convoy later, on its way to the Indian Ocean.[9] On October 21st the Orient liner *Orvieto,* carrying General Bridges and the staff of the 1st Australian Division, the 5th Battalion, and the 2nd Field Company of Engineers, pulled out from Port Melbourne pier, where the crowd had broken through the sentries and was waving from the wharf. The Australian Imperial Force was launched upon its separate career. For the time being the headquarters office of the new army was in the drawing-room of the *Orvieto*; for six weeks in this holy of holies the staff worked every available moment. In the lobby at the foot of the saloon gangway the clerks drove their typewriters incessantly.

On October 26th the *Orvieto* reached Albany. Ahead of her, coming in from the high seas through a heavy rainstorm, was a black-funnelled ship—the *Geelong* from Tasmania. Astern was the *Star of Victoria,* with light horse from Sydney. Eighteen ships were already in the outer harbour, anchored in three lines. All day others were arriving from every part of Australia. About noon entered the *Euripides* from Sydney. In this vessel were Colonel MacLaurin, his staff, and half of his brigade. As she moved slowly past the flagship, her decks lined with troops standing rigidly to attention, her band playing, there was impressed upon some onlookers for the first time the truth which was proved on every battlefield later, that the Australian soldier is exactly what his commanding officer makes him. The difference between any two ships in that convoy, as between any two regiments later, was simply the difference between the officers commanding in them. The visible smartness of

[9] Some of these transports, which called at more than one port to embark troops from different States, are twice included in this reckoning. There were 28 Australian transports and 10 from New Zealand.

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the *Euripides* was the outward sign of a very vigorous and promising young commander.

The Australian transports wore their ordinary paint. Each had near bow and stern a large white square, on which was printed in bold figures her number as an Australian Government troopship. On the morning of October 28th fourteen ships were seen on the horizon. The first was a low thick-set warship with three funnels smoking heavily. She moved in close under the hills to the west. This was the Japanese cruiser *Ibuki*. She was followed by the large four-funnelled British cruiser *Minotaur,* with the small *Philomel* and *Pyramus* like terriers at her heels. After them came the ten New Zealand troopships, each painted an even grey and numbered on the side with small white letters "H.M.N.Z.T. '3' to '12.'" The *Melbourne,* which had arrived the day before, kept continuous watch outside the harbour, slowly cruising to and fro.

A voyage of fourteen days with anything up to 2,000 troops on board is not to be undertaken by any ship without special provision of fresh water. While the vessels watered and coaled, two by two, at the pier in the inner harbour, General Bridges inspected as many transports as he could, in order to impose his standard of preparation upon the fleet. But there was little communication between ships, three or four small tugs and motor-launches being all that the port possessed. It was a common sight to see the tall general swinging on a rope ladder over a transport's bare sides, while the wallowing tug covered itself with sheets of spray twenty feet below him. He transferred a company of infantry from the overcrowded *Hororata* to the *Omrah*. A conference of all commanding officers was held in the *Orvieto*; but as the solitary tug-boat available took four hours and forty minutes before it reached the last ship, instructions at Albany were necessarily for the most part given by signal.

At this juncture the route by which the convoy was to travel to Europe was twice altered. Strangely enough, the *Emden* was not the cause of these changes, although she was still at large upon the seas. On September 28th Captain von Müller and his ship, last heard of near Colombo, had completely disappeared. As a matter of fact he had gone

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off with two of his colliers to the British colony of Diego Garcia, in the middle of the Indian Ocean, where the few European settlers, not having yet heard of the war, received him hospitably. He returned on October 15th to the trade route from Ceylon to Europe, and on October 19th, for the second time, sent the prisoners from five British ships into a south-west Indian port. He then disappeared again, and no trace could be found of him.

The Australian wireless stations on the north-west coast, which had heard some German (Telefunken) wireless plant calling for the *Emden* on the night of October 4th and again on the morning of the 10th, listened in vain for a sign of her. The wireless station at Fiji and another in New Zealand had heard the *Scharnhorst* telling the small cruiser *Dresden,* in a code of which the key was known, that the *Scharnhorst* was on a course leading towards South America. But of the *Emden* there came not a sign. Then, like a bolt from the blue, at dawn on October 28th she raided the port of Penang in the Straits Settlements, steamed into the harbour, sank the Russian cruiser *Zemtchug* at anchor, and destroyed the French destroyer *Mousquet,* which came at her most gallantly as she left the port. The *Emden* rescued the survivors of the crew and disappeared again into the high seas. The *Hampshire* and *Yarmouth* were hunting her in the Indian Ocean; Japanese cruisers were understood to be heading her near the Sunda Straits. Such was the position when the time arrived for the combined convoy to leave Australia.

On October 25th the British cabinet decided that the Australian and New Zealand convoy must come to Europe by way of the Cape instead of by Egypt. A revolt had broken out among some of the Dutch in South Africa, and the only troops by whom General Botha could be quickly reinforced were the Australasian contingents. The commander of the British cruiser *Minotaur,* Captain Kiddle, R.N., had now taken control of the whole fleet assembled in Albany. On the morning of October 28th a conference was held aboard the *Minotaur,* at which the new arrangements were discussed. The main difficulty of the Cape route was the immense fuel consumption of the Japanese

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cruiser *Ibuki,* which needed 200 tons of coal each day. Even at economical speed she could barely reach Mauritius to replenish her supply. It was decided that, if this route were taken, she could not be included. But by October 30th Botha had defeated the rebels, and on the very eve of the starting of the convoy the Suez route was again adopted. This decision, made at the eleventh hour, determined the subsequent history of the Australian and New Zealand Forces.

By the night of October 31st the coaling and watering of transports were completed. The last sick man had been sent ashore. No leave had been given to the men in Albany, and General Bridges had therefore on principle refused it to officers. At 6.25 on the morning of November 1st, in bright sunlight, with the harbour glassily smooth, the *Minotaur* and *Sydney* up-anchored and moved out between the sun-bathed hills to sea. At 6.45 the central line of ships (known as the "first division" of the convoy) set sail, the inshore ship (*Orvieto*) leading, and each of the others turning to follow as the line passed them. Half an hour later the second division of transports followed; then the third; finally the New Zealanders in two divisions. Outside the harbour the first division had stopped and was waiting on the motionless sea. The second, with the *Wiltshire* leading, came up until it lay parallel about a mile away on the port beam; the third division moved up similarly on the starboard side.[10] The New Zealand ships swung in astern of the three Australian divisions. In each line there were 800 yards between each ship and her next astern, so that the convoy was about seven and a half miles in length. The *Minotaur* took station five miles ahead, and the *Sydney* and *Melbourne* about four miles away on either beam.

At 8.55 the whole fleet moved ahead—thirty-six transports and three escorting cruisers. Two days later the *Ibuki,* with the great liners *Ascanius* and *Medic* carrying troops from South and Western Australia, was found waiting beside the route on the high seas, half-obscured by a rain-squall. The two transports took up their places in the line. The *Ibuki* moved into the *Melbourne's* position on the starboard beam, while the *Melbourne* dropped immediately astern of the convoy. The whole fleet then headed for the Cocos Islands.

[10] See map 1, p. 104.

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The life on the ships depended upon whether they carried troops or horses. Aboard the troopships the force carried out the second part of its training, which from the outset had been divided by Colonel White into three stages—training to be undertaken before the force sailed, training on the voyage, and training after disembarkation. In the horse-ships, some of which carried as many as five horses to each man, the herculean task of cleaning the stalls, the rubbing down of horses as a substitute for exercise, and in some ships walking them round the decks, left no time for training. The men of the light horse, artillery, and transport performed these tasks as part of their normal duty. Only long afterwards did they learn that horse-ships could be taken oversea under any other conditions. Shortly before the Gallipoli campaign a French horse-transport came into Alexandria. Her smell preceded her up the harbour. Her stalls had not been cleaned since she sailed, and the horses were standing in eighteen inches of manure.

It had been expected, from the experience of other armies transported across the sea, that the A.I.F. would lose from 15 to 20 per cent. of its horses in a six weeks' voyage. Yet with fine weather, with the stalls well secured, the decks cleaned, the animals massaged, and a flow of fresh air let into all the horse-decks as a precaution against pneumonia, the horses reached Egypt with a loss of only 224 out of 7,843, or 3 per cent. In the transports carrying artillery and light horse the men and officers were trained during such leisure as was found. In the *Argyllshire,* for example, the guns were hauled out and worked on deck on one day in each week, and every evening after dinner a battery commander or some other officer lectured to the commissioned and non-commissioned officers in the saloon.

So through the Indian Ocean moved this convoy on a voyage such as was never undertaken before or since. Every morning found the lines of the fleet holding on their appointed course. The pace was set by the slowest ship in the first division, the *Southern,* which was supposed to make 10½ knots. In case of need the divisions had been organised according to their speed, the slowest of the third division being able to make 13 knots, and those of the second division 12. But so long as

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danger was on the seas, the three divisions kept together at the speed of the *Southern*. Her inclusion cost Australia a heavy sum every day in the hire of the other ships which she detained, and General Bridges would have wished to leave her to follow the fleet at her own speed. She carried less than thirty combatants, the rest of her troops being field ambulance protected by the Geneva Convention. With the combatants removed, she could have travelled as a hospital ship. But Mr. Fisher had laid it down emphatically that he would have no risk incurred by any single transport, and Bridges therefore decided not to let the *Southern* go alone, unless the naval authorities guaranteed that such a proceeding was free from risk. By heavy stoking her people managed to urge her to about 10 knots, which became the speed of the whole fleet.

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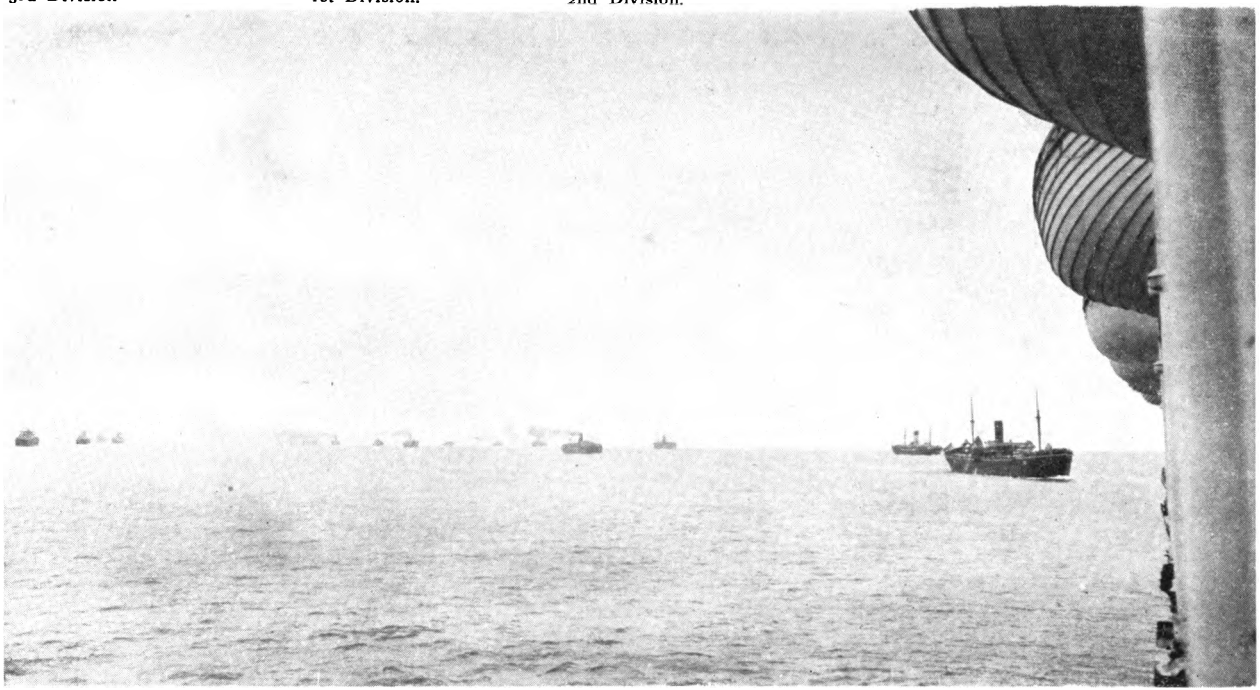

FIRST AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND CONVOY CROSSING THE INDIAN OCEAN, NOVEMBER, 1914.
(THE NEW ZEALAND SHIPS, IN THE DISTANCE, ARE HIDDEN BY SMOKE.)

Aust. War Museum Official Photo No. G1547.

To face p. 100.

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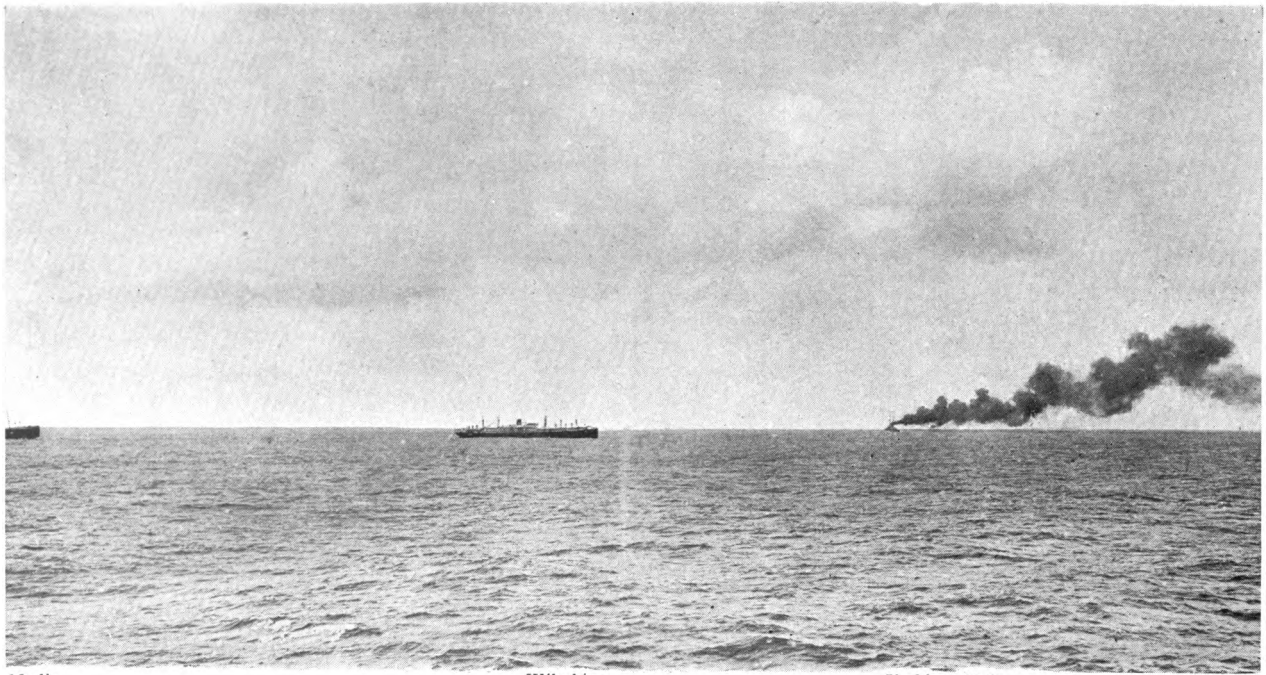

Medic. *Wiltshire.* *Ibuki.* *Melbourne.*

THE *Ibuki* CROSSING TO PLACE HERSELF BETWEEN THE CONVOY AND THE *Emden* DURING THE *Sydney-Emden* FIGHT, 9TH NOVEMBER, 1914

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1553.

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CHAPTER VI

THE VOYAGE AND THE *EMDEN*

MANY precautions were taken to prevent the convoy from being sighted, especially at night, when a hostile cruiser might have approached unseen. At the beginning of the voyage the thirty-eight ships were allowed to carry after dark their red and green side-lights and stern-lights; only the leading ship in each division carried a masthead light. All other lights aboard were supposed to be screened. On the cargo steamers these precautions were fairly observed and effective. All that could be seen after dark of the *Shropshire*, for example, was the vague dark mass of her hull and a small green light moving steadily through the night. But the large passenger liners, especially the *Orvieto* carrying the general and staff, twinkled like floating hotels. Towards the end of the first week the suppression of lights began to be more strictly enforced. Orders were given to each ship that hoods must be prepared for their stern-lights, so that these should be entirely screened from sight and should merely cast a glow downwards upon the troubled water in the wake.

It was intended that, when passing the Cocos Islands, all other lights should be extinguished, leaving only on the water astern of each ship this faint glow, by which the following ship was to steer. The officers of the merchant service who were masters of the ships were at this stage very nervous of steaming without lights, and there was a marked anxiety to defer as long as possible the date when the rule should be completely enforced. On the night of November 7th, when the Cocos Islands were thirty-six hours distant, all lights in the fleet were extinguished for half an hour. The men were ordered to their stations. The white-clothed figures, with their bare feet, quietly tumbled up gangways, pattered to their places along the decks, and stood there motionless. Even cigarettes and pipes were put out by order from the bridge. The only light upon the sea was the dim reflected glow from each hooded stern-light, invisible at a few hundred yards, and the occasional winking of a signal-light.

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In order to avoid betraying the convoy, no high-power wireless telegraphy had been allowed since the ships left Australia; only the cruisers and the leading ships in each line were permitted to use their wireless, and then merely for short distance signals on "buzzer" circuit, which prevented them from being picked up at a greater distance than 15 miles.

Despite all precautions, there were many chances which might have betrayed the convoy. The coal eaten by the *Ibuki* sent rolling through her funnels a dense pillar of smoke which hung over her like a canopy. By day it must have been visible at forty miles. Another incident, which might have ended seriously, occurred on November 5th, when the Orient steamer *Osterley*, carrying the Australian mail and passengers to England, appeared on the horizon astern of the convoy. The *Osterley* slowly overhauled the fleet, and at sunset passed close to the starboard column. While she was signalling her good wishes, another signal was noticed flashing from her upper deck, sent apparently by some passenger with an electric torch. It read: "We have on board the German barber from the *Omrah*." The message was passed on to the *Minotaur*.

There was grave risk in this encounter. The *Osterley* with the Australian mail—precisely such a prize as the *Emden* was seeking—was about to make straight through the dangerous area. The signal as to a German barber may not have been true, but, had the *Emden* captured the mail-steamer, it would have been a lucky chance indeed if the German prize-crew placed aboard her had not learned from some chance remark, some passenger's diary, snapshot photograph, or uncensored letter, of the existence of the great convoy. The *Minotaur* sent a strongly-worded signal to the *Osterley* regretting that her commander had seen fit to come so close to the convoy, and making him responsible for taking all precautions. Yet, if the mail-steamer's action involved such danger, it could only be avoided if the cruisers, which were some miles out on every side of the convoy, were instructed to make all passing ships alter their course before they sighted it.

On November 7th arrived news that the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, with their light cruisers, had met a British squadron off the South American coast near Coronel, and

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that the British cruisers *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* had been sunk. At dawn the next day the *Minotaur*, which had led the convoy from the Australian coast, turned from her place ahead of the fleet, signalled to General Bridges and other officers that she had been ordered on other service, and disappeared in the direction of Mauritius. The *Melbourne* took her place, and the convoy was now protected by a cruiser ahead and one either beam. Such was the position when the sun set on November 8th. In the early hours of the next morning the fleet was due to pass the Cocos Islands. The course had been laid slightly off the track of the mail-steamers in order to take the fleet about fifty miles east of the islands.

That night the moon rose at 11.30. The lights of the convoy, which even on this occasion were visible until nearly midnight, gradually disappeared. The sea was glassily smooth, the air mild—a beautiful tropical night. The dark hulls of the convoy could be dimly seen, and far to starboard the black smoke of the Japanese cruiser. There was no sound except the plash of the warm ripples, the "fist-fist" of some valve in the engine-room, and the occasional clatter of a shovel in the stokehold. Through the whole night the convoy moved without the least interruption. The exquisite rosy-fingered dawn found every ship still in its place, exactly as every other morning found it. Ahead was the *Melbourne*, with a bright white light showing over her stern. As the day broke, the siren of the *Orvieto* hooted, and the ships turned in succession a few points to port. They were at that moment swinging round the Cocos Islands at a radius of 50 miles. The critical point of the voyage appeared to have been passed.

At 6.24 that morning (Monday, November 9th), the wireless operators in many of the ships suddenly received a short message. It was very loud and clear. It began with a certain call-sign, and was addressed to some ship or station which the operators did not know. It simply said: KATIVBATTAV. About two minutes later the same signal was repeated. Immediately upon this the wireless station of the Cocos Islands was heard calling: "What is that code? What is that code?" To this there came no answer, but at 6.29 the same unknown call was again made—once. The next signal caught was that of the Cocos Islands calling the *Minotaur*.

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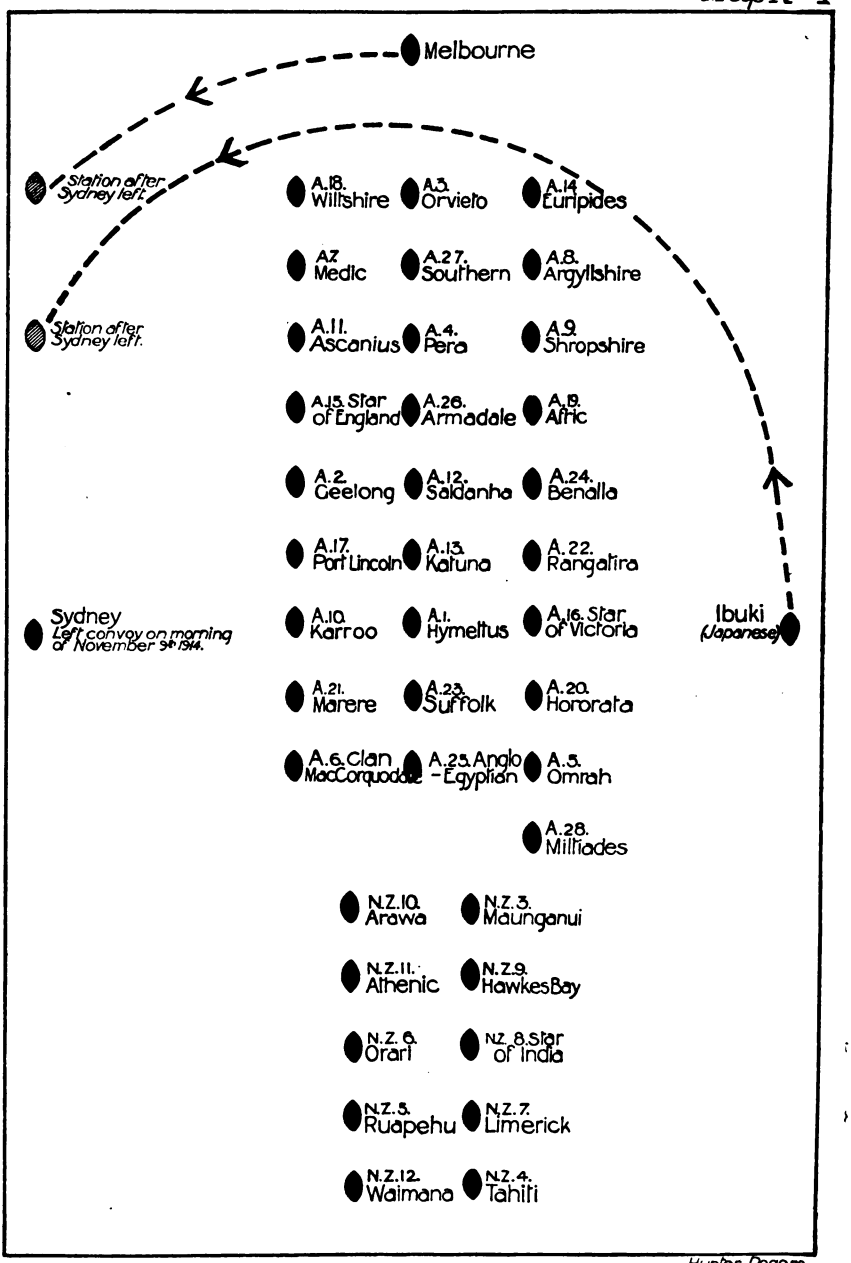

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE TRANSPORTS WHEN THE *Sydney* LEFT THE CONVOY IN CHASE OF THE *Emden*, 7 A.M., 9TH NOV., 1914

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No answer was heard; the *Minotaur* was well on her way to Mauritius. Cocos Islands called her again and added: "Strange warship approaching." Still the *Minotaur* did not answer. Then came one general call from the Cocos station: "S.O.S. Strange warship approaching." From that time on no further word arrived from it.

On receiving these signals the *Melbourne* left her place at the head of the convoy and started on a direct course for the Cocos Islands. She was pouring smoke from every funnel, and was working up speed, when her commander, Captain M. L'E. Silver, R.N., realised to his mortification that, as officer in charge of the convoy, his duty was to stay by the transports for whose safety he was responsible. He therefore signalled to the *Sydney* to make for the Cocos Islands. The *Melbourne* returned to her place at the head of the convoy. Within an hour the *Sydney* had disappeared over the horizon to the west.

The whole fleet had seen the *Sydney* leave, and every man knew that she had gone to meet some ship of the enemy. The usual parades were being held on the decks of the transports, knots or lines of men, crowded into narrow spaces, being drilled or lectured by their officers. But their eyes were always turned far over the glassy plain of the sea to the spot where the *Sydney* had faded into the distance. Twice or thrice a sound, which they thought to be the beating of a big drum, was heard by the troops drilling on the forecastle of the *Omrah* —a sound distinct enough to be remarked upon by the non-commissioned officer in charge. But no sign of any vessel appeared. About 9.40 the *Melbourne* was seen moving from her place at the head of the transports to a position far out on the port beam. Someone said "Look at the *Ibuki*," The Japanese ship was moving across the bows of the convoy to join the *Melbourne*. The smoke was pouring from her funnels more thickly than ever, in rich creases tumbling away and forming a dense background against which the ship almost appeared to nestle. Her decks were naked; her upper works were neatly padded with rolled hammocks; a few white figures moved about her. Aloft at the peak, planted fair against the black smoke-cloud, flew one huge Japanese ensign. As she passed ahead of the fleet she broke from the

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mainmast a second great ensign of the rising sun, her battle-flag. She was moving fast, punching great masses of white out of the dark water and spreading the seas wide on either side of her bluff bows. When she reached the *Melbourne* in the distance, she was seen once to turn and head for the horizon in the direction of the fight. She had signalled "I wish to go and help *Sydney*." But the captain of the *Melbourne* refused the permission requested.

The news had come at 9.30 from the *Sydney*, then not far beyond the horizon, that she had sighted the enemy's ship, and that it was steaming northward. As this northerly course might bring the enemy across the convoy's track, Captain Silver had ordered the *Ibuki* and *Melbourne* to place themselves between the transports and the point where the enemy's cruiser then was. At 10.45 a further wireless message arrived from the *Sydney*: "Am briskly engaging enemy." At 11.10 came the signal: "*Emden* beached and done for." Although most of those in the transports were fairly certain that the enemy must be the *Emden*, this was the first definite information of the fact. The news spread quickly round the ships. The relief that this destroyer of British merchant ships had been scotched, and the pride that an Australian ship had done it, were intense. The parades were half interrupted: attention wandered; where a subaltern continued to lecture, a ripple of conversation persisted through the rear ranks. An order from General Bridges broke off work and gave the troops a half-holiday.

The *Emden* was now out of the way, but the *Königsberg*, her sister-ship, might still be met with. Captain Silver therefore enforced upon the ships' captains—for another night—the hated steaming without lights. News then arrived that the *Königsberg* had been definitely located on the coast of Africa. From that time all fear of interference with the convoy in the Indian Ocean ceased. The two ships from which trouble had been possible were both harmless. The only danger would be from a neutral steamer or a dhow dropping mines in the path of the fleet. On November 11th the *Melbourne* went on to Colombo to coal, leaving the convoy in charge of the *Ibuki*. The same day the *Hampshire* arrived,

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and her captain took over command of the fleet from that time until it reached the Suez Canal.

The degree of the risk which this great convoy had undertaken depended largely upon one factor—the character of the German commander whose ship they might encounter. The only chance which a single raider possessed would be to find the convoy at night and steal in upon it. The night of November 8th was too bright for the *Emden* to have reached the fleet unobserved from any direction except astern. She had arrived at the Cocos Islands the evening before the fight too late to land a body of men to destroy the cable station on Direction Island. Moreover her captain desired to assure himself that the British light cruiser *Yarmouth*, which he half-expected to find there, was not in the neighbourhood. He therefore steamed round the island during the night and made the landing at the cable station in the morning. The convoy was then 55 miles distant. Captain von Müller, who a week later came as a prisoner aboard the *Orvieto*, told General Bridges that he thought the convoy was going direct from Western Australia to Aden, and that it was therefore useless to search for it. If he had caught the *Osterley*, he might have heard of the convoy's presence. By what distance the *Osterley* missed him is a matter of conjecture. Von Müller was asked by Lieutenant R. G. Casey,[1] one of the officers in charge of the prisoners, what he would have done had he sighted the fleet. "I was 52 miles away from you that night," was the answer. "If I had got up to you I should have run alongside *her*—(indicating the cruiser on the port bow of the convoy)— and fired a torpedo. Then, in the confusion, I should have got in among the transports. I would have sunk half of them, I think, before your escort came up. I should have been sunk in the end, I expect—I always expected that." Those who had dealings with this gaunt, clean-shaven, big-boned sailor, far more resembling an Englishman than a German in both his appearance and his outlook, were of opinion that there was one chance in a thousand that he might have succeeded. But whatever the risk, there was no soldier in the fleet but thought it well worth taking.

[1] Major R. G. Casey, D.S.O., M.C. G.S.O. (2) Aust. Corps, 1918/19. Engineer in Melbourne, Vic.; b. Brisbane, Q'land, 29 Aug., 1890.

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With the *Emden* and *Königsberg* out of the way, the transports were able to push on almost unguarded. The New Zealand ships and three Australian transports were sent ahead to Colombo to obtain coal and water. While they were there, the *Sydney* arrived, fresh from her fight. She had passed through the other Australian transports at sea during the previous night when the troops were asleep, but as she steamed between the ships in harbour towards her berth at the quay every eye was upon her. Yet from one transport alone came the sound of cheering, and that was quickly suppressed; for on the *Sydney's* decks lay the maimed and dying survivors of the *Emden's* crew, and before her arrival the officers and men of the *Sydney* had asked by signal that there should be no cheering as their ship passed through the transports.

In Colombo most of the survivors of the *Emden's* crew were taken on board three of the transports. Captain von Müller, Prince Franz Josef of Hohenzollern, with the *Emden's* surviving doctor, an engineer officer, and 48 men, were received in the *Orvieto*. The *Emden's* captain refused to give General Bridges his full parole, as he considered it might become his duty to escape. He was therefore kept under close guard. It was typical of Bridges that from first to last he exchanged no courtesies with his enemy, although the Empire was applauding the German captain's chivalry. Bridges wrote to Senator Pearce that he heard from all sides that von Müller was "a very pleasant man." But he did not invite his prisoner to dine with him. He fixed the terms of his captivity, and dismissed him from his mind. The two might have been in different ships.

The fleet sailed from Colombo by divisions at such times and speeds as were convenient. The third division, which, being the fastest, had been left to sail last, caught up to the remainder on November 20th on the way to Aden. As the *Afric* could not maintain the required speed, the *Ascanius* was sent across from the second division of transports to take her place. Next morning the rest of the fleet came up with the third division, which was motionless on the high seas. The *Ascanius* had rammed the *Shropshire* at daybreak. The ships went locked for a moment, and, on separating, the *Ascanius* came ahead and rammed the *Shropshire* again. The raw troops

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aboard tumbled quietly to their places and remained standing, this being the first test of the discipline of the new force in an emergency. The rent in each ship was fortunately above the waterline, and the division moved on to Aden.

At Aden the Australian and New Zealand transports, arriving at intervals during November 25th, found the roadstead under the bare red hills crowded with the traffic of troops to and from India which thronged it during the early days of the war. Transports making for India with territorials or returning with British regulars or native troops—ships of every size—passed in and out all day. By nightfall fifty-seven vessels were in the harbour, There were reports of some fighting against Sheikh Said, a Turkish fort on the raw coast of the Red Sea. The cruiser *Duke of Edinburgh* had shelled it; they could hear her 9.2 inch guns in Aden, 65 miles away. The Turks had only a few small guns, mostly old ones, but the fight had taught the old lesson that ships are uselessly pitted against forts. The *Duke of Edinburgh's* shells tore sand clouds out of the pink hills; in the intervals the Turkish guns persisted in firing. After holding out all day, the Turks retired to the hills, and the Indian force which was landed found only two or three wounded men, whom the enemy had left. The day after leaving Aden the Australian transports passed the tumbled outline of the fort on the deserted foothills.

At Aden personal reports from the Western front first reached the force. Some of those whose duty took them ashore heard in the Aden Club of two British battalions which had passed through only a few weeks before. Each should have been a thousand strong. Letters had come back from them. In one battalion there were some three hundred men surviving; the other had been almost annihilated. To the few who heard it this news came as a shock. The thirty thousand light-hearted men in the Australasian convoy were bound for the same dreadful distant mill which had pulverised those regiments. These letters brought home to some their first serious realisation of the huge ratio of the losses at the front.

From the early days of the war there had been a notion among Australians that their troops might be used in India or Egypt. Some said that, while Australian irregulars were un-

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likely to be trusted on the Western front, the War Office would probably adopt the sensible plan of sending them to India as garrison troops, so that they might release British regulars for the skilled fighting in France. More were of opinion that they would be retained as a garrison in Egypt, where the climate would be more familiar than that of Europe and the force would be in direct communication with its home. The troops, to a man, desired to go to the Western front. But many considered that the British Government was unlikely to hamper itself with the unnecessary transport of a force from Egypt to Great Britain if troops were needed in Egypt. War had been declared against Turkey since the Australian convoy had sailed. When the news of this fact arrived upon November 2nd, the question at once arose in many minds: "Shall we be stopped in Egypt?" But when on November 26th the whole convoy left Aden with its destination still Great Britain, this fear began to vanish.

Immediately upon leaving Aden Bridges received from the cruiser *Minerva*, near Suez, a signal suggesting that he should hurry ahead of the fleet in the *Orvieto* to Port Said. The reason was not given, and the captain of the *Hampshire*, considering that there might be some danger to the *Orvieto* from Arab dhows dropping mines, did not agree. Late upon the following night, however, there came a telegram from Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia in London. "Unforeseen circumstances," it said, "decide that the force shall train in Egypt and go to the front from there. The Australians and New Zealanders are to form a corps under General Birdwood. The locality of the camp is near Cairo."

The reason for this change at the eleventh hour was then unknown, but it had been too generally anticipated for it to cause any great disappointment. The phrase of the telegram "and go to the front from there" alleviated any regrets. Only when Sir George Reid visited Egypt was it known that this decision had been arrived at in the following manner.

The Canadian Expeditionary Force had been sent to train in England—whither it was intended to transport the Australians also—and had been sent into camp on and around Salisbury Plain. As the winter came down upon these camps and those in which the newly-raised British units were train-

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ing, it became clear that troops kept under canvas through those months of the year were being asked to undergo extremes of unnecessary hardship. With the carpenters and timber available, wooden huts could not be improvised in time to shelter the men. The "training" became a fight against the weather for bare health and existence. The camps turned into archipelagoes of tents in a knee-deep sea of mud. The Canadian troops, coming to the mother country with a glow of generous enthusiasm, had little expected these miseries, and reckless breaking of camp and disturbances in the old cathedral city of Salisbury were the result.

Colonel Chauvel, who was the Australian representative at the War Office in London, had been anxiously watching the conditions of the camps into which the Australians were to go. It became clear that, despite the promise of the War Office, the huts could not be ready until long after the arrival of the force. Chauvel laid this fact strongly before Sir George Reid. Reid knew that the effect of such conditions on the Australian would be as unfortunate as upon the Canadian. Not for nothing had he been a leader through two generations of political life. He would not allow both the British people and the Australian force to be plunged into so chilling a disillusionment, if diplomacy could prevent it. At that date Lord Kitchener, although Minister of State for War and not constitutionally charged with any of the duties of the War Staff, was in practice controlling every activity of the British Army except the actual fighting. The work must have been many times too great for his small personal staff to cope with, and access to the Field-Marshal's room was almost impossible to obtain. But Sir George Reid was perhaps the one man in England who could say anything to anyone—however occupied or exalted—without causing offence. To ring up Lord Kitchener personally upon the telephone without warning at a time like this was a breach of all the rules with which British officialdom hedges its leaders. But Reid, under his camouflage of genial buffoonery, could "get through" on the telephone to the great man at any time and discuss subjects which few would have dared to broach. The convoy would pass Egypt in a few days. There was no time to lose. Accordingly, on receiving a full report of the conditions on Salisbury Plain, Sir George Reid

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immediately telephoned to Lord Kitchener, obtained an interview, and put to him the opinion that the Australian troops must be diverted to Egypt at once, and on no account be allowed to come on to England, where they would only increase the already unmanageable congestion. Lord Kitchener was ready to be convinced of the desirability of this step, and the decision was forthwith urged upon the Australian Government, which adopted it.[2]

There can be no doubt of its wisdom. Great fault was afterwards found with the camps near Cairo. Possibly they were too close to that city. Certainly they were dismally unprovided with the amusements which could easily have been furnished. But the camps of Egypt were an infinitely better alternative than Salisbury Plain during the winter of 1914. Men could, and on occasions did, sleep on the open desert without discomfort worth mentioning. In Egypt training could go forward on every day in the week and at every hour of the day. On the "Plain" it was only possible on certain days in each week and for comparatively few hours in a day. The 1st Australian Division, if it had continued the voyage to England, could not in an equal time have approached the condition which it attained after four months of intensive training in the Egyptian desert.

The *Maunganui*, carrying Major-General Sir Alexander Godley,[3] the commander of the New Zealand force, and the *Orvieto*, with General Bridges, were allowed to make their own speed ahead of other transports to Suez. On their arrival at that port, on November 30th, a Staff Officer came on board with the orders of Lieutenant-General Sir John Maxwell, who commanded the Force in Egypt. General Birdwood, who under him would command the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, had not yet arrived from India. Maxwell had arranged that the Australian and New Zealand forces should encamp round Cairo, where the desert on the immediate border of the city and of the Nile Valley affords space for the camps and manœuvres of unlimited numbers of troops. He

[2] The version given in the official correspondence is that the suggestion came from Lord Kitchener.

[3] Lieut.-General Sir A. J. Godley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., p.s.c. Commanded II Anzac Corps 1916/17; XXII British Corps 1918/19. Officer of British Regular Army; of Killegar, Cavan, Ireland; b. Chatham, Eng., 4 Feb., 1867.

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had not been informed that the force had brought no tents with it. But tents for 8,500 men could be provided, and those for the remainder would arrive from England in a fortnight. Within the few days since the change of plan had been made, the British staff in Egypt had set contractors to work laying waterpipes to all the camps, pushing out the tramlines to the prospective supply dépôt at Mena, and forming the roads about the camp sites. Various staff officers took train for Cairo: the ordnance officer to procure tents and discover what stores were available at the Cairo Citadel and by purchase, the chief medical officer to arrange for landing and housing the sick. The fleet of transports was to come through the Suez Canal and disembark its troops at Alexandria. At Suez the ships would have had to discharge their horses into lighters in the roadstead; at Port Said there was at the moment quay space for only one or two ships; but in the great modern port of Alexandria, crowded though the harbour was with German and Austrian shipping which had been sheltering in the Suez Canal, at least eight transports could then be received alongside the quays.

The Suez Canal runs for its 99 miles through the desert of Sinai, and, before the transports entered it, commanding officers were informed that there was a chance of their being fired upon during the night from the desert to the east. Armed guards were to be placed on deck, with orders to fire back if this happened. As ship after ship moved into the Canal, the troops noticed, about a mile from the mouth opposite the first of the Suez Canal Company's stations, a row of white tents on the eastern bank, about half-way up its steep cutting. Here, where the pink desert stretched away to the foot of the Arabian hills, were some half-a-dozen small sangars—little semicircular breastworks. There was an inner line of narrow trenches, with loopholes in the sandbagged breastwork of the parapet and an outer line of barbed-wire entanglement. A few Indian soldiers were digging with shovels on the bank. As the Australian ships approached, their lively cargoes began to cheer and coo-ee. This brought Indians swarming from the tents—and so, amid cheering and counter-cheering, coo-ees and catcalls, the transports passed. As night fell, the great search-light at the bow of each vessel would light up snug tents or

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some lean-to far ahead; the flicker of a small campfire would be seen on the bank. A coo-ee or two, and dark figures come to the mouths of the tents. Someone appears moving towards the edge of the Canal. Then the voice, generally of a young English officer: "Who—are—you?" "Australians. Who are you?" "In-di-an Army." "What regiment?" "128th Native Infantry. Where are you going?" "Cairo." "Good luck to you." This amid cheering backward and forward between the ship and the bank. "You'll be here soon," said a voice from one of the posts. "No, thank you," was the answer. All night long these scenes occurred. The P. & O. steamer *Nile* from London passed when her passengers were going down to dinner. The sight of the transports themselves was the first news which any Englishman had received of the sailing of the Australian force, and they gave the fleet a rousing reception.

The expected sniping from Bedouins did not occur, and the transports steamed into Port Said, mostly on December 2nd, each new arrival moving closely between the others already at anchor. The troops had sailed together for six weeks; they had awakened every morning to find every transport in the place where dusk had come upon her, steaming steadily ahead; but they had never met face to face until this day, when, with their decks thronged and the men swarming in the rigging, amid gusts and buffets of cheering, the ships brushed past one another in the Suez Canal at Port Said. That homecoming of the force to itself, at the end of the voyage, was the first great demonstration in its history. The second was when it marched through the streets of London after the end of the war.

The New Zealand ships and the first of the Australian convoy reached Alexandria on December 3rd. The troops began to disembark the same day, and moved by train to Cairo.

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CHAPTER VII

THE TRAINING IN THE DESERT

On the night of December 3rd the 5th Battalion, after moving all day by train up the green Nile flats crowded with a population which might have stepped out of the Old Testament, steamed into the railway siding built especially for the Australasian troops in the heart of Cairo. It was night when the battalion arrived and marched down the wide European streets, strange as stage scenery, towards the Nile bridges.

Near the first bridge it passed the great, dingy, yellow-plastered buildings of the Kasr el Nil Barracks. The sound of its band roused the Territorials who were quartered there. Figures came tumbling out of the barracks across the gravelled parade-ground. They were Lancashire Territorials of the 42nd Division, who had arrived in Egypt some weeks before to relieve British regulars needed at the front. When they found that the troops marching past them were Australians, they cheered, clinging to the railings and waving. The 5th wound over the wide river, under the trees of Gezireh, to the long avenue which runs on a causeway from Gizeh for five miles straight across the teeming flats of the Nile. Here the men first saw, far ahead, through the spaces between the dark trunks of the lebbakh trees, the pale moonlit shapes of the Pyramids rising from the high edge of the desert.

The yearly Nile flood was just receding, and the far end of the flats was one big lake, lapping up against the Arab village which lies under the Pyramids. Behind rose the desert, straight from the fertile plain, a faint pink under the moon. Where the road ran off the flats on to the sand, the column turned to its right, down a newly-made ramp, through a plantation of Australian gum trees, past the buildings of Mena House Hotel, and round into the first valley of the desert. There, with the age-old Pyramids looking down upon them, on this stretch of sand unbroken by anything except the white ribbon of one newly-laid road and the scaffolding round two hastily-built reservoirs, the 5th

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Battalion rolled itself in its grey blankets under the moon and slept.

Until this time, although the men of the 1st Division had sailed together in a great fleet for weeks, very few thought of it as a division. Troops had embarked in driblets, companies, battalions, brigades, from all corners of Australia. But they were no more a division than a set of wheels, pistons, nuts, cranks, and cylinders, stowed in a merchant-ship and labelled for overseas, would be a railway-engine.

With the railway journey up the Nile flats, however, came a complete change. Day after day for nearly a fortnight the detachments from the various States left their ships at Alexandria and set off in different trains to special places. The 1st Light Horse Brigade, whose particles were scattered throughout the transports, gradually crystallised on the edge of the desert south of Cairo at Maadi Camp. The New Zealand Infantry Brigade, with its attached ambulance and signallers and other troops, separated itself and settled at Zeitoun, on the northern outskirts of Cairo. The New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade settled next to it. At the end of twelve days the 1st Australian Division, infantry, artillery, ambulances, transport, and divisional light horse, was camped by the Pyramids ten miles from the centre of the city. Mena Camp stretched for nearly a mile up the desert valley. The headquarters offices of the division were in the manager's house behind the hotel; the hotel itself was taken over as an Australian hospital. The ramshackle grandstand of the old racecourse on the desert became the ordnance store. Close to it, at the end of the extended tramway, gradually rose stacks of fodder and supplies.

In the tent-lines some of the troops had at first to dig themselves mia-mias or dugouts, which they covered with waterproof sheets. The officers' messes were in great untidy native tents hired from contractors. The camp gradually became decorated with whitewashed stone edges to the roads or with neat borders of green oats sown round the tents. As time went on, spacious mess-rooms were built for the men. Shops of all sorts crowded along certain roads where they were allowed—shops of tobacconists, hairdressers, dyers and cleaners, newsvendors, tailors, photographers,

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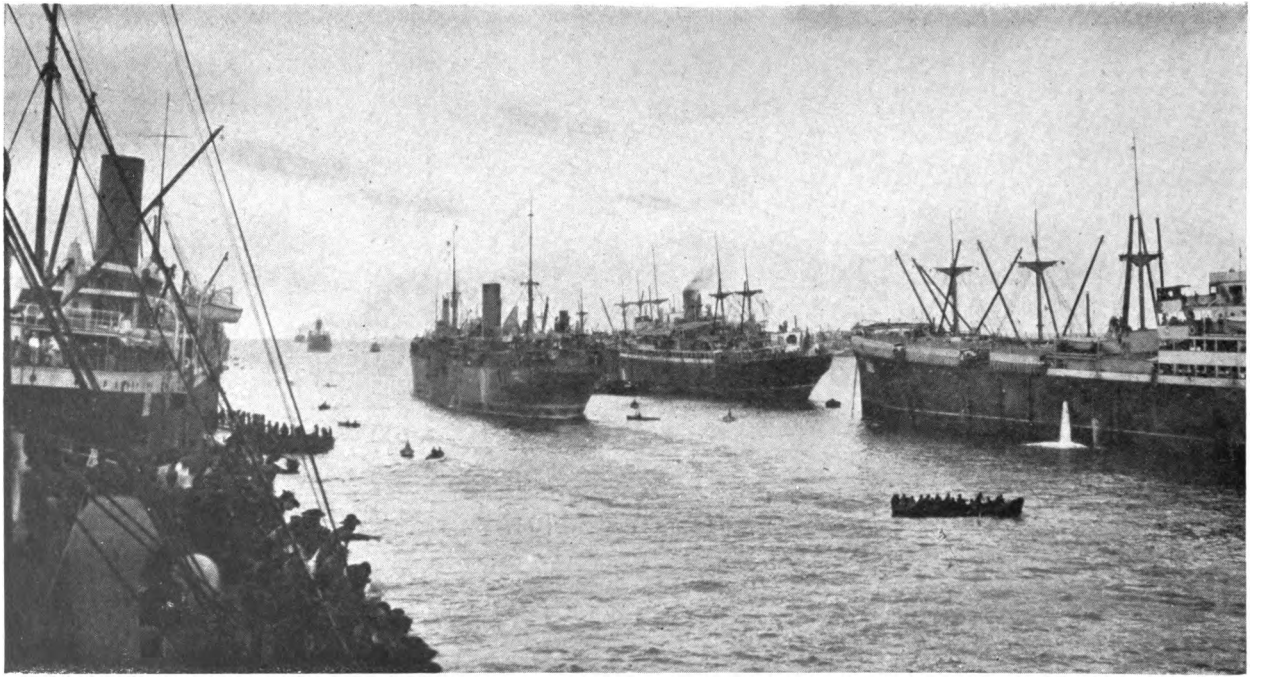

AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND TRANSPORTS MEETING IN THE SUEZ CANAL AT PORT SAID, 2ND DECEMBER, 1914

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1576.

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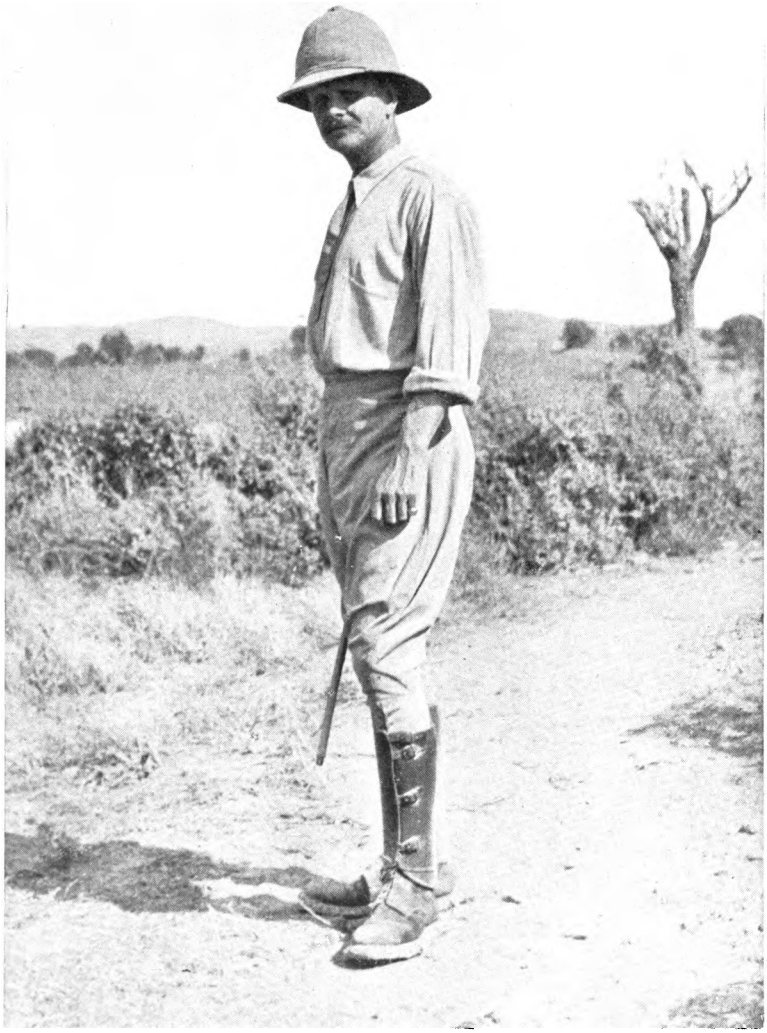

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR W. R. BIRDWOOD, COMMANDER OF THE A. & N.Z. ARMY CORPS, ON HIS ROUNDS AT ANZAC

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1222. Taken 6th October, 1915.

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sellers of antiques. One day there would arrive a rickety donkey-lorry piled with tents, stove-pipe, tables, chairs, crockery, cloths, and with three Arabs squatting among them. Next day there would have sprouted another "tea-room," announcing that it offered "Australians System Afternoon Tea." Before the winter was over, the valley in which the 5th Battalion had bivouacked on the night of December 3rd was filled with the hum, the bustle, the dust, smells, sounds, and lights of a busy city.

Major-General W. R. Birdwood,[1] under whom the Australian and New Zealand forces were to form an army corps, was an officer singled out by Lord Kitchener. Kitchener had attached him to his staff in the South African War and in India, and he was in India when Kitchener appointed him to command the Australasian Army Corps. The corps staff—a considerable body, which grew much larger as the war continued and at one time included about 70 officers and no less than 550 men—was a British formation. Until nearly the end of the war, even when it was mainly composed of Australian officers and controlled purely Australian troops, it remained part of the British and not of the Australian Army. The British Government, and not the Australian, had originally undertaken to provide it and keep it up. At the beginning General Birdwood obtained in India most of the officers whom he required for the small staff of those days. He sailed with them from Bombay on December 12th. On his arrival in Cairo on December 21st his first duty was to organise the disconnected units of the two forces into a single compact army corps.

At that date an army corps consisted normally of two infantry divisions and certain "corps troops," the latter being troops not belonging to either division, but attached to the corps and acting directly under the army corps commander. General Birdwood's troops, however, consisted of one infantry division (the 1st Australian), together with one infantry brigade and two mounted brigades (the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, 1st Australian Light Horse Brigade and

[1] General Sir William R. Birdwood, Bt., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.C.S.I., C.I.E., D.S.O., q.s., A.D.C. Commanded A. & N.Z. Corps (later Aust. Corps) 1914/18; Dardanelles Army, 1915/16 (3 months); 5th Army 1918/19, and G.O.C., A.I.F. 1915/20. Subsequently appointed to the command of the Northern Army, India; b. Poona, India, 13 Sept., 1865.

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New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade). It was known that, in addition to these, there would shortly arrive in Egypt from Australia another infantry brigade (the 4th), two light horse brigades, and a number of lines-of-communication troops for whom the British Government had specially asked, such as hospitals. The only troops among these who would go on to England were those of the motor transport. The others would remain in Egypt under the orders of General Bridges as commander of the A.I.F. General Birdwood therefore sent to him, on December 24th, his proposals for the constitution of the army corps.

It was to be called the "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps." The name first suggested was "Australasian Army Corps," and that name actually appears, erased, in its first diary. But the wish of the commanders having been taken on the point, "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps" was the title preferred, especially by the New Zealanders. The corps was to consist of two infantry divisions and a mounted division. The mounted division would be composed of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigades (of which the 3rd would not arrive until March), and the New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade. The infantry divisions were to be the 1st Australian Division and the "2nd" or New Zealand Division, which was to consist of the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade, and an additional infantry brigade if one could be obtained.

General Bridges and Colonel White were anxious above all things to avoid long-drawn-out delays, and to let the force fling its weight into the war as soon as it was ready. Bridges agreed to the proposed arrangement, but urged that the divisions should not necessarily wait for completion before they took the field. Eventually the corps was organised in two divisions only, the second being formed from the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade, and two mounted brigades (1st A.L.H., Brigade and N.Z.M.R. Brigade. These were placed under the orders of General Godley, commanding the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. The new division was thus almost equally divided between New Zealand and Australian troops, except that New Zealand provided all its artillery. The title

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chosen for it was "New Zealand and Australian Division." It was very short of artillery, the New Zealanders having but three 4-gun batteries of 18-pdrs. and a 4-gun howitzer battery which arrived in Egypt six weeks after the force and comprised the only howitzers in the corps. These four batteries were the only artillery in the New Zealand and Australian Division. Shortages in engineers and transport were made up mainly by the New Zealand Government enlisting New Zealanders in England and bringing them to Egypt, or by organising new corps from reinforcements arriving for the existing corps. The staff for the division had come with General Godley from New Zealand. The 2nd and 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigades, when they arrived, were not at once incorporated into either of the divisions, but remained "corps troops."

Other shiploads—hospitals, reinforcements for the divisions, horses for remounts, supplies of clothing, boots, and various material—were constantly arriving and likely to arrive from Australia. The administration of these could not be thrown upon the divisional commander. Therefore, on the recommendation of General Bridges, an Australian base was formed in Egypt, and the head of the administrative department of his staff, Colonel V. C. M. Sellheim, was transferred to take charge of it. This base with its seven departments—records, finance, ordnance, medical, base detail (reinforcements, etc.), remounts, and, later, the postal department—constituted the first beginning of that great organisation of the Administrative Headquarters of the A.I.F. which for three years existed as a vast army department in London. While General Bridges remained still the commander-in-chief of the A.I.F., all questions of routine were now taken off his hands and he was left free to fight his division in the field. At the same time, wherever he went, he still decided all large questions of principle in the administration of the whole of the Australian force. General Birdwood's command, so far, was simply the fighting command of all such troops as were allotted to his army corps.

In entrusting the Australian and New Zealand troops to Birdwood, Lord Kitchener was acting from a sound knowledge of his personality. For a British officer, Birdwood

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possessed one surprising quality which was the secret of half his success with these forces. Many an Englishman of the period before the war judged things by the conventional outward signs with which he was familiar. The Australians might have found themselves under a commander who would have summed up a man by the boots he wore, or the roughness of his voice, or the manner in which he parted his hair, and who would have laid a horrified insistence upon the correct manner of saluting or addressing an officer, or upon insignificant points of dress. To such details of dress and manner British officers ordinarily attached great importance. It was Birdwood's nature to look past the forms at the man himself.

The real Australian entertained a genuine and healthy abhorrence of the idea that any man should spend great pains upon his own appearance. He loved fresh air and cold water as few people do; in hospital and everywhere else Australian soldiers were distinguished by that trait. But if a man was over-punctilious in his dress or obsequious in his speech, this was a sign of qualities which the Australian genuinely despised. When someone pointed out to an Australian a fellow-countryman in London, striding down Victoria Street with his cock's feathers waving in his hat, spurs and buttons twinkling, leggings and belt shining with polish, the comment was: "Um! That ——'s up to no good!" It was not every English officer who would from the outset have realised that men of British race must be judged by standards so different.

But Birdwood did. From the first day when, strolling round the Zoological Gardens at Gizeh, he found many an Australian youngster gazing at the cages, he chatted simply to them, chaffed them, and treated them not as professional soldiers, but as the natural human beings they always were. Moreover he never made the mistake of setting before them low or selfish ideals. His appeal to them from first to last was based upon the highest and most honourable grounds. Sometimes he asked too much of them, but he always asked it for a worthy reason—the general good for which the allies were fighting. And that was always the way to appeal to the Australian. Birdwood was ambitious; but he was a man of intense uprightness. If he realised that a thing was wrong,

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nothing would induce him to do it. Above all he possessed the quality, which went straight to the heart of Australians, of extreme personal bravery.

All these attributes made Birdwood a rare leader—undoubtedly one of the greatest leaders of men possessed by the British Army during the war. Though of good general sense and ability, he was probably not outstanding as a tactician, nor had he the cast of mind peculiar to an organiser. His delight was to be out in the field among his men, cheering them by his talk, feeling the pulse of them. He would come back from the front apparently far more interested in the spirits and condition of the men than in the tactical situation. Indeed the importance which he attached to small things was constantly a puzzle to outsiders. He wrote personally to every officer who was decorated, and his correspondence with anxious or distressed relations in Australia was enormous. When addressing the men, he constantly concluded, with a smile: "And, mind, whatever you do, write regularly to your mothers and wives and sweethearts—because, if you don't, they will write to me." He had his secretary, but the writing of these letters must have cost him many hours in every week. He chose his assistants well, although, like most Englishmen, he disliked to have around him any who lacked polish. His staff was strongly attached to him, and he leant upon it heavily for all organising and office work. He wanted to be out of doors, finding out for himself what his men could be asked to do. He knew well how to ask them to do it. His power of leadership sprang from an exceptionally kindly nature, which looked upon men as men. He was really interested in them, and his memory of their affairs, when once he knew them, was extraordinary. Perhaps no commander on the front attached men to him so closely as he did. His possession of those indefinable and attractive qualities which make a leader of men continually suggested a comparison with that great soldier of the previous generation, Lord Roberts.

General Birdwood was forty-nine years of age when appointed to command the Australians and New Zealanders. His father had been in the India Civil Service, and the son was educated at Clifton College whence he passed through Sand-

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hurst into the infantry. He transferred almost immediately into an Indian cavalry regiment, and, after being adjutant of the Viceroy's bodyguard, served in many frontier campaigns. Going to the South African War as a staff officer, he there became military secretary to Lord Kitchener. From that time onwards his career was closely bound up with that of his great leader. Though never at the Staff College, he was chief staff officer in the Mohmand Expedition of 1908, and subsequently Quartermaster-General in India. At the outbreak of war he was Secretary to the Government of India in the Army Department and a member of the Governor-General's Legislative Council. He was short, well-built, handsome, and a fine horseman. He despised soft living, drank no wine or spirits, and his habit of going without his midday meal in order that he might extend his walk for two or three miles through his beloved trenches was a constant trial to others less simple in their tastes.

His headquarters were simple, and not seldom in dangerous places. At Anzac he lived on a site in the most dangerous area of the beach, and his anxious staff insisted on piling a few bales of hay against the exposed side of the general's shelter as a partial protection against the Turkish guns which chiefly played upon it. There his aide-de-camp, Captain B. W. Onslow,[2] a gallant, handsome English boy, who insisted upon sleeping out-of-doors in the heat of the Anzac summer, was killed, and many a man lost his life within a stone's throw of the place. In France, in July, 1917, when his headquarters were resting in Hazebrouck, one morning shells began to drop in the town from an unknown gun. The Germans were firing on the place with a 14-in. railway gun at a distance of some twenty miles, a practice which was continued at intervals during the following weeks. The shells mostly fell round the square in which were the general's headquarters, and Major S. S. Butler,[3] one of his staff, was wounded. It was a common jest at the expense of the higher staffs that a few shells would cause them to find a more convenient site, and the

[2] Captain B. W. Onslow. Officer of Indian Regular Army; b. 24 Aug., 1892. Killed in action, 27 July, 1915.

[3] Colonel S. S. Butler, C.M.G., D.S.O. G.S.O. (2) Aust. Corps, 1915/18; G.S.O. (1), Constantinople, 1919. Officer of British Regular Army (South Staffs. Regt.); b. Northchurch, Herts., Eng., 6 Oct., 1880.

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divisions found genuine pleasure in the news of a corps staff being bombarded. But General Birdwood was a man to whom no one would have cared to suggest the notion of moving, and though house after house in the town subsided into a heap of matchwood, Birdwood's headquarters remained on the spot until ordered forward to the Third Battle of Ypres.

Under shellfire General Birdwood appeared completely indifferent; if anything, he brightened, probably with a genuine pleasure at having an opportunity of sharing danger with his men. Only once was he known to "duck," and that was when he was standing in full view of the distant German lines, on a muddy slope near Flers during the winter of 1916, and a shell suddenly shrieked down from the grey sky upon the small group. It fell about five yards away, showering mud over them—and then it was found that everyone in the group had gone down upon his face. "You ducked that time, General," said his aide-de-camp. "A sensible thing to do," replied the general shortly.

As his chief of staff General Birdwood had been allotted Brigadier-General Harold Bridgwood Walker.[4] General Walker was fifty-two years of age. He had been educated at Shrewsbury and afterwards at Cambridge, and in his looks and his likings was an English country gentleman. He had worked for the past two years as a staff officer in India, but was a man who had little love for staff work. His wish from the first was to throw himself into the fighting. The opportunity came at an early stage, and it was as a fighter that he won his reputation in the A.I.F. General Walker's assistant on the "operations" side of General Birdwood's staff was Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Skeen,[5] who for nearly three years had been lecturing at the Staff College at Quetta.

Skeen, tall, clean-shaven, was a remarkable figure for a soldier, having the high forehead and the appearance and manner of a university professor of the young and athletic type.

[4] Major-General Sir H. B. Walker, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 1st Aust. Div. 1915/18. Officer of British Regular Army. Descended from Bishop Walker of Londonderry; of Dublin, Ireland; b. Dilhorne, North Staffs., Eng., 26 Apr., 1862.

[5] Major-General A. Skeen, C.M.G., p.s.c.; B.G.G.S., A. & N.Z. Corps 1915; subsequently Deputy C.G.S. of Indian Army. Officer of Indian Regular Army; of Aberdeen, Scotland; b. Meerut, India, 20 Jan., 1873.

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He was a student, and one whose brains would have made him prominent in a gathering of men of any profession. He was an invincible optimist. From the outset he was in reality the chief power upon the corps staff, his influence while he was upon it being quite as predominant as that which his successor, Brudenell White, afterwards possessed. Indeed in the gossip of the mess-rooms these two officers were often compared. As the head of his administrative staff Birdwood chose Brigadier-General R. A. Carruthers,[6] a cavalry officer, fifty-two years of age, with some experience of staff work in India, and a genial, understanding nature; he was the best horseman on the army corps staff. Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Lesslie,[7] his assistant, was a Canadian who had enlisted in the Royal Engineers, a short, sturdily-built, irrepressibly cheerful officer, with a Canadian accent; one who, when he gave an order, preferred to throw himself in to work beside his men.

Birdwood's headquarters in Cairo were in the southern corridor of Shepheard's Hotel. Some of the clerks were detached from the divisions to work upon the Army Corps; others were brought from England. The ground-floor corridor outside the clerks' rooms became bordered with cases containing stationery addressed in large black stencilled letters to the "A. and N. Z. Army Corps." The name was far too cumbrous for constant use, especially in telegrams, and a telegraphic address was needed. One day early in 1915 Major C. M. Wagstaff,[8] then junior member of the "operations" section of Birdwood's staff, walked into the General Staff office and mentioned to the clerks that a convenient word was wanted as a code name for the Corps. The clerks had noticed the big initials on the cases outside their room—A. & N. Z. A. C., and a rubber stamp for registering correspondence had also been cut with the same initials. When Wagstaff mentioned the need of a code word, one of the clerks

[6] Brig.-General R. A. Carruthers, C.B., C.M.G.; D.A. & Q.M.G., Aust. Corps 1914/19. Officer of Indian Regular Army; b. 10 Feb., 1862.

[7] Brig.-General W. B. Lesslie, C.B., C.M.G., R.E. Commanded 1st Inf. Bde. 1917/18. Officer of British Regular Army; b. Kingston, Ontario, Canada, 4 Nov., 1868.

[8] Brig.-General C. M. Wagstaff, C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O., R.E., p.s.c. Officer of Indian Regular Army. G.S.O. (1) 5th Aust. Div. 1916/17. Of Berkhampstead, Herts., Eng.; b. Calcutta, India, 5 March, 1878.

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(according to most accounts Lieutenant A. T. White,[9] an English Army Service Corps man, who for a time was superintending clerk on the corps headquarters) suggested: "How about ANZAC?"[10] Major Wagstaff proposed the word to the general, who approved of it, and "Anzac" thereupon became the code name of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. It was, however, some time before the code word came into general use, and at the Landing many men in the divisions had not yet heard of it.

The 1st Australian Division, on its arrival at the Pyramids, plunged at once into the work of training. The staff divided the desert around Mena into three large training areas, one for each infantry brigade. The divisional light horse, artillery, and engineers were given stretches of desert outside of these; the transport and ambulances were allotted ground nearer camp. The various commanders were asked to submit, within the first few days, schemes of training. They were told that they could expect to devote a month to the training of companies, squadrons, or batteries; then ten days to training as battalions or regiments; after which they might work for ten days as brigades. If the division were not then required for the front, it would begin exercising as a whole division.

This training is worth more than passing mention, inasmuch as it was one of the finest achievements in the history of the A.I.F. It was scarcely realised at the time that its intensity was exceptional. A very limited leave was allowed in Cairo after hours. Almost from the morning of arrival training was carried out for at least eight hours, and often more, every day but Sundays. The infantry marched out early in the morning, each battalion to whatever portion of its brigade area had been assigned to it. There they split into companies. All day long, in every valley of the Sahara for miles around the Pyramids, were groups or lines of men advancing, retiring, drilling, or squatted near their piled arms listening to their officer. For many battalions there were several miles to be marched through soft sand every morning before the training area was reached, and to be marched back again

[9] Major A. T. White, R.A.S.C.; b. Greenwich, London, Eng., 15 Sept., 1874.

[10] The word had already been used amongst the clerks. Possibly the first occasion was when Sgt. G. C. Little asked Sgt. H. V. Millington to "throw him the ANZAC stamp."

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each evening. At first, in order to harden the troops, they wore as a rule full kit with heavy packs. Their backs became drenched with perspiration, the bitter desert wind blew on them as they camped for their midday meal, and many deaths from pneumonia were attributed to this cause.

But that work made the Division. Its men were not a material to be treated according to pure British drill-book methods. As they walked among the Cairo crowds, the little pink-cheeked lads from the Manchester cotton-mills, who had had the pluck to volunteer in the East Lancashire Division, looked like children when compared with the huge men of the Australian regiments. Australians had not realised that the physique of their force was anything greater than the average, until this contrast forced it upon them and upon everyone else in Egypt. Subsequently many visitors from Great Britain and the Western front declared that the Australians and New Zealanders in Egypt and Gallipoli were the biggest men that they had seen in any force. The first experience which many an Australian had of the Territorials of the 42nd Division was when "dixies" of steaming hot soup were brought by the warm-hearted little Lancashiremen to the new arrivals sitting hungry in the railway yard. An odd comradeship, due to long association, grew up between the two, but though both had fine qualities, they did not really blend. "Ahv ye got a fahg, choom?" (which was Lancashire for "Have you a cigarette, mate?") was almost the extent of their intercourse. The "chooms" were the first British troops whom the Australian soldier met, and his notions of the British private were to the end coloured by these recollections. They had in common the fine spirit which sent them both to the war, but their mentality was different. The British private stood in somewhat distant awe of his officers as beings on a different plane. He was most conscientiously correct in his painstaking observance of all orders. He could not lay down the law (with impartial downrightness and considerable insight) upon politics, the news of the world, German strategy, British leaders, the strange things of Egypt, Australian horse-racing, or international boxing. He took most of the Australians' dry jokes in earnest. The oversea soldier was a man of the world, and the two had little foundation for real

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intimacy. Yet both loved sport and admired courage. The Territorial possessed a fine grit; he was pathetically modest and unpretending; he had no money, but he would share whatever else he had. The well-groomed British Yeomanry in Egypt—brave troops who showed their spirit at Scimitar Hill on Gallipoli and in several fine charges later in the war, but with standards and prejudices quite different from those of the Australians—mixed little with the troops from oversea; but a sympathetic understanding, which lasted throughout the war, sprang up between the Australians and the "chooms."

The Australian then, and to the end of the war, was never at heart a regular soldier. Off parade he was a civilian bent upon seeing the world and upon drawing from it whatever experience he could, useful or otherwise, while the opportunity lasted. The troops had been cooped up for nearly two months in transports without leave at any port. A few broke ship by climbing down the anchor-chains, or by similar pranks—largely youngsters who wanted to see Colombo, and who considered the visit cheaply bought with a fine of a month's pay. There was no serious indiscipline, except in the *Miltiades*, which carried British reservists under Australian militia officers. Straight from that voyage there were poured on to the desert round Cairo twenty thousand Australians. They had money. The youngsters among them were bursting with high spirits, ready for any adventure, reckless of the cost. At Maadi the English residents had provided a recreation tent at the camp entrance, where one of their number always served. At Heliopolis there were hotels and shops and bright streets. But Mena was in the desert, at the end of five miles of causeway, without a decent place of amusement in the whole length of it. From the camp to Cairo, at the outset, there was only one room—provided by the Young Men's Christian Association—in which the men could read or write. A few regimental chaplains, "Padre" McKenzie[11] of the Salvation Army among them, seized the great chance which was offered them by systematically organising amusement for the men; but this provision was naturally insufficient, as were various other attempts. The camp streets were dismally dark of nights, Within the first few days the youngsters had written their

[11] Chaplain W. McKenzie, M.C.; Brigadier, Salvation Army; b. 20 Dec., 1869.

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names on the Pyramids, where those of Napoleon's soldiers in 1801 and of British soldiers in the same year could still be read. They had seen the Sphinx and the desert sights. The one place of life and movement was the great half-European pleasure resort of Cairo.

To many a young Australian this city seemed a place for unlimited holiday. But Cairo is miserably poor in diversions. Outside the life of its two great hotels, Shepheard's and the Continental, which by British tradition—although at that time not officially—were more or less reserved for officers, there was scarcely a decent amusement in the city. Proprietors of the lower cafés, chiefly Greeks, pressed upon the newcomers drinks amounting to poison, and natives along the roads sold them stuff of unheard-of vileness. Touts led them to "amusements" descending to any degree of filth. Under the system of "Capitulations," by which Europeans in Egypt were then subject only to their own consuls, Sir John Maxwell, the Commander-in-Chief, had little power to deal with these matters. Many a youngster plunged into excitement which seemed only too sordid when the blood cooled. For some tragedies of those early days it is difficult to forgive the authorities.

Much of this behaviour was little more than high spirits. The trams constantly went into Cairo crowded on footboard and roof with many more soldiers than had leave to go. On New Year's night the stream of returning motor-cars, gharries, and men on donkeys stretched from Gizeh to Mena—five miles of swiftly-moving carriage-lights. General Birdwood's own motor-car was taken from the front of his headquarters, and was found some hours later deserted on the sand in the heart of Mena Camp. The General took the occurrence for what it was worth—a prank of boys who would have followed him to death and beyond.

At the same time matters were swiftly coming to a point when discipline in the A.I.F. must either be upheld or abandoned. Besides the high spirit of the troops there existed a very different cause of trouble. A much graver class of crime was appearing—heavy drinking, desertion, attacks upon natives, in some instances robbery. In an extraordinary proportion of cases the serious trouble came from one class of

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man—the old soldier. A large number of these men were not Australians, though a set of Australian criminals and sharpers was added to them. The Australian name was suffering heavily from their drinking and slovenliness.

The New Zealand force had suffered from a similar class, but steps had been taken to expel it. Some New Zealand officers were by now encouraging their men to have nothing to do with the Australians, but to show by their neat dress and sobriety that there was a wide difference between the two forces. This attitude, which was to some extent supported by the New Zealand commanders, led to a certain coolness between Australian and New Zealand troops in Cairo. General Maxwell drew the attention of General Birdwood to the conduct of a section of the Australians, and Birdwood, through General Bridges, wrote appealing to their finer spirit not to let their country's reputation suffer at the hands of a small minority.

Early in January about 300 men of the 1st Australian Division were absent without leave in Egypt. Though they were technically deserters, they could not, under the Australian regulations, nor indeed in fairness, be shot. At this critical moment in the history of the A.I.F. Bridges was compelled to choose some other punishment to be the extreme penalty among its members. That upon which he decided was the sending of a man back to Australia to be discharged from the army. In order to avoid criticism, or the raising of questions as to why the men were returned, he asked the official war correspondent to write to the Australian newspapers a letter explaining the position. This letter came as a shock to Australia, and was keenly resented by the greater part of the force.

But the wisdom of the step which Bridges took was never questioned. His country knew why these men were sent back, and no man, returned for having endangered its good name, ever raised his voice in Australia. Senator Pearce, the Minister for Defence, in this as in other matters, most loyally supported his officers at the front. A careful weeding-out was at once made, and this simple punishment remained, until after the Battle of Pozières, the most dreaded instrument of discipline among Australian soldiers. Most units in Egypt thus discarded their most troublesome characters. At the

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same time Bridges worked the men with a training so intense as to absorb most of their overflowing spirits. Though this was not the primary intention, the effect was manifest. Indeed, if there had been fighting in the east at this time, General Birdwood would have let the men consume their energy in a campaign. Heavy work was a good substitute. By February 1st Cairo was so quiet,[12] the bearing of the men so soldierly, and their training so advanced, that they were allowed one whole holiday in each week. On Sunday also they had a partial holiday, after church parade and the daily camp duties. On the five other days of the week the hours of training were reduced to eight.

Even after this reduction the training of the 1st Australian Division continued to be exceedingly strenuous. For instance, in order to give the 1st Infantry Brigade a thorough exercise in night attacks—which were continually practised on a smaller scale—Colonel MacLaurin marched it, on February 8th, eight miles from Mena, to the village of Beni Yusef, higher up the Nile on the edge of the desert. The brigade

[12] At a later date there occurred in Cairo one wild scene of which a good deal has been heard. Its origin was somewhat obscure, but the story obtained on the spot and at the time was as follows: on Good Friday of 1915, immediately after hearing of their orders to leave for the front, a few Australian and New Zealand soldiers determined to exact some sort of punishment for certain injuries which they believed themselves to have incurred at some of the brothels in the street known to them as "The Wozzer"—the Haret el Wasser, near Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. While they were ransacking the house, a story started, no one knew where, that a Maori had been stabbed there. The bad drink sold in the neighbourhood led this demonstration to greater lengths than were intended—beds, mattresses and clothing from several houses were thrown out of the windows and piled in a bonfire in the street. Accounts vary as to whether Australians or New Zealanders predominated—both were involved. The British military police, always a red rag to the Australian soldier, were summoned. A number came on their horses and found the Haret el Wasser crowded with Australians and New Zealanders, nine-tenths of whom were spectators. The native Egyptian fire brigade which was rather pluckily trying to put out the bonfire was being roughly handled. The crowd looked dangerous and the police used their revolvers. Instead of scaring the crowd away this brought it at them, and serious trouble might have happened had not the police had the saving sense to withdraw. The majority of the crowd consisted of pure spectators, many even photographing the scene—one had his camera hit by a revolver bullet. A Greek drinking-shop was accidentally burnt in the *mêlée*. The troops were left on the scene excited, but when the Lancashire Territorials were ranged in front of Shepheard's Hotel with fixed bayonets they very sensibly dispersed. Men of the 2nd Australian Division some months later tried to emulate this scene in the "Second Battle of the Wozzer." These two affairs made a good deal of noise at the time. They were not heroic, but they also differed very little from what at Oxford and Cambridge and in Australian universities is known as a "rag." The Anglo-Egyptian authorities, although they were troubled by these riots and by the occasional rough handling of natives, were far from undervaluing the presence of the Australians in Egypt at a later stage of the war. In the most serious soldier-riot in Cairo, which occurred in the last year of the war, Australian troops had no part.

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camped for a midday meal, posted outposts, theoretically attacked a position in the desert in the afternoon, spent the night in entrenching itself, and marched back to camp next day. The remainder of that day, and the night which followed, the brigade rested. Then it marched again to Beni Yusef, and went through four days and nights of almost continuous sham-fighting and entrenching. In the short rushes of the final night attack the men, when they flung themselves down to fire at the end of each advance, dropped fast asleep. In some cases the next line found them in that state when it came up, and nudged them to go on again.

Perfunctory though this toiling and "slogging" in the desert appeared to the Australians undergoing it, what struck British and French officers who saw them was the manner in which the men threw themselves into it as though their training were real war. For example, the 3rd Brigade, largely consisting of miners from fields all over Australia, was engaged in a field day under Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan, the British officer who commanded it. The firing line was retiring, and, owing to a mistake in a signal message, part of it was so nearly cut off by the sham enemy that it was too late to carry out a deliberate withdrawal as planned. Two battalions were still so far out that they could not be seen. All that appeared was a few vague dots swimming in the silver line of mirage on the horizon. In real warfare, if the retiring battalions were to escape, they must move with all possible speed. Presently the dots thickened and enlarged. Then out of the mirage came a line of men, all unnaturally tall, all running.

They were the 9th Battalion—Queenslanders. They came at the double across a mile of sand and stone, the African sun glaring on their backs, their feet stumbling in sand, kicking up clouds of dust which hid them to their knees. Instead of the fifteen minutes which their commander expected, they took eight. The retiring battalions passed through the reserve, the 11th, from Western Australia, which presently withdrew. But its machine-gun section by some mischance was left. The enemy was already due, when over the head of a desert depression appeared the belated guns. The Maxim was a machine-gun of great weight, but down came the detachment, some with the heavy tripods over their shoulders, others carry-

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ing the guns, others the ammunition, stumbling through deep sand. "Hurry up! Double up!" cried the officer, "I don't know what's behind us." They ran sweating and stumbling to their waiting waggons, and packed the gear into its cases. "Come on—we can't wait to lower that elevating screw," the officer shouted, and next minute the detachment was away, down the dip, the horses trotting, the men holding on to the carts or running behind—fading fast in their own dust.

The training of the Australian troops was carried out almost entirely by their own officers, mostly old militiamen, under the advice of the Australian staff. Colonel White, Major Glasfurd, and Major Blamey made it a practice to cut themselves free from their desks during a part of every day in order to go out among the units in the desert. Occasionally officers from the Army Corps staff in Cairo—General Walker or Major Wagstaff—were able to spend a day there. The brigadiers devised and controlled the schemes of training for their brigades, which began to develop each its own peculiar character.

Colonel M'Cay of the 2nd (Victorian) Brigade trained his command with conspicuous ability. He did a great deal of the detail work himself, drawing his own orders, and sometimes training his own platoons—a characteristic which marked him throughout his work at the front. He exacted incessant exertions from his men. The efficiency of the 2nd Brigade towards the end of its training attracted the special notice of General Bridges and to some extent influenced the order in which he eventually threw his brigades into the fighting. But the unceasing work upon which the brigadier insisted affected from the first his popularity with his men. The 1st and 3rd Brigades contained a high average of older men—old soldiers, miners, and immigrants. The 2nd Brigade consisted almost entirely of bright young Australians, easily influenced in any direction. Its battalions for the most part were commanded by popular men—Lieutenant-Colonel Wanliss[13] of the 5th, a courtly gentleman of an old-world type, somewhat elderly for the strain of a modern campaign, but one who nevertheless went through a great part of the war with his battalion;

[13] Lieut.-Colonel D. S. Wanliss, C.M.G. Commanded 5th Bn. 1914/15 and 2nd Inf. Bde. during two short periods in 1915. Barrister-at-law; of Ballarat, Vic.; b. Perth, Scotland, 20 Feb., 1864.

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Troops.

Col. M'Cay. Gen. Bridges. Col. White.

A FIELD DAY OF THE 1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION, 5TH MARCH, 1915. GENERAL BRIDGES AND HIS STAFF WATCHING FROM THE FOOT OF THE PYRAMIDS

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1618.

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Capt. T. Griffiths.

A Field Day at Mena, Egypt, 5th March, 1915
(Arab orange-sellers can be seen amongst the troops.)

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1633.

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Lieutenant-Colonel Semmens[14] of the 6th, also a senior militia officer and too delicate for life at the front; Lieutenant-Colonel Bolton[15] of the 8th, a soft-hearted commander very solicitous for his men; and Lieutenant-Colonel Elliott[16] of the 7th, a Melbourne lawyer, born at Charlton in Victoria, who had been decorated for bravery in the South African War.

Elliott was a heavily-built man of bull-headed pugnacity, but with some of the simplicity and buoyancy of a child. He placed in the old principles of drill and field tactics a simple faith which was very largely justified. He cherished a boy-like admiration for the great soldiers of history and a simple ambition to imitate them. Outspoken, impulsive, excitable, "straight" as a ruled line, intensely headstrong, he worked his men perhaps harder than any commander in the force. If a heavy or dangerous task had to be undertaken for the common good, his troops would be offered to do it. The 7th knew this, and constantly groaned under the toil; but they loved him from the first. He was not exempt from their practical jokes. The Egyptian newsboys in Mena Camp were bribed to walk past his tent in the early morning crying ribaldries about "Old Elliott," while the men in their tents wriggled with amusement. When he issued a stern order that any man appearing on parade without the wide-brimmed Australian hat would be severely punished, he found, a minute before leaving his headquarters for the parade-ground, that his own hat was missing. Some of his men had filched it. They would not for worlds have stolen anything else belonging to the "Old Man." A month later the old hat, carefully packed, stamped, and addressed, was received through the post by Mrs. Elliott in Australia. His men's feeling for him was the same until the end of the war, and the fighting of the 7th Battalion during his command and of the 15th Brigade at a later date, cannot be fully appreciated without an under-

[14] Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Semmens, V.D. Commanded 6th Bn. 1914/15. Of Rushworth and St. Kilda, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Rushworth, 16 May, 1868.

[15] Lieut.-Colonel W. K. Bolton, C.B.E., V.D. Commanded 8th Bn. 1914/15, and 2nd Inf. Bde. temply., 1915. Member of Australian Senate; of Ballarat, Vic.; b. Lostock Graelem, Cheshire, Eng., 2 Nov., 1861.

[16] Brig.-General H. E. Elliott, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., D.C.M. Commanded 15th Inf. Bde. 1916/19. Solicitor of Melbourne, Vic., and Member of Australian Senate; spent most of his early life until 1897 in Ballarat, Vic.; b. Charlton, Vic., 19 June, 1878.

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standing of the leader whom they affectionately nicknamed "Pompey" Elliott.

The battalions of the 1st Brigade (N.S.W.) each acquired, in a distinct and manifest degree, a character of their own, determined by their commanding officers. Colonel Onslow Thompson, of the 4th, was from the outset strictly regimental, and resolved that his unit should receive the training of British regulars; he believed in punctilious formalities in order to establish the spirit of discipline in his men. Colonel Braund, of the 2nd, was a man who, in training, held sternly to the realities, even to insistence that his officers' mess should be strictly teetotal. Colonel Owen, of the 3rd, was a father to his men, a commander with the most gentle consideration, who persisted in treating every man as a gentleman in spite of disappointments from the occasional black sheep. "Because there are one or two black sheep in the regiment, I'm not going to treat nine hundred men as if they were blackguards," he said. Each one of these leaders had by the end of the training at Mena produced a battalion corresponding in its qualities to his own. The 1st Battalion came under the influence of a number of spirited officers, such as Major Kindon,[17] an imperturbable, even-tempered citizen officer of MacLaurin's old regiment, and Major Swannell,[18] an English international footballer who had settled in Australia. The mere name of the "First" Australian Infantry Battalion meant something to the men who bore it.

The 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade consisted of men who at first seemed likely to be the toughest against discipline, but the most hardened to rough places, being largely miners from Mount Morgan, Broken Hill, Moonta, the Western Australian goldfields, and the Tasmanian tin mines. Its commander, Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan, was a regular officer and a friend in whom General Bridges had a firm faith. The handling and training of the brigade had greatly pleased the General. The figure of its brigade-major, Major Brand, jogging incessantly about his duties upon a hired donkey when other transport was scarce, doing the work of a messenger,

[17] Major F. J. Kindon. Second in command 1st Bn. Civil servant; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. London, Eng., 25 Apr., 1872.

[18] Major B. I. Swannell. 1st Bn. Area officer; of Northampton, Eng., and Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Weston-under-Wood, Olney, Bucks., Eng., 20 Aug., 1875. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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an instructor, a sergeant-major, and a staff officer, exactly as each duty came to hand, was in those days one of the familiar sights of Mena Camp. Within three years this untiring officer had won a place in Australian history. The battalion commanders in the 3rd Brigade were senior officers of the militia, some of whom failed to leave as deep an impression upon their battalions as did certain of the younger commanders who later emerged in the fighting. Colonel Clarke,[19] of the 12th, an elderly Victorian officer, led his men with exceeding gallantry; but his career, which began so splendidly, ended with death in the first fight. The commander of the 10th, Colonel Price Weir,[20] though somewhat above the average in years, took his battalion into the front line, commanded it there throughout its first battle, and remained longer in the field than almost any of the senior militia officers who had left with the original force. The battalion commanders in the 3rd Brigade were, on the whole, too advanced in years; but there were numerous junior officers of outstanding character in the brigade, and its men and officers had a way of relying on themselves which won them the confidence of those who knew them. When it was necessary to decide as to which brigade should first be thrown into action, General Bridges chose the 3rd.

The 1st Australian Division was trained in one way and another for some six weeks in Australia, six weeks on the voyage, and from two-and-a-half to nearly four months in Egypt. For the light horse and artillery the period was not in reality so long, inasmuch as, during the first few weeks after the voyage, the horses could only be walked, gently exercised, and gradually accustomed to the chopped straw which was their main diet in Egypt. But the Australian infantry tramped daily through the sand to its company training. As more modern textbooks were not available, it had retained the old organisation of eight companies to the battalion. On January 1st, in the course of the company training, this was altered by desire of the War Office, and the newer 4-company

[19] Colonel L. F. Clarke, D.S.O., V.D. Commanded 12th Bn. 1914/15. Shipping manager; b. Melbourne, Vic., 15 Jan., 1858. Killed in action 25 Apr., 1915.

[20] Colonel S. Price Weir, D.S.O., V.D. Commanded 10th Bn. 1914/16. Public Service Commissioner, South Australia; Civil servant; of St. Peter's, Adelaide, S. Aust; b. Norwood, Adelaide, 23 Apr., 1866.

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organisation was adopted. Under the new system a company consisted of 228 men, divided into four platoons of about 50 each. The company was commanded by a major or captain, with a captain as second in command, while each of the platoons was under a subaltern. The platoon really became the fighting unit in the army, when once battle was properly closed. Company training had therefore to be prolonged in order thoroughly to digest the new system. It was about February 1st before many of the battalions began to train as battalions, and the middle of February before they were exercised as brigades.

In the last days of January a contingent of 10,500 Australian troops and 2,000 New Zealanders reached Egypt. They came in 19 transports. So safe were the oceans under the shield of the British Navy that the Australian submarine *AE 2*, towed by the *Berrima* for service in the Mediterranean, was their only escort. The Australian troops consisted of the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade, the 2nd Light Horse Brigade, a field bakery, field butchery, veterinary sections, and 1,800 reinforcements for existing units. The convoy passed through the Suez Canal at a time when a Turkish force, acting in the desert within a few miles of it, had already been shelling the outposts near Kantara. The ships came through without interference, and on February 1st disembarked at Alexandria one of the finest contingents that ever left Australia. The men who composed it were, in many cases, those who had a farm or a business to dispose of before they could enlist; a good many of them had been enrolled during the days when the original 1st Division was still recruiting. Their training was more hurried; the 4th Infantry Brigade, when under General Godley in the New Zealand and Australian Division, was put into manœuvres with the whole division at a time when the 1st Australian Division was still methodically pursuing its brigade training. The huge men who at this time began to appear in the streets of Cairo gave the appearance of being built, if anything, on an even larger scale than those of the first contingent.

The 4th Australian Infantry Brigade came from Australia commanded by a man who had been recognised as one of the ablest citizen soldiers that she possessed—Colonel John

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Monash.[21] Colonel Monash was forty-nine years of age—two months older than General Birdwood. He was born in Melbourne, and was Jewish by race and religion. As a schoolboy he, like Colonel M'Cay, had been "dux" of the Scotch College. At Melbourne University he took degrees in arts, law, and engineering. From the age of nineteen he was a practising engineer and came gradually to specialise in reinforced concrete construction, of which he was the pioneer in Australia. Before the war he was president of the Institute of Engineers in his State and a member of the Council of Melbourne University. Ever since his university days he had been an enthusiastic citizen soldier. He was a member of the original University Rifles in 1884, and by 1913 had risen to be a colonel in the citizen forces. On the outbreak of war he was appointed to succeed Colonel M'Cay as censor, but within a month he was asked by the Chief of Staff to take charge of the 4th Infantry Brigade.

The rise of John Monash into fame came later in the war. But it must be said here that, even in the earlier part of his career with the A.I.F., those who looked on noticed the methodical, painstaking thoroughness with which he worked out every detail of the activities of his brigade, and the extreme lucidity with which he could explain to his officers any plan of coming operations. He was not assisted, as were the previous brigadiers, by a brigade staff consisting entirely of regular officers. His brigade-major was an officer of the citizen forces, Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. McGlinn,[22] and only his staff-captain, Captain Carl Jess,[23] was a permanent officer. Jess, like an extraordinary proportion of Australian regular soldiers, was an ex-schoolmaster.

The 4th Australian Infantry Brigade was camped at Heliopolis with its division, the "New Zealand and Australian" (more generally known as the "N.Z. and A."). The

[21] Lieut.-General Sir John Monash, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., V.D. Commanded 3rd Aust. Div., 1916/18; Aust. Corps 1918. Director-General Repat. and Demob. Dept., London, 1918/19: subsequently Chairman of Commissioners and General Manager, State Electricity Commission of Victoria. Of Melbourne, Vic.; b. Dudley Street, Flagstaff Hill, City of Melbourne, 27 June, 1865.

[22] Brig.-General J. P. McGlinn, C.M.G., C.B.E., V.D. G.O.C., A.I.F. Depots in the United Kingdom, 1919. Of Sydney and West Maitland, N.S.W.; b. Sydney, 11 Apr., 1869.

[23] Brig.-General C. H. Jess, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 10th Inf. Bde. 1918/19: Commandant Admin. H.Q., A.I.F., London, 1919. An officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; b. Bendigo, Vic., 16 Feb., 1884.

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2nd Light Horse Brigade was camped at Maadi. It was commanded by an officer of the citizen forces, an Australian pastoralist coming of an old "squatting" family—Colonel Granville Ryrie,[24] who for many years had been a member of the Commonwealth Parliament. Ryrie was a bluff, genial Australian countryman, endowed with strong common-sense and a great affection for his men, but with little love for military forms or textbooks. For this reason he was more successful in the field than in the training camp. After his brigade was brought to Gallipoli, General Walker, then commanding the 1st Australian Division, detached his own aide-de-camp, Captain Foster, to be Ryrie's brigade-major. Foster was a trained and skilful soldier, and between them they made of the 2nd Light Horse Brigade one of the most trusted corps on Gallipoli. Shortly before the Army Corps left Egypt the 3rd Light Horse Brigade arrived. Its commander was an elderly citizen officer belonging to leading social circles in Victoria, Colonel F. G. Hughes.[25] For his brigade-major, Hughes had been given a well-known Australian permanent officer of South African War fame, who, although very senior for this position, had been straining every nerve to get away in some capacity, Lieutenant-Colonel "Jack" Antill.[26]

By the time the second contingent arrived, the 1st Light Horse Brigade was already well advanced with its training. Colonel Chauvel, who had come from England to command it, was an officer who insisted more strictly than most other Australian leaders upon the formalities of discipline. The punctiliousness of dress and bearing which the infantry acquired in France was required by him of his men from the beginning, and the 1st Light Horse Brigade showed throughout the war the results of this early training. The brigade was transferred to Heliopolis to join its divison. The training of General Godley's division was more ambitious than that laid down by Bridges and by this time was reaching

[24] Major-General Sir Granville de L. Ryrie, K.C.M.G., C.B., V.D. Commanded 2nd L.H. Bde. 1914/18, and G.O.C. A.I.F. troops in Egypt 1919. Member of the Australian House of Representatives and Assistant Minister for Defence. Of Micalago, Michelago, N.S.W.; b. 1 July, 1865.

[25] Brig.-General F. G. Hughes, C.B., V.D. Commanded 3rd L.H. Bde. 1914/15. Company manager; of St. Kilda, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Brighton, Melbourne, 26 Jan., 1857.

[26] Brig.-General J. M. Antill, C.B., C.M.G. Commanded 2nd Inf. Bde. 1916; Commandant 4th (S. Aust.) Military District. Of Jarvisfield, Picton, N.S.W.; b. Picton, 26 Jan., 1866.

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the stage of field days, carried through on a large scale in the sweat and dust of the desert, out by the third tower on the Suez road. Though the 1st Australian Division never arrived at the stage of divisional manœuvres proper, its companies and battalions drilled almost as automatically as regulars. Any slackness had long since disappeared. The changing of regimental guards, under control of a pair of corporals, was one of the sights of the camp. The pride of the regiments was growing fast. Before the first contingent left Australia a scheme of colours had been devised, so that the location of every unit throughout the camp could be marked by a small flag. Officers and men had now been ordered to wear the colour of their regiment in a small patch on both sleeves just below the shoulder. The system[27] was so simple that, by means of the colour and shape of the patch, anyone who was acquainted with it could deduce the regiment, brigade, and division to which a man belonged. The men became intensely attached to these colours.

The training was simply the old British Army training. Little advice came from the Western front. The Australian and New Zealand officers had to rely almost entirely on themselves. They had not seen a bomb; they had scarcely heard of a periscope. But the intelligence shown by the men as they worked round a knoll on their bellies in a sham attack led an officer newly-arrived from England to remark that General Bridges' division was at least as well trained as any regular division before the war. A British officer on General Birdwood's staff said that a better division than the 1st Australian had never gone to battle.

[27] See plan at end of Vol. II.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE TURKISH EXPEDITION AGAINST EGYPT

On a day in January, 1915, two horsemen rode down to the eastern edge of the Suez Canal. The few sentries or other troops who happened to be doing the work of the day on the western bank cast an idle glance at them. There was nothing unusual in a couple of officers riding along the high desert banks of the Canal. The horsemen presently turned away to the east. They were not British officers. They were reconnoitring for a Turkish army which was being launched across a hundred and seventy-four miles of desert against the Suez Canal.

Although the desert of Sinai, which stretches for 130 miles east of the Canal, was Egyptian territory, it was not occupied by the British, and very little news reached Egypt of anything that happened in it. But ever since the outbreak of war with Turkey it had been known that an expedition to Egypt was in preparation. The origins of this expedition went far back into the beginnings of that war.

While England and Turkey were still at peace a number of Turkish Bedouins entered Sinai, and a brush occurred with British troops at some of the wells. During those days the Turkish Government was divided in mind as to taking sides with Germany, and the Germans were striving to commit them. On September 26th the British fleet, always waiting for the *Goeben* and *Breslau* at the mouth of the Dardanelles, stopped a Turkish destroyer coming out of the straits. In retaliation Weber Pasha, the German officer then in charge of the forts of the Dardanelles, immediately ordered—apparently without the knowledge of the Turkish Government[1]—the closing of the straits. Whether the Bedouin raid into Sinai was the result of German intrigue is not known. If so, it was not Germany's last card; she held by then a trump ready to play when needed. The battle-cruiser *Goeben*

[1] For many of these details the author is indebted to the writings of the United States Ambassador then in Constantinople, Mr. Henry Morgenthau.

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and the light cruiser *Breslau*, which rushed into the shelter of the Dardanelles on August 11th after outwitting the British fleet in the Mediterranean, had been "sold" to Turkey in place of the two Turkish battleships which Great Britain had commandeered while they were building in England. Admiral Souchon and the German crews of the *Gocben* and *Breslau* still remained in those "Turkish" ships, and through them Germany controlled the Turkish Navy. German officers were put into certain Turkish torpedo-boats, and on October 29th, while the Turkish Government still hesitated to enter the war, three of these boats raided the Russian harbour of Odessa before dawn, sank the Russian gunboat *Donetz*, damaged several Russian steamers and the French ship *Portugal*, and bombarded the town, while Admiral Souchon himself, with the *Goeben* and two destroyers, laid mines off Sevastopol. This purely German outrage committed Turkey to war. The allied ambassadors gave her the opportunity of avoiding that situation, the condition being that she should dismiss every German from her fleet. This the most powerful section of the Young Turk leaders, who constituted the Government, refused to do. In the meantime Russia declared war upon Turkey.

German diplomacy had completely won the Young Turks. As happens in many revolutions, the Young Turk leaders, who in 1908 had started at Salonica with the high ideal of regenerating Turkey into a civilised democratic nation, had found it necessary to employ methods of tyranny, and had long since begun to figure as ambitious and unscrupulous dictators. The three strongest men among them were Talaat Bey, Enver Pasha, and Djemal Pasha. Talaat Bey, a Mohammedan probably of Bulgarian descent, was a man of crude powerful character who had started life as a telegraph operator and was now Minister for the Interior; Enver Pasha, Minister of War, was not yet forty, handsome, brave, able, quick in decision, intensely vain, an ardent advocate of "Turkey for the Turks," but an imitator of Western manners and a passionate admirer of all things German; Djemal Pasha, formerly a major on the Turkish staff, was an able, ruthless, vain, and ambitious man, also devoted to the idea of "Turkey for the Turks," but far less under German influence than his two colleagues. He had been Military Governor of Constantinople at the time when

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Enver and Talaat were getting rid of all their opponents in the capital and in the army. He was now Minister of Marine.

On October 31st Turkey entered the war. To strike a blow against Britain in Egypt, where her rule was believed to be insecure and where her line of communications with India and Australia was exposed, was one of the first objectives of both Germans and Turks. Early in November, Djemal Pasha started from Haidar Pasha railway station, opposite Constantinople, to take command of the 4th Turkish Army in Syria, which was to invade Egypt.

The news which reached Egypt of this army was very indefinite. The Turkish Army had been reorganised since the Balkan War. In 1913 Enver and Talaat had arranged with Baron von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador at Constantinople, for a German Mission to carry out this work. There had been foreign missions to reorganise the Turkish forces before this—the mission of von der Goltz Pashà to instruct the army, and that of Admiral Limpus, from England, to train the navy. But General Liman von Sanders, who was sent in 1913, came as the personal representative of the Kaiser. He was made Inspector-General of the Turkish Army, while General Broussart von Schnellendorf became Chief of the General Staff. German officers, scattered through the army in important commands, worked with immense vigour. "In . . . six months," says the United States Ambassador of that period, "the Turkish Army had been completely Prussianised. What in January had been an undisciplined ragged rabble, was now parading with the goose-step; the men were clad in German field-grey, and they even wore a casque-shaped head-covering which slightly suggested the German *pickelhaube*."

The 4th or Syrian Army had been organised to consist, as did the army in each main area of the Turkish Empire, of the divisions raised in that area. But the Turks had no trust in the Syrians and Arabs composing it. The Syrian standard of education is high, and many Syrians had more sympathy with the French and British than with the Turks. The Arab, who is a light-hearted southerner, a fickle larrikin compared with the slow, stolid, dependable Turk, was not greatly valued by the Turks as a soldier. Information came through to Egypt early in the war that the Turks were moving troops from their

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great agricultural and pastoral province of Anatolia down into Syria, and were transferring Syrian officers and men to other parts of the Turkish Empire.

The crossing of the Sinai desert is a vast undertaking. Many Englishmen in Egypt would not believe that the Turks seriously intended to attempt it, but were convinced that the threat was made in order to detain British troops in Egypt. There was no continuous railway connection between Turkey and Palestine; German and Swiss constructing companies were still working on the tremendous difficulties of the tunnels through the Taurus and Amanus mountains. From the south-eastern end of these mountains a continuous railway led through Palestine, but it ended short of Nablus, north of Jerusalem. The famous "pilgrims' railway," which ran through the desert on the far side of the Dead Sea and of the Sinai desert to Medina, could not safely be made the sole line of communications of an army. It is true that the Egyptian pilgrims regularly passed by a desert road 170 miles in length across the south of Sinai to join this railway at Maan near the head of the Gulf of Akaba, and the Turks at an early stage of the war thought of pushing a railway towards Egypt by this route. But the steepness of the desert gorges, and the fact that the British cruiser *Minerva* was daily visiting the head of the Gulf of Akaba, made the route unsuitable for a large force.

About Christmas rumour after rumour arrived in Egypt of vast preparations in progress on the other side of the Sinai desert. The staff of the 4th Turkish Army was requisitioning camels, fodder, and utensils of every sort. At least 80,000 troops were in Palestine, and a large proportion of them was gradually being concentrated in the south, not close to the sea where they would be within range of French hydroplanes or British naval raids, but thirty miles inland at Hebron and further south at Beersheba, forty miles by road from the Egyptian frontier. The railway towards Nablus and Jerusalem was being hurriedly built with rails pulled up from other lines. Early in January advanced parties from the troops at Beersheba were heard of at El Auja, a police post on the Turkish side of the Egyptian border, and at Kossaima, a few miles on the Egyptian side. Others had appeared on the coast of the

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Mediterranean at El Arish, the main town on the coast road, thirty miles within the Egyptian border.

Even at this date there was much doubt in Egypt as to whether the expedition was seriously meant. The Turks could not hope for much success without heavy guns. They were known to have sent some of these guns to the south of Palestine, but most British officers, from General Maxwell down, doubted whether the Turks could possibly bring them across the desert. The rainy season, during which any expedition would have to be made, would end within two months. The only practicable road, as the southern route by Akaba had not been adopted, would be the caravan route along the Mediterranean coast, where the wells were plentiful, but where the Turks would be easily observed. It was a gigantic undertaking, and many held that it was far too difficult for a Turkish staff to attempt.

The troops defending Egypt were entirely new arrivals, who had taken the place of the British garrison. One of the first steps adopted by the British was to establish a series of posts along the Suez Canal. The Canal, which runs 99 miles from Suez at the head of the Red Sea to Port Said on the Mediterranean, was nowhere less than seventy yards in width. At the northern end, where the desert had been intentionally flooded, it was unapproachable, and the same was the case where it ran through the Bitter Lakes. The posts, consisting of Indian troops, had been placed along the rest of the Canal, and these remained as the system of defence. The desert of Sinai had been entirely given up, the Egyptian border becoming, in actual fact, the water of the Canal itself.

Indeed, only at a few points were troops maintained on the eastern bank of the Canal. The theory was to make the water of the Canal the main obstacle, and to hold the eastern bank only at a few ferry-heads, so that troops could be thrown across, if necessary, during battle. The most important of these were at Kantara in the northern sector, where the caravan route to Palestine crosses the Canal; at El Ferdan and Ismailia, about half-way down the Canal, where it enters Lake Timsah; at Tussum and Serapeum, two stations of the Suez Canal Company on the eight miles reach between Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lakes; and at Shallufa, Kubri, and Shatt (where

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the road from Maan comes in) between the Bitter Lakes and Suez. Small entrenched posts were dug on the eastern bank at these places. The bulk of the garrison of the Canal was kept in scattered posts on the western bank. The trenches of the posts were on the top of the Canal bank, which was often fairly high by reason of the embankment thrown up in digging the channel. In front, like a moat, ran the Canal, and up and down it moved the world's traffic. Often the garrisons of the posts were camped behind the slope of this bank, their tents being hidden from the desert of Sinai and sometimes from the ships.

The Indian infantry on the Canal consisted of the 10th and 11th Divisions of the Indian Army. They were organised less in divisions than in three sections to defend the three main land reaches through which the Canal ran—Suez, Ismailia, and Kantara. There were strong posts about every five miles on the eastern side and small posts every half-mile on the western side. A brigade was in reserve at Suez, another at Kantara, and two at Ismailia. Major-General Alex. Wilson, who from being the senior brigadier among the troops from India had become the Officer Commanding the Canal Defences, had his headquarters at Ismailia. They had no artillery except a few small Egyptian guns, but, as a great reserve behind them, in Cairo were the Lancashire Division (42nd), the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, and the British Yeomanry, all of which possessed artillery. Positions had been prepared for field guns, in case they had to be brought to the Canal. For heavy artillery certain warships were stationed at either end of the Canal, ready to be moved where required. They had ranges marked in the desert, but along certain reaches, where the Canal ran through a cutting in the sand like that of a railway, their guns could not fire over the banks. A number of tugs had been armed with small guns. Searchlights were mounted on lighters or on the banks.

Early in January the 3rd Field Company of Australian Engineers, under Major Clogstoun,[2] had been sent down to construct trenches and floating bridges on the Canal.[3] The

[2] Lieut.-Colonel H. O. Clogstoun, R.E. Officer of British Regular Army; b. 19 Sept., 1881.

[3] A part of this company was in the trenches on the right of Kantara at the end of January. These, with those working the Kantara searchlights, and possibly a few others, were the only Australians in action during this invasion.

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British authorities at once began to discover in this company men experienced in almost any work which was needed. Within a week some were detached to manipulate searchlights, others had taken over the power-house at Ismailia, others were surveying for artillery ranges or for maps, while the main body was making bridgeheads at Serapeum, Ismailia, and Kantara, and also a floating bridge for Ismailia ferry-post.

Although very little was seen or heard of the Turks, they undoubtedly visited the Canal during this period. Small patrols of the Indian infantry, four or five men and a non-commissioned officer, used to move along the eastern bank daily between the "bridgehead" posts on that side of the Canal. Larger patrols of the Bikaner Camel Corps or of the Imperial Service Cavalry (from the native States of India) rode daily some miles out through the desert. The seaplanes at Port Said and Suez were heavy, and found it difficult to go far inland. Even some of the aeroplanes at that period could not make enough height to fly over the plateau in southern Sinai. It was only at the beginning of 1915 that an aerodrome was constructed at Ismailia, and the aeroplanes were machines of old pattern. The men who flew them realised that aeroplanes were seriously needed on the Western front, and that the Suez Canal Defences would have to make the best of such old material as could be spared. For this reason the range of air reconnaissances into the Sinai peninsula was at most sixty miles. On one occasion the cavalry went out and deposited a store of petrol in the desert, and by this means a prolonged flight was made in two stages to the desert village of Nekhl, eighty miles out in the centre of Sinai on the road to Maan. Three hundred troops with horses were observed at that place. Ordinarily, however, the reconnaissance went no more than forty miles over a desert which showed not the least sign of life. On rare occasions a Bedouin patrol was sighted.

But on January 15th came news that Turkish troops had entered Sinai in considerable numbers. On January 18th a French seaplane flew from the sea to Beersheba, where it found a force of 8,000 to 10,000 troops. As a matter of fact the main part of Djemal Pasha's army was already far within Egyptian territory, hurrying by long night-marches to the

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Canal. The 73rd Turkish Regiment, for example, had left Jerusalem as long ago as January 9th, and Beersheba on January 12th; by January 17th it was crossing the upper reaches of the Wadi el Arish, twenty miles inside the Egyptian border.

Djemal Pasha or his staff had made a move which was completely unexpected. Instead of marching along the route constantly used by the generals of history from the times of the Pharaohs to Napoleon, namely, the caravan road near the sea, where an army would have been observed by seaplanes and possibly shelled by cruisers, the Turks followed a line through the centre of the Sinai Desert which had never been attempted by any army before.

The main strength of Djemal's army of invasion was the VIII Turkish Army Corps—the Damascus corps of the Syrian army. The Turks had pledged themselves to the Arabs in 1914 that it should be recruited locally. When war broke out, however, the Turks, not trusting the Arabs and Syrians, sent many of them to other armies, and in exchange brought many Kurds and Turks into the VIII Corps. Djemal took for the "Army of Egypt" the following units, composing nearly the whole of this corps:

VIII Turkish Army Corps:
Engineers:
8th Engineer Battalion.
Infantry:
23rd Division (Homs)—
62nd Regiment.
65th Regiment.
68th Regiment.
25th Division (Damascus), with part of 25th Artillery Regiment—
73rd Regiment.
74th Regiment.
75th Regiment.
27th Division (Haifa), with part of 27th Artillery Regiment—
80th Regiment.
81st Regiment.

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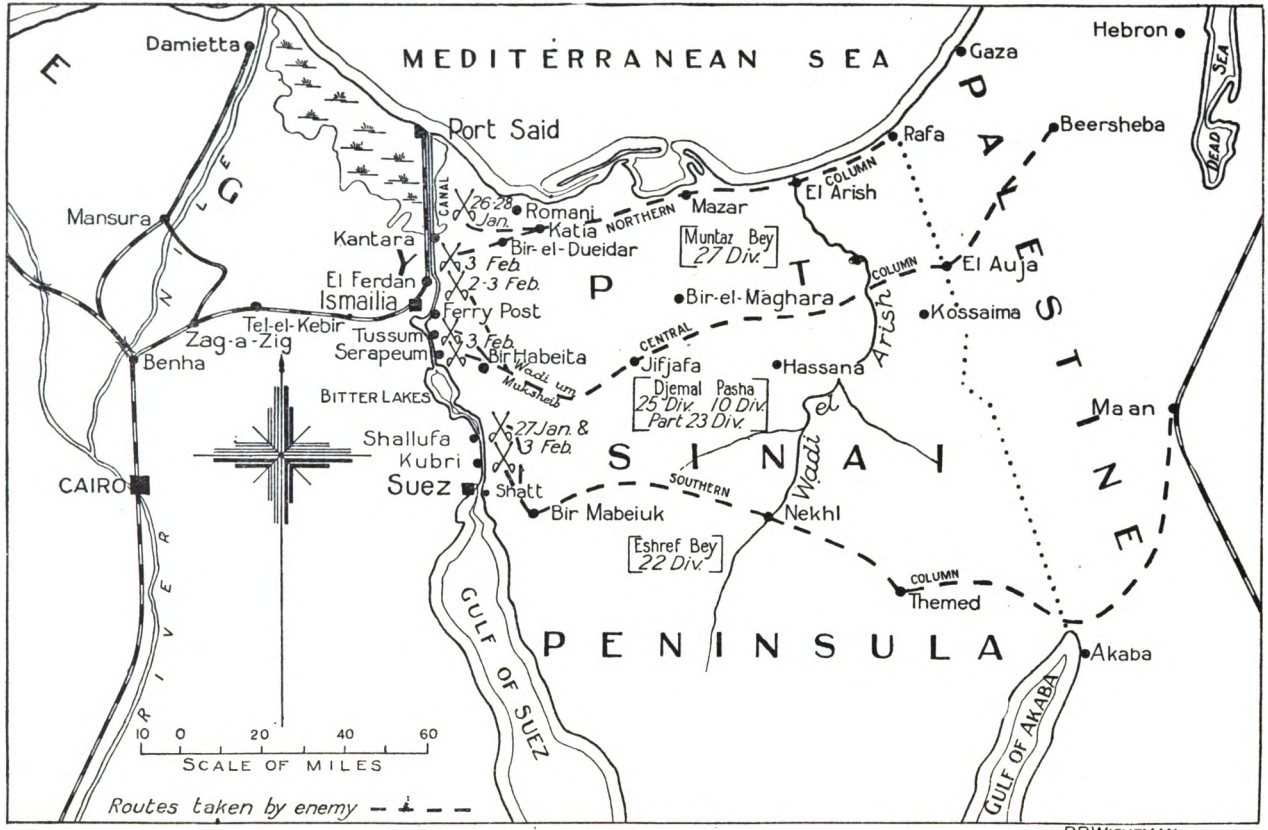

THE TURKISH ADVANCE AGAINST THE SUEZ CANAL, JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1915

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The Syrian army was reinforced after the outbreak of war by several divisions of pure Turkish troops from Anatolia The railway tunnels through the wild steeps of the Taurus and Amanus mountains were not yet finished. The Taurus gap was easily crossed by road, but the Amanus gap was much more difficult. The troops were sent by rail to Alexandretta, the Turkish port in the angle of the Mediterranean between Asia Minor and Syria; from Alexandretta they marched straight over the Amanus mountains to rejoin the railway beyond the break. The railway to Alexandretta and the road up the mountains were completely open to the guns of any warship, and on December 17th and 18th the British cruiser *Doris* shelled this stretch of railway and destroyed certain bridges and a train loaded with camels. On December 21st she forced the Turks at Alexandretta to blow up two of their own railway engines. But the 10th Turkish Division, complete with its guns and pontoons under the German Colonel von Trommer, had disappeared over the Amanus road a week before. Two other Turkish regular divisions, the 8th and 14th, had also passed into Syria, but did not move down to Palestine for Djemal's expedition. The troops with the 10th Division seem to have included the following:

4th Battalion of Engineers (from IV Army Corps to which the 10th Division belonged).
10th Division, with part of 10th Regiment of Artillery—
28th Regiment.
29th Regiment.
30th Regiment.
A battery of heavy guns (5.9-in. howitzers).

Besides these troops Djemal had the assistance of part of the independent division which the Turks maintained in Arabia:

22nd (Hedjaz Independent) Division—
Part of 128th Regiment.
Part of 129th Regiment.

A few attached troops, including the 69th Reserve Regiment, part of the 64th Infantry, and some regular and irregular cavalry, completed the Army of Invasion.

This force marched along three routes towards the Suez Canal. The 27th Division coming from Haifa, on the coast

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of Palestine, was sent under Muntaz Bey, with part of its artillery, along the northern coastal route through El Arish. By January 26th this force was at the wells of El Dueidar, close to the Indian outposts at Kantara, who could see the heads of the Turkish soldiers as the latter entrenched themselves behind the distant sandhills. A few shells came singing over from the Turkish guns, but after a small reconnaissance the enemy appeared content to dig himself in on the horizon.

Some troops of the Hedjaz Independent Division, with the 69th Reserve Regiment and African Irregulars, marched, under Eshref Bey, from Maan past the head of the Gulf of Akaba and by the southern route across the Sinai Peninsula. The British cruiser *Minerva* and two destroyers had been constantly watching the head of the gulf. But the weakness of warships in dealing with land defences was again forced upon every sailor in those waters by the fact that two small Turkish 12-pounder field guns, hidden somewhere in the hills, made it necessary for the *Minerva* to shift her position. Eventually she used to visit the place by night and employ her searchlights. About 3,000 troops, Turks and wild irregulars, traversed the southern route. They were found, on January 22nd, about thirty miles from Suez.

The main body marched with Djemal by the central route. It consisted of the VIII Corps, but with the 10th Division included instead of the 27th, which had moved by the coast. The 25th Division was leading, with part of the 23rd, the guns, and the pontoons. The 10th Division for some reason was several days in rear.[4] The march of this central Turkish column of at least two divisions with their guns and pontoons across the centre of Sinai, by a route which the British authorities till then believed impossible for large bodies of men—without a railway or even a pipeline for water—was, according to Djemal Pasha, accomplished without any loss at all. On January 22nd, when the 73rd Regiment of the 25th Division, after helping to pull the guns through the desert, was thoroughly exhausted and was allowed a day of rest, Djemal visited them at their desert halt and addressed them. He told them that the route of their march had never been used by an

[4] Notes from the Turkish War Office give the 8th Division as having also been with the Suez Canal expedition; but these notes are often incorrect.

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army before. Sultan Selim and the great Egyptian general Ibrahim, when they crossed Sinai, had taken their troops by the coastal route through El Arish and lost half of them. "But we have lost not a single animal," he said. He asked the infantry to help the artillery drag the guns, since these were most important for the crossing of the Canal.

The organisation for this expedition must have been something entirely new to the Turkish Army. But it was not altogether the work of Germans. The Chief of Staff was a Bavarian colonel, Kress von Kressenstein, and many German officers accompanied the expedition. The transport was in charge of Roshan Bey, an Albanian. But without a fine spirit in the Turkish regular troops, under their own officers, such an achievement as this march would have been impossible. The diary left by an Egyptian boy, who had enlisted from a military school in Constantinople and marched with the 73rd Turkish Regiment, and who was afterwards killed on the Canal, tells of this journey from day to day. He had joined with an enthusiastic desire to relieve his country from the domination of the British, and he left a letter to his parents saying that he knew he was going to die. The trials began on the first day out of Jerusalem, when, after passing Bethlehem, they had to sleep in mud and water in "hardship (he wrote) undreamt of by the most miserable of men." Even before Beersheba they met with heavy going over stones, and the youngster had to remain behind with swollen feet. On January 18th, the day after crossing the Wadi el Arish at a point thirty miles inland, the 73rd Regiment was so worn that, when the march stopped, the watering-place which it was intended to reach was still four hours away. The troops were suffering from thirst. They reached water on the morning of the 19th, having during that stage helped to drag the guns. The water on this march, being pumped from desert pools or wells, was always brackish.

The diary says that on their next stage the troops were almost fainting from thirst, until at noon, after a march which began at midnight, they reached purer water than they had yet tasted. It had been pumped for them from a well or pool into the pontoons of their engineers. The next day the guns had to be dragged through the desert. On January 22nd some of

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the troops enjoyed a day's rest. On the night of the 23rd the head of the column started shortly after sunset, and marched through the night and until noon next day. The following night, almost immediately after the start, it entered a difficult gorge leading down from the highlands of Sinai, and after sunrise the troops camped at a waterhole at the bottom. The column had worked down the gorge of the Wadi um Muksheib from the plateau to the plain. Thirty miles across the sandhills lay the Suez Canal. The troops were within range of the Ismailia aeroplanes, and they were ordered to cut the desert scrub and make shelters, under which they could sleep without being observed. Two days later, on January 26th, a British aeroplane found them there.

The trained Turkish soldiers, although they were slow of thought and movement and generally very ignorant, were by no means the dumb driven cattle which the public was led by the optimism of official reports to picture. The Sultan had declared what amounted to a Holy War against the Allies. The sacred standard had been brought from Medina and shown to the troops at Jerusalem. The Young Turk doctrine of "Turkey for the Turks" had probably aroused some response even in the most ignorant. Those officers and men who had received any education bitterly resented the way in which Turkey had been shorn of some of her islands by the Greeks, and of others by the Italians. Although the Treaty of London allotted some of the Turkish islands to Greece, the Young Turks refused to recognise the arrangement. They had raised by public subscription the funds for building two super-Dreadnought battleships in Great Britain, with the openly avowed intention of taking back their islands from the Greeks. The Greeks had hurriedly bought two cruisers from the American Navy. And now, when the Turkish battleships—which had been built at the cost of such sacrifices and upon which so much depended—were ready for their trials, the British Government had exercised its right of pre-emption and bought them.[5] Unquestionably Britain was justified; she could not hand the battleships to a probable enemy to be used against herself. The only other course open would have been to send them to Turkey with British crews.

[5]Ships building for others Powers were also taken over.

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But the bitterness among the Young Turks at the taking over of these ships was intense. Captured Turkish officers almost always referred to it. The idea of ridding Egypt of British rule was also a popular one with the Turks. They had never been reconciled to the loss of their old province, and Djemal in particular was bitterly resentful. On account of the intrigues of the Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, in Constantinople and Switzerland, the British, on December 18th, had deposed him and proclaimed his uncle, Hussein Kamil, as Sultan of Egypt, independent of the Turks, under British protection.[6] Britain had thus officially annexed what in reality she already held. Djemal and his army looked upon themselves as the "liberators of Egypt." They expected that, the moment news arrived in Egypt that a Turkish Army had crossed the Canal, the Egyptians would rise against the British and welcome the Turks.

Nor is there any doubt that, although Egypt under British rule was as prosperous as she had been miserable under Turkey, the feeling in Egypt—among those classes in which any feeling existed—was entirely for the Turks. Britain could not trust the Egyptian Army, though a few units were still employed and kept their arms. The effect of the Turkish approach to the Canal and, later, of any supposed Turkish victory during the Gallipoli campaign, was always immediately noticeable in the demeanour of the Egyptians. In January, 1915, an educated Syrian was urging upon an Egyptian the benefits of British rule after the oppression by the Turk: at that moment the Turks were preparing for war by robbing Palestine, and the British were preparing for war by flooding Egypt with the money of their purchases. The Egyptian admitted everything, and at the end—"I would rather live in a Turkish hell than in an English paradise," he said. The Turkish troops therefore came to the Canal with a certain enthusiasm. Their officers knew why they were fighting; it had been preached to the men; and though they were dull and stupid, they were convinced. Unlike the changeable Arab, the Turk, when convinced, clings stubbornly to his conviction.

When the head of the Turkish column began to appear, most unexpectedly, opposite a point half-way down the Canal,

[6] Australian and New Zealand troops, amongst others, lined the streets on the day of the Sultan's accession.

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it was at first thought that this was probably a small force diverted from the northern road by which the army was expected. Only two comparatively small bodies of 2,000 or 3,000 men each were sighted opposite Ismailia. The authorities in Egypt were expecting a force of at least 30,000 men, and possibly an army far more numerous. The force which now began to appear at the mouth of the Wadi um Muksheib was therefore judged to be either the advance guard of a much greater army or else a smaller force intended for a demonstration. In any case the time had clearly arrived to man the Canal defences. Most of the field artillery of the East Lancashire (Territorial) Division had already been brought up and distributed behind the western bank of the Canal, and the trenches along that side, which had not before been manned, were now lightly garrisoned by detachments of Indians from the reserve brigades.

On the 26th the warships were moved to their stations in the Canal. Further Indian troops were placed upon the western bank, and the New Zealand Infantry Brigade arrived from Cairo. The Wellington and Otago Battalions were sent to Kubri, above Suez; the rest remained in reserve at Ismailia. A few New Zealanders were posted in the trenches at El Ferdan and Ismailia Ferry. Two platoons (a hundred men) of the Nelson Company, Canterbury Battalion, were detached to reinforce the garrison of Serapeum, on the reach between Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lake. These eventually formed two small posts on the western bank. About a mile south of them was the Serapeum ferry; about two miles north was the Tussum ferry. At each of these there was an Indian post on the Turkish side of the Canal. Between Tussum Post and Serapeum Post the high sandy eastern bank was empty. The small posts of New Zealanders, like the 62nd Punjabis and other Indian troops garrisoning the western bank, looked down over the water of the Canal at the bare bank opposite and the small wave-like tussocks and hillocks surmounting it. Here and there, where the bank was low, they could see past some dip in the desert to the high sand-hills five or ten miles away on the horizon.

It was clear that the advanced parties of Turks appearing at Kantara and Kubri and in the foothills opposite Ismailia

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covered the approach of a Turkish army. The general opinion was that they were an advance guard reconnoitring the British positions and making preparations on the ground for the reception of a great army which was to follow them. Life went on as usual in the camps behind the Canal. The transports of the second Australian and New Zealand contingents passed up the waterway amid the usual cheers, which were especially loud when the troops on the banks recognised the Australian submarine *AE 2* moving awash up the Canal. On February 1st the Indian outposts at the ferry-post beyond the Canal at Ismailia noticed troops moving among the distant sandhills, and the next day a desultory action was begun between these and a body of Indian troops which advanced into the desert. About 3 p.m. there swept over the country one of the fierce parching winds known as the "khamsin," bringing a mist of dust, in which the fighting was broken off.

That night, which should have been bright with a big moon, was densely dark. Clouds, intensified by the flying sand, shut out the sky. Within the last few days an odd sniper or two from the enemy's camps in the desert had pushed forward into the hummocks opposite Serapeum and Tussum. An occasional shot had been fired at ships moving through the Canal. But this night was perfectly quiet.

About 3.20 a.m. an Indian sentry on the western bank of the Canal some half a mile south of Tussum, looking out towards the dark empty bank opposite, heard an order given in a gruff voice on the other side of the water. Peering in the direction of the sound, he made out dark figures busily engaged upon some work—probably digging—on the near side of the opposite bank. He fired. A short splutter of rifle shots broke the silence of the night. Then there was peace for ten minutes. "Firing at nothing, I suppose, as usual," said a staff officer, hurrying towards the sound.

Possibly ten minutes later another sentry, half a mile further north, noticed movements at the foot of the Canal bank opposite him. Men were launching a boat. The sentry fired, and a vigorous fusilade followed. The western bank at this point was held by half a company of the 62nd Punjabis. The officer commanding the post, Captain M. H. L. Morgan, was sleeping in his tent close behind the embankment. A roar of

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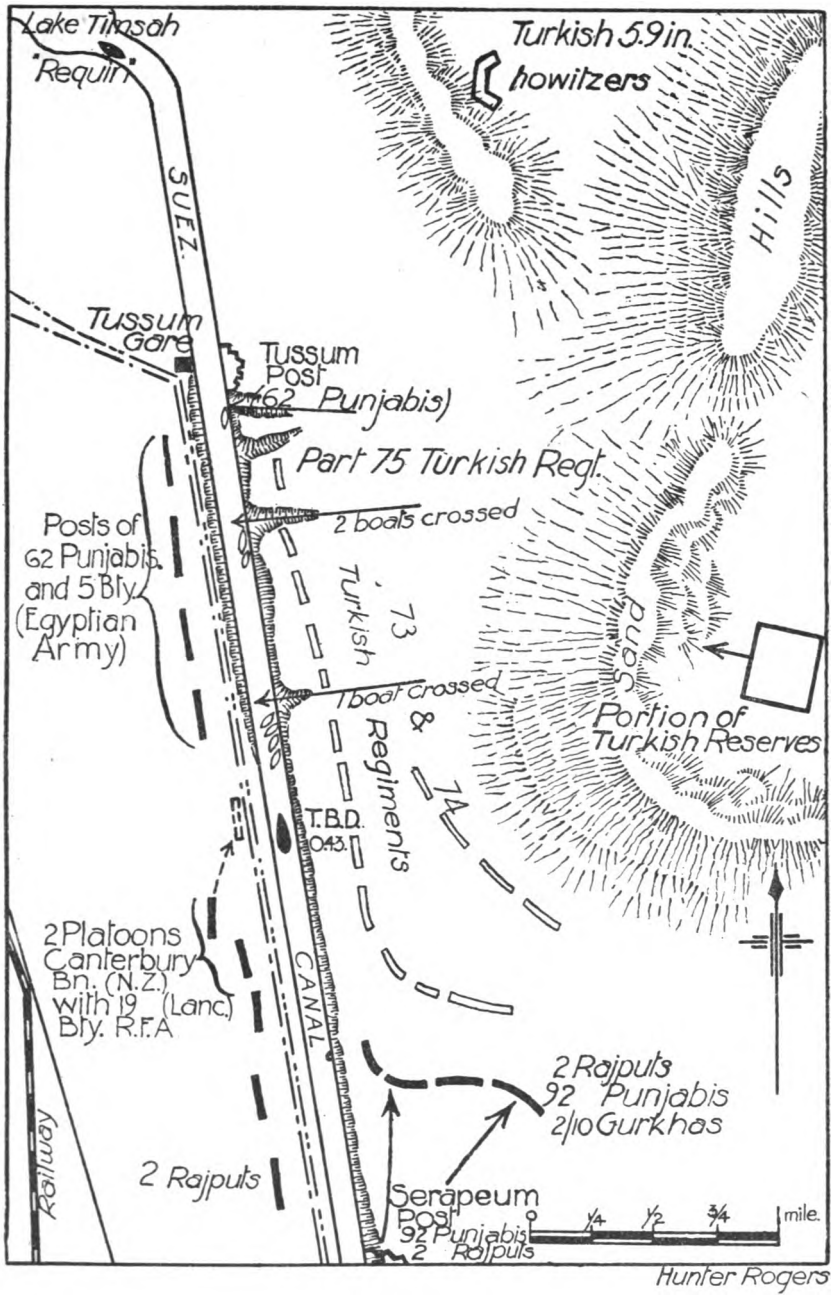
Map No. 3



THE TURKISH ATTACK ON THE SUEZ CANAL BETWEEN TUSSUM AND SERAPEUM, 3RD-4TH FEBRUARY, 1915

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rifle fire awoke him, and he ran to the top of the bank. Below, on the water of the Canal, a boat with a number of dark figures was just arriving at the bank on which he stood. Morgan charged with his half company down the slope and met the Turks as they were in the act of landing. Morgan was hit through the shoulder, but the twenty-five Turks in that boat were shot down. One other boat struggled across at this point under a terrible fire. It reached the Egyptian bank; the survivors were seen to scramble ashore; they began to scrape the hard sand with their fingers in an effort to get cover. Six were killed, four captured on the spot. Lying close under the bank, the remainder were difficult to see, but they surrendered in the morning to a party of Indians from further south.

Three-quarters of a mile southward another boat reached the British bank, but a British officer and a party of the 62nd Punjabis charged this also and killed or wounded all its occupants. A native Egyptian battery, firing shrapnel with zero fuse from the top of the bank, was said to have sunk another.

The two platoons of New Zealanders were further south again, in two posts rather nearer to Serapeum than to Tussum, with some distance between them. Behind them, along the whole length of this portion of the Canal, was a narrow plantation of pine trees, and in the rear of this was the 19th Battery of Lancashire Field Artillery. At 3.20 the New Zealand sentries had heard a sound like the rumble of waggons in the desert beyond the Canal. They knew it must come from the enemy, and imagined that he was moving his artillery. A messenger was on his way up the bank to report it to Major C. B. Brereton,[7] who commanded the New Zealand posts, when heavy rifle fire broke the silence. It was to the north of them. Presently above the rifle shots the bark of three Turkish machine-guns could be distinguished. Major Brereton ran to his northern post, in which there were about thirty men. From there could be seen the stab of flame from a machine-gun on the far side of the Canal, about 300 yards further north. As no certain enemy was visible, Brereton ordered the officer in charge to hold his fire, and returned to his southern post.

[7] Lieut.-Colonel C. B. Brereton. Of Nelson, N.Z.; b. Wellington, N.Z., 3 March, 1879.

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Shortly afterwards a message came from the left asking the northern post to move up thither. The New Zealanders hurried towards the flashes. Presently they made out in the water ahead of them several boats. Men could be seen trying to get them under way. The water's edge here spread out into a narrow beach, along which were some thirty or forty large tree-stumps, which seemed to have been pulled from the Canal during its construction and left there.[8] The New Zealanders ran to these stumps and opened a heavy fire upon the boats. The crews appeared to be staggered by it, and the boats, after muddling or drifting with the slow current for about fifty yards northwards, put back to the eastern shore. Until daylight there were forms round them busy upon some work or another.

Meanwhile other Turks were moving among the tussocks above the opposite bank. A line of them stood against the skyline digging, and this line was always extending southwards, until it reached a point opposite the southern post of the New Zealanders. The northern post could see at 150 yards the digging Turks with their backs bent and their spades shovelling, and, although the New Zealanders fired at them continuously, the figures worked on until daylight. There came no sound except the fire of the rifles. Only once in the night the New Zealanders heard a human cry.

With daylight Brereton, now with the northern party, withdrew his men to the top of the bank in order not to have them overlooked. The Turkish rifle-pits crowning the opposite slope were completed, and the only sign of the Turks was a row of Turkish rifles stuck up against the sky like the hairs of an eyelash. The New Zealanders had the trees behind them, whereas the Turks were on the sky-line. This, and the spirit of the men, gave them a complete mastery of fire over the enemy. They were able to keep their heads up, literally enjoying the game, while the Turk kept his down. The Turkish method of firing was pathetically simple. A rifle in the line opposite would be slowly lowered until it pointed at the British bank. Every Indian or New Zealand rifle in sight would instantly be aimed at it. A Turkish skullcap would cautiously appear behind the lowered rifle and a Turk would attempt a hurried shot.

[8] See plate at p. 202.

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At once a score of New Zealanders or Indians would let fly at him. Below, by the Canal's edge, the boats floated idly with a cargo of dead and dying. The Turks had mostly retired up the bank before daylight. But a few remained, trying to hide behind their boats. During the day, as these bolted up the bank, they were riddled with bullets. Nevertheless four Turks, who had dug themselves into four small rifle-pits at the water's edge, kept up all day an annoying fire.

Dawn found a fairly strong force of the enemy lining the eastern summit of the Canal bank, but pinned down by heavy rifle fire. On the Canal floated ten or eleven of their iron pontoons, the dead still in and about them. The Turks had planned to bring their boats through certain openings in the bank which afforded a gentle path to the water's edge.[9] One of these was seventy yards from the sentries in Tussum post. The Turks for their part did not know of this post, and a detachment of them actually carried a pontoon down this channel without being seen or heard. When met by fire from the far bank, they retired into the gutter and thence into one of the outer trenches of the post only occupied by day. From that position they kept up a rifle fire during the night. In the morning they found themselves in a trap, Indian machine-guns, under Captain W. H. Hastings[10] of the 92nd Punjabis, looking into them from both sides. Of some 200 Turks here huddled together 50 were killed and 60 wounded. Two small parties of Indians were sent out during the day, and the survivors surrendered to them.

For two miles south of this point, however, the Turks were holding a position along the bank from which no British force could drive them except by crossing the Canal. The enemy had lost very heavily, the Indians and British scarcely at all. But there were certainly other Turks in the desert behind, and eleven Turkish pontoons lay along the water's edge. Accordingly Brigadier-General S. Geoghegan, commanding the 22nd Indian Infantry Brigade, and senior officer in this part of the line, decided to fling what troops he could spare across to the Turkish side at Serapeum ferry, cut off the Turks lining

[9] See plate at p. 202.

[10] Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Hastings, D.S.O. Bde.-Major 3rd N.Z. Inf. Bde. 1917. Officer of Indian Regular Army; b. Jamaica, 17 March, 1884.

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the bank to the north of the post, and clear at least the Suez Canal bank of them. At the same time he asked Lieutenant-Commander G. B. Palmes, R.N., who commanded torpedo-boat *No. 043*, to blow up those pontoons which were still undestroyed.

It is probable that at this time the Turkish commander himself knew very little of what had happened. His troops had gone forward, delayed, it is true, by the sand-storm, but otherwise without a hitch. It was the 25th Turkish Division which attacked. Its three regiments, the 73rd, 74th, and 75th, were to be formed up for the start at 6 o'clock the night before, and were to move to a rendezvous 5,000 yards from the Canal. Here the waggons were to be left behind and the pontoons carried by squads of eighteen men, with engineers attached, straight to the Canal. Half the companies were to advance with the pontoons and attack; the other half were to follow some distance in rear to act as supports.

The enemy had not expected to find any posts on the eastern side of the Canal, their patrols having visited its bank without noticing anyone except perhaps a sentry. On approaching the Canal the advancing troops took off their boots and threw away pannikins or anything likely to clatter. There were to be no cigarettes and no talking. Officers were personally to see that no rifle was loaded. Entrenching tools were tied so as not to flap. The Turkish machine-guns took positions on the eastern bank in order to open—as they did—the moment the crossing was opposed. The supports came up closely and lay hidden behind the eastern bank. The plan was that, when the foremost troops had crossed and seized the Egyptian bank, the rest of the 75th Regiment on the right was to turn northward and take Tussum. The 74th was to advance towards Lake Timsah and seize the railway; the 73rd was to face west and protect the left of the other two. At the same time, and just north of the main attack, one regiment of the 23rd Turkish Division—the 68th—was to assault Ismailia and El Ferdan; and, in rear, the greater part of the 10th Divison was to move up as reserve. The heavy battery, escorted by one battalion of the 10th Division, was to take position during the night at Bir el Murra, opposite the southern end of Lake Timsah, and, if possible, to sink one of the war-

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ships where the Canal enters the lake. Subsidiary attacks were to be made at Kantara, Suez, and other points.

Apparently twenty-four pontoons were to be carried, besides a number of rafts made from kerosene tins. Of the pontoons, at least sixteen reached the water's edge; one remained with its nose visible on top of the bank; another was a little further back. Palmes in his torpedo-boat moved up the Canal under the eyes of the Turks, but they could not raise themselves to fire at him. He blew up with gun-cotton or with his small bow-gun the boats on the water's edge. Seeing the bows of a pontoon on top of the eastern bank, he landed in a dinghy with two or three seamen. On reaching the summit of the bank he found himself almost stepping upon five Turks lying in rifle-pits. He raised his rifle, when, under his elbow, he saw another prostrate Turk with fifty or more behind him. The nearest men were looking up at him in surprise and clumsily shifting their rifles. With a whoop, amid the laughter of the New Zealanders, he dashed back down the bank and reached his boat.

Meanwhile about 500 Indian troops had been sent out from Serapeum. They worked forward a short distance, some going through the sand hummocks and others under shelter of the Canal bank, the latter receiving some fire from their rear. apparently from the few Turks who had crossed the Canal and were still under the British bank. Their advance was presently held up by the enemy in the hummocks. The Indians and the Turkish supports lay facing one another firing.

With daybreak the Territorial battery from behind the New Zealanders had opened upon the Turkish supports in the hummocks, and, later, upon bodies of Turks whom their observers could see in the desert behind. Considerable numbers were moving into the hollow some miles east of the Canal. The Turkish commander, not having news from his front line nor being able to obtain any, except that a few boats had crossed, was pushing up part of the 10th Division, which was his reserve. Part of the 28th Regiment was apparently put in. But the Territorial artillery quickly found the range. Many New Zealanders stood up cheering at the shots, until the enemy's field artillery opened upon the plantation where they stood. The Turkish column flinched under the fire of the

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Lancashire battery. A large shell from the old French battleship *Requin,* moored in Lake Timsah, fell into the mass of men. The reserves drew off. The attack of the 68th Regiment towards the ferry post at Ismailia had also been checked by the artillery. The Turkish rushes stopped 700 yards from the post, and the men dug in.

With this retirement of the reserves the attack really ceased. The assault which was planned near Suez did not develop at all. At Kantara the enemy pushed up to the wire entanglements of the posts north-east of the town, where some of them were captured after dawn, the rest having retired. The *Swiftsure* shelled this attack across the desert; and so interested was the garrison in watching the shelling, that a force of Turks advanced south-east of the village and was making towards the Canal before attention was called to it. It was then easily stopped on the edge of the low desert scrub.

To return to the main attack between Tussum and Serapeum. The enemy remained all day in occupation of the eastern bank, although pinned down by the fire from the western. The Turkish heavy battery opened upon the warships in Lake Timsah, and two 5.9-in. shells hit the converted merchant-steamer *Hardinge* of the Indian marine, wrecking one of her funnels. Pilot George Carew, a Cornishman, who was navigating her, had one leg shattered by a shell, but he insisted on remaining on the bridge to advise as to the navigation of the ship to Ismailia. The Turkish battery, before it ceased fire, straddled the *Requin* with two shells, which fell in the lake on either side of her. At dusk the Turkish field artillery put its last four shells over the Lancashire battery.

The Turkish reserves had retired; the guns were silent; but the British higher command was for the time being greatly opposed to committing any troops to an engagement in the desert beyond the Canal, and Geoghegan had gone to the limit of his powers in making his counter-attack. Never was a step more justified than that attack. It put an end to all Turkish movement near the Canal bank, and cleared an uncertain situation.

When the Indians were withdrawn at the end of that counter-attack, little real touch with the enemy existed. The fighting died down to an active sniping, which was looked upon

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by Indians and New Zealanders as a game. It was thought at dusk that only snipers remained near the Canal, and that the assaulting troops had retired. As a matter of fact many men from the Turkish supports, who had pluckily reached the Canal bank in the morning, were there still, and not all of them were disposed to surrender. When the battleship *Swiftsure* came along the Canal on the morning of February 4th, her look-out man was hanging dead over the crow's nest, having been sniped from the bank. And when half of the 92nd Punjabis were sent out on the same morning from Serapeum, although a few Turks held up their hands, others behind them refused to recognise the surrender and continued to fire. The Indian force had to be doubled and a second attack made before these, greatly outnumbered and half-surrounded, threw down their arms. Some 250 Turks, with three machine-guns, were taken; 59 others had been killed. Among the dead was a German, Major von den Hagen.

The bank near Tussum had been cleared the day before, and the Canal was now free of the enemy. The Turkish trenches near Ismailia and Kantara were found deserted. The Turks had at least temporarily drawn off, and the question arose of striking at them or following them. Some Indian cavalry and infantry were sent forward from the ferry post, Ismailia. About seven miles out the cavalry came upon a body of the enemy estimated at three or four brigades, and another party further north. The cavalry did not attempt a serious attack.

That evening half a brigade of British Yeomanry reached Ismailia from Cairo. On the previous night half of the 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade—the 7th and 8th Battalions and the brigade staff—had also arrived from Mena Camp under Colonel M'Cay, and had bivouacked on the desert near Ismailia station. With these reinforcements to hand, a strong sortie by cavalry and infantry was planned by General Wilson for the next day. A large body of Turkish troops was, however, still at its old camp at Habeita, in the sandhills a few miles from Serapeum, and prisoners said that a strong reinforcement was expected. The British staff had from the first believed that the Tussum attack of February 3rd, in which only some 12,000 Turks had been closely engaged, might be merely preliminary to a much heavier attack by a main

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army still to arrive. The sortie was therefore abandoned, and the troops remained on the defensive.

On February 7th aeroplanes found the camp at Habeita deserted. The Turkish army had withdrawn into the valleys leading up to the plateau. Along each of the three routes it fast disappeared. Until Djemal Pasha had withdrawn, taking with him along the way he had come his troops, his guns, his animals, and most of his stores, the British staff could scarcely believe that the serious attack, so loudly heralded, had actually come and gone. A sufficient number of Turkish troops remained in Sinai, chiefly at El Arish and Nehkl, to make occasional raids upon the Canal. At the end of March several thousand Turks were found on the central route through Sinai, about 1,000 on the northern route near Kantara, and some 800 near Kubri. The Kantara party managed to smuggle a mine through to the Canal, but their tracks were seen, and the mine found. Another mine was dropped in the desert by a party which nearly reached the Canal at the end of May, and a third was struck by the British steamer *Teresias* in the Little Bitter Lake on June 30th. On this solitary occasion, for a few hours, the great waterway was blocked. It was, however, continually raided. Once the Turks even waded to a pile-driver moored in the Little Bitter Lake and there captured an Italian. On November 23rd Indian cavalry killed the Bedouin Rizkalla Salim, who had led most of the raids, which thereafter entirely ceased.

Such was the attack on the Suez Canal in 1915. No Australian regiment was actually engaged in it; it was repulsed mainly by Indian troops. The 7th and 8th Australian Infantry Battalions, some of whose troops had temporarily garrisoned the trenches after the fight, returned to Cairo on February 11th, and the New Zealand Infantry and British Yeomanry about the same time. The Indians on the Canal were gradually drawn upon for Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, and France. The remainder were tied down to strictly defensive warfare, generally on the Canal itself and with a range into the desert of twelve or fifteen miles at most. The Turks could only attack in force during the rainy season, and therefore the only possible serious attack for the year had been delivered.

The apparent timidity of the British command, defending

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itself behind the Canal and allowing Djemal Pasha with his heavy guns, gear, and animals to withdraw in peace with a hundred miles of pitiless desert behind him, caused much comment in Egypt at the time. But the actual day of the battle was the only one on which a counter-stroke could have been profitably made. When once the enemy was ten miles distant and rested, the chance was gone. Seeing how small was General Wilson's cavalry force, and how great were the preparations necessary to move even twenty miles into the desert and fight there for a day, it is doubtful if, after the day of battle, he could have done more. The Turks had been heavily beaten. and the British loss was trivial. Against British casualties not exceeding 160 in all, the Turks lost, at a low estimate, 3,000. The losses, indeed, suggested those of a small "native war." There was a heavy fall in the current estimate of the fighting value of the Turkish Army. This was not without its influence on future events.

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CHAPTER IX

THE EXPEDITION TO THE DARDANELLES

In the September of 1914 there occurred on the Western front a change in the conditions of war. Both men and leaders, trained under the old conditions, at first found the situation difficult to grasp. All previous wars had been fought by armies moving along roads or railways against other armies moving similarly. Those armies were capable of ranging over a continent in the manner of other living things, provided they found food wherever they went. Napoleon equipped himself with huge supplies to render his Moscow army more mobile, and the use of railways allowed the Prussians in 1870 to move rapidly, provided they went along the routes on which their supplies were organised. All these armies had marched with their flanks "in the air," that is to say, detached from the other forces of their side. All the training and education of soldiers took it for granted that armies would move in this manner.

In simple language, strategy—the art of moving armies before they reach the presence of the enemy— consisted mainly in concentrating a superior force of your own against one of the enemy's inferior forces and crushing it before others could render help. Tactics—the art of moving forces when once they are in the presence of the enemy—was largely a matter of "containing" or holding the enemy in the front while striking at him unexpectedly from one of his two open flanks.

But, even at the beginning of the Great War, so large were the forces poured into the old battle-grounds of France and Belgium, that the front of each combatant stretched across most of the possible theatre of war. By the first week in September the huge arm which the Germans extended through Belgium in order to encircle the left flank of the Franco-British army failed in its task. In the next fortnight the Franco-British army, after hopefully pressing the rear-guards of the retiring Germans, found themselves held up by a continuous line of entrenchments crowning the hills which

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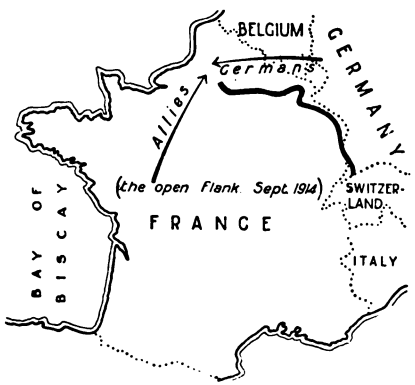
faced them across the river Aisne. They attacked day after day, expecting the Germans to give way, but making little impression.

A new conviction began to grow—that if once an opponent can fortify himself in a continuous trench line, he can make the forcing of that line impossible. The one obvious course was to strike him beyond the end of his trench line, where the country was still open. This the Franco-British commanders strove to do in the country between the Aisne and the Belgian coast, which was not as yet crossed by entrenchments. But as fast as the Franco-British divisions moved round to attack the German right, they found German divisions hurried to meet them. The struggle developed into an unsuccessful effort by each side to extend its line until it overlapped the other's flank. By October the lines extended to the sea, and the open flank had disappeared. The trench system was then continuous from the Swiss border. In the First Battle of Ypres the Germans for their part learned that they could not break through that entrenched line, even where it was held only by a thin garrison of British regulars who had practically no arm but their rifles. For both sides the effort to burst through the trench system by attacking it from the front had resulted in worthless gains at a heavy cost.



Great Britain was raising two new untried armies. One consisted of certain existing Territorial divisions which were being trained for service abroad; the second was the new army now being created by the foresight of Lord Kitchener. The latter was known as the "Kitchener Army." The bulk of the new armies would not be ready until the spring or summer. For reinforcements in the near future, the British army in France had to rely on certain picked Territorial battalions and

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a few divisions, such as the 27th, 28th, and 29th, which were then being formed from regular troops scraped together from India, Egypt, and elsewhere since the beginning of the war. The British infantry divisions then in France, and those either in process of formation or in prospect, were as follows:

REGULAR DIVISIONS	TERRITORIALS AND KITCHENER'S ARMY		OTHERS
	KITCHENER'S ARMY	TERRITORIAL DIVISIONS	
1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th — In France by November 1914.	9th 24th 10th 25th 11th 26th 12th 30th 13th 31st 14th 32nd 15th 33rd 16th 34th 17th 35th 18th 36th 19th 37th 20th 38th 21st 39th 22nd 40th 23rd 41st	42nd 56th 43rd 57th 44th 58th 45th 59th 46th 60th 47th 61st 48th 62nd 49th 64th 50th 65th 51st 66th 52nd 67th 53rd 68th 54th 69th 55th	63rd (Royal Naval Division)
Guards Division			
27th, 28th, 29th — Formed from troops in India, Egypt, &c.			

(Of the higher numbers some were at first home service Territorials. The following were formed late in the war, some of them out of units which had been already fighting:—71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, and 75th).

The position looked like one of stalemate along the whole Western trench line, with the Germans left in possession of the coast from Antwerp to Ostend, where Britain had always most dreaded to see them, only 63 miles from her own shores. To any keen-minded Englishman the prospect of permitting the war to develop into an inert defence along this huge trench line, waiting for the German to deliver whatever blow he pleased elsewhere, appeared imbecile. The necessity was to "do something!" In the coming year the greater part of the formidable new armies shown above would be available for striking a blow. The question was where they should be used. There was a very strong feeling among soldiers, shared by the Government and the people, that they should not be wasted in attacking existing trench lines, but should be thrown

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in at some places where such lines did not yet exist, where flanks were still open and a war of movement possible.

On September 26th, while the British force (then a single army of three army corps) was held on the Aisne, and before it had moved to Flanders, Sir John French, its Commander-in-Chief, received a visit from Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty. Churchill, who was only thirty-nine years of age, was possessed of a brilliant, restless intellect and a passion for adventure. He visited the Aisne battlefield, saw for himself at this early stage what the stagnation of trench warfare meant, and was impressed with the need of breaking away from it. He had enough of the fighter in him to know that the side which defends itself by waiting passively for the blows of its opponent has delivered itself bound hand and foot to the enemy. He was convinced that the Allies should take the offensive at the earliest possible moment, so that the Germans might be compelled to follow the Allies' plans and not they the German. Churchill had in his hands the mighty instrument of the British Fleet, which had been forced to play a waiting rôle because the Germans would not give it the opportunity to fight them on the sea.

In the British Navy there was a strong tradition against setting a ship to fight land defences. It was an operation which had often in the navy's history seemed attractive, but had seldom, if ever, proved worth the cost. The fleet which bombarded the forts at Alexandria in 1882 drove the Egyptians from their guns, but there was scarcely a gun which could not have been used again. The Crimean War, the American Civil War, Santiago, Port Arthur, Wei-hai-wei, had all taught the same lesson. But the idea that the great weapon in his hands could do nothing but wait, while Britain's fate hung in the balance on land, was intolerable to a man of Churchill's temperament. His eager mind seized upon any proposal which gave him some hope of throwing the fleet into the scale.

The results of the German use of heavy artillery—a surprise to the Allies—supplied him with food for thought. Liège, Namur, and Antwerp had been supposed to rank among the strongest of the world's fortresses. Yet the forts surrounding them had been reduced within a few days at most

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—sometimes within a few hours. Report attributed their reduction simply to the use of heavy howitzers, with which the Germans were known to have experimented before the war. Ludendorff himself describes the fall of a 16-in. howitzer shell on Fort Loncin at Liège. The fort collapsed, and a number of dazed and blackened Belgians crawled out of the ruins. The inference which struck the Allies like a hammer-blow was this: "Our fortified towns are useless; the strongest fixed defences on the French border are futile; the heavy gun has made short work of the fortress." To the ordinary man it seemed that the big gun had completely changed warfare and all its rules.

Upon the mind of Winston Churchill, who had been in Antwerp immediately before it fell, the success of the German howitzer had made a profound impression. If forts were valueless against these big land-guns, how could they withstand the enormous guns of the navy? German heavy howitzers were mainly 5.9-in. and 8-in. weapons. They were far heavier than any yet possessed by the British Army, but they were as nothing compared with the guns of British ships. Even light cruisers often carried eight 6-in. guns. Whole classes of obsolete battleships had four 12-in. guns, besides ten or more 6-inch. Churchill was convinced that the big gun had made the tradition as to ships and forts a mere figment; and here were the ships which would test it.

After his meeting with Sir John French, a plan based upon this belief leapt at once into Churchill's active mind. French desired to attack on the Belgian coast—exactly where the navy could help him. When Churchill returned to London he had promised French that he would propose to the Government a plan which they had devised in concert. At that date the Germans were threatening to occupy the French coast as far as Calais and Dunkirk. The English Commander-in-Chief wished to transfer the British Army to the coastal end of the line, if General Joffre, then commanding the armies of France, would acquiesce. Churchill proposed that in such case French's army should make its attack along the coast under the guns of the fleet. These could give it, he said, "overwhelming support." By October 26th old ships with heavy guns were being prepared to carry out this scheme. On November 22nd Churchill was still

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enthusiastically pressing it. "We would give you 100 or 200 heavy guns from the sea," he wrote to French, "in absolutely devastating support. For four or five miles inshore we could make you perfectly safe and superior. . . . We could bring in men at Ostend or Zeebrugge. . . . There is no limit to what could be done by the extreme left-handed push. . . . In a few hours I could have fifty 12-in. guns and seventy 6-in. firing on the enemy's right and rear."

The obstacle to this plan was the fact that Joffre objected to placing the British Army next the sea. Though it had been brought to Flanders at Ypres and Armentières it was still thirty miles from the coast. Between it and the sea were the Belgian Army and a small French force, and Joffre was disinclined to favour the suggested transposition. On December 7th Churchill visited French again, and, on leaving, promised to make all arrangements with Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, and Lord Kitchener, the Secretary of State for War. He saw Kitchener on the following day, and the British Government informed the French Government of its conviction that it was "most urgent and important" that the British Army should be placed next to the seaboard. The French Government referred the proposal to Joffre; Joffre refused, but undertook, if desired, to make a smaller attack with the French troops on the coast. Churchill wrote to Sir John that he was disappointed, but would do his best to help the French.

Such was the position when, on the 2nd of January, 1915, a momentous request was received from the Russian Government. The Russians were being hard pressed in the Caucasus, it said; and the Russian Government hoped that, to relieve this pressure, a demonstration might be made against the Turks in some other quarter.

In the early days of the war the Russians had most loyally come to the help of France by invading East Prussia with their unprepared armies in order to weaken the German advance upon Paris. Though the invasion ended in disaster to a Russian army, it is conceivable that it was the salvation of France. Now that Russia appealed for help, Kitchener was strongly moved. He consulted Churchill as to what form a demonstration should take in order to relieve the Russians in

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their turn. The Turks were evidently withdrawing troops from European Turkey, and therefore, he wrote, "the only place where a demonstration might have some effect in stopping reinforcements going east would be the Dardanelles." No landing could be made, because "we have no troops to land anywhere . . . We shall not be ready for anything big for some months." As the demonstration could not be made by the army, he pressed for one by the navy. After his conference with Churchill, Kitchener assured Russia that a demonstration would be forthcoming.

There was already in the air a third plan for employing the British Fleet against an enemy's coast. This was the plan of Lord Fisher, the great British sailor who had been recalled by Churchill at the end of October to be First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. Fisher scorned the inactive rôle of the British Fleet. His cherished scheme was that it should gain control of the Baltic Sea, and there set ashore on German soil three great Russian Armies—two of these landings being feints, which could be pushed seriously if they succeeded. He himself prepared the plans, and had persuaded Churchill and also David Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to support him and to authorise the building of 612 ships, including 37 monitors for bombarding coasts, 200 motor-barges with oil engines, and 90 smaller barges. The monitors —ships of very shallow draft, carrying big guns some of which were bought in America and others taken out of old British battleships—were built specially for bombarding the northern shores against which it was intended to use them.

Churchill's restless intellect appears to have welcomed all three plans—a Russian landing in the Baltic as soon as the British Fleet was ready; an advance of the British Army along the Belgian coast, covered by the guns of the fleet and perhaps helped by a landing at Zeebrugge in rear of the Germans; and an attack upon the Dardanelles. But from the moment when the demonstration at the Dardanelles was suggested to him, his mind seemed to be fixed with ever-growing enthusiasm upon the results which would follow if the Allies could only seize the straits and dominate Constantinople.

This was quite a different undertaking from that for which the Russians asked and which Lord Kitchener promised. All

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that Kitchener had in his mind was a "demonstration" to divert the Turks from the Caucasus. The scheme which beckoned with irresistible allurement to Churchill was that of an operation of the most drastic nature, the forcing of the Dardanelles. He had thought of it from the moment when it became probable that Turkey would enter the war. Immediately she had done so, those British battle-cruisers and French battleships which were waiting for the German battle-cruiser *Goeben* at the mouth of the Dardanelles were ordered to run past the forts at the entrance and bombard them as a "demonstration." Four ships had carried out this bombardment at 13,000 yards, and it was thought that they had done considerable damage.

Churchill had also conceived an idea of landing a Greek army at the Dardanelles in conjunction with the British Fleet. The Greeks were at daggers drawn with Turkey before the war, and they would have agreed to the plan, had Russian jealousy permitted. General Callwell, of the British General Staff, when consulted as to the scheme, advised that it was unsafe to land on the Gallipoli Peninsula (the northern shore of the Dardanelles) with less than 60,000 men. Churchill pressed the plan as the best means of defending Egypt. But Lord Kitchener's answer was that there were no transports to spare, nor had he any British troops for a land campaign in the east. For the time, therefore, the project fell through, although the Admiralty wisely sent horse-boats to Alexandria, in case they might at a later stage be needed for a landing at Alexandretta, the Dardanelles, or elsewhere.

Under the new scheme, however, troopships would not be needed; the fleet would crush the forts by its heavy guns alone. The whole conception welled up again in Churchill's mind. Every consideration seemed to point to the forcing of the Dardanelles as the solution of the European deadlock. Since Turkey had closed the Dardanelles, Russia had been to all intents completely isolated from France and Great Britain. Her grain-ships were locked in the Black Sea; French and British ships carrying supplies and ammunition could not reach her; the Allies could not send troops to her, nor she to them. The forcing of the Dardanelles and the capture of Constantinople would enable munitions to go to

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Russia and Russian grain and oil to come out. It would shut out Germany from the east, would put Turkey out of the war, and would prevent Bulgaria from joining the enemy. It would possibly cause Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece to join the Allies. It was precisely the kind of action which the British Foreign Office saw to be necessary if any further influence was to be exerted on the small Balkan States; nothing more could be accomplished by words; the small Powers needed deeds. It would put heart into Russia, which had made great sacrifices for the Allies and now awaited some proof that they were ready to undertake serious risks for her. There is little doubt that, if the Dardanelles could have been forced by the unaided fleet and Constantinople taken, the war would have been shortened by years.

The only question was—could it be done? Could the Dardanelles be forced by ships only? If so, could Constantinople be taken or dominated? Both operations were necessary; the forcing of the Dardanelles alone would not suffice; Constantinople must fall as the result. With the forces available, were these two achievements possible? Every authority, naval and military, including Churchill himself, realised that, if the Dardanelles were to be attacked, the best method would be by landing an army under the guns of the fleet. This operation had constantly appealed to strategists as strongly as it did to Churchill. The British General Staff had examined precisely this question in 1906, assuming that troops were available and that the navy could give them some support. Its conclusion was—"However brilliant as a combination of war, and however fruitful in its consequences were it crowned with success, the General Staff, in view of the risks involved, are not prepared to recommend its being attempted."

But now a land attack had been ruled out of the question because there were no troops to undertake it. If Churchill was to have the serious attack upon Gallipoli which so attracted him, it must be made by ships alone. This, as has been already said, was exactly the kind of operation against which the whole tradition of the navy was arrayed. But Churchill possessed one of those headstrong natures whose thoughts are fathered by their wishes. He was restlessly eager to attempt his great stroke. He had convinced himself that

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the big gun and the big shell had altered the whole problem of "ships against forts." The only question was whether the Government and the experts would agree with him.

The Government was really the War Council (the more important Cabinet Ministers with the leading experts added), and the War Council was, in effect, three men: Asquith, Prime Minister, Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, and Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty. It was an interesting triumvirate. "I was on a rather different plane," Churchill said afterwards. "I had not the same weight or authority as those two Ministers, nor the same power, and if they said 'This is to be done,' that settled it." Undoubtedly the people of Great Britain, and in some degree of France also, looked to Asquith and Kitchener as the two pillars of the British Government, great men standing aloof with a certain grand imperviousness to the violent changes of war. The people trusted them as it trusted no others. But between these two great, stable, but slower minds there was a third, unceasingly active and almost boyishly impetuous. Kitchener gave at times a grudging assent, at other times an eager one, to the prospects which Churchill's optimism sketched out for him.

The responsible officers of the Admiralty, though at first almost to a man they disliked the idea of a purely naval attack, assented to Churchill's suggestions; afterwards, in some cases, they seemed to catch a part of his enthusiasm. But no one who studies the documents can have the least doubt that the mind which conceived and decided the plan of seriously attacking the Dardanelles with the fleet alone was Winston Churchill's. He telegraphed at once to Vice-Admiral Sackville Carden, commanding the Allied squadrons in the Eastern Mediterranean, asking if it could be done. Carden replied that it "might," which seems to have been interpreted by Churchill as meaning that it "could." Lord Fisher, the highest authority, was apparently not consulted before the next move, and other officers gave what is described as "a not very cordial concurrence."[1] A telegram, capable of the gravest misconstruction, was sent by Churchill to Admiral Carden stating that "high authorities" in Great Britain concurred in his (Carden's) opinion that the straits might be forced by extended opera-

[1] Dardanelles Commission, First Report, Paras. 55-63.

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tions with a large number of ships, and asking him to send a plan. In answer a scheme for forcing the Dardanelles by the fleet alone was supplied by the Admiral.

On January 13th was held the meeting of the War Council which was to decide upon the question of the Dardanelles. The Zeebrugge plan was now out of favour with the Council, it being impossible to spare the requisite troops and ammunition. Churchill explained Admiral Carden's scheme. This divided the attack into four successive stages, beginning with the bombardment of the forts near the entrance; the later and more difficult stages would apparently not be undertaken if the first were unsuccessful. The attack could always be classed as a "demonstration" and broken off at will; and—until the fleet got through to Constantinople—no soldiers would be needed, except small landing parties to demolish guns. Churchill pressed the scheme. His enthusiastic belief in the big gun impressed Sir Edward Grey, Kitchener, and probably everyone else. The Dardanelles forts, he said, were armed mainly with old guns of only moderate power. The ships could stand out of range and fire on those guns. Twelve old battleships and three modern ships would form the force likely to be required. The new battle-cruiser *Queen Elizabeth* was to be sent to Gibraltar for gun trials, and it would be feasible to allow her to conduct her trials against the Dardanelles forts instead of against a target. The Admiralty, Churchill said, was studying the question, and believed that a plan could be made for reducing all the forts within a few weeks. When once the forts were reduced, the minefields would be cleared, and the fleet would proceed up to Constantinople and destroy the *Goeben*. The fleet had nothing to fear from field-guns or rifles, which would cause nothing worse than inconvenience.

Lord Kitchener thought the plan worth trying. It did not call upon the army for men, except in the later stages at Constantinople or Bulair; and it could be broken off if the first steps did not succeed. That troops would be needed in case the fleet reached Constantinople seems to have been accepted from the first. At one time, when a landing at Alexandretta was projected, General Birdwood's Australasian Army Corps was destined for it, and it was probably these and other troops in Egypt that Kitchener now had in mind for Constantinople.

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The War Council of January 13th decided that the Admiralty should prepare for a naval expedition in February "to bombard and take the Gallipoli Peninsula," with Constantinople for an objective. There was no "demonstration" in question here; it was to be a tremendous naval attack, which could be broken off if it failed of success. The Zeebrugge project was discarded. Lord Fisher began to be more and more restive under the conviction that his great plan of landing Russians in the Baltic was also being prejudiced by this new and absorbing adventure. He desired to attend no further meetings of the War Council, but was over-persuaded at a private meeting in the Prime Minister's room. In the ensuing War Council, when the Dardanelles project was mentioned, he rose to leave the room and to resign. But Lord Kitchener approached him, laid his hand upon his arm, and, speaking low and with emotion, pointed out to him that the Dardanelles decision being now the Prime Minister's, he should do his duty to his country by continuing as First Sea Lord. Fisher again allowed himself to be persuaded. Churchill at this meeting made a statement in which he referred to Lord Fisher's project for the Baltic, and said that the ultimate object of the navy was to obtain access to that sea. This satisfied Lord Fisher for the time being, but as the months went on and the Dardanelles campaign spread its tentacles wider, he saw his own cherished scheme gradually devoured by the huge undertaking in the east. Consequently in May, when his monitors were diverted to the Mediterranean, and when Churchill drafted orders for further ships to proceed to the Dardanelles, Lord Fisher, considering that all chance of his great scheme had vanished, resigned his appointment.

On January 28th the War Council definitively authorised Churchill's grand project. Kitchener, like most others, believed that Great Britain could, if necessary, withdraw from it. When the time came, he was the last to dream of retirement. After the blaze of publicity and foolish optimism which had greeted the earlier stages of the attack, it was unthinkable to him that Britain should abandon it before the face of the whole East. Rather than accept that disgrace he was ready to throw in a large army.

On the 19th of February, 1915, the Eastern Mediterranean

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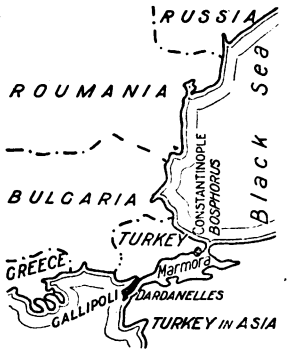
Squadron, to which a small French squadron of old battleships had been added, bombarded the outer forts of the Dardanelles, and Churchill's great naval experiment began. "Dardanelles" is the name applied to the long narrow channel through which the waters of the Black Sea enter the Eastern Mediterranean. At its south-western end the Black Sea finds an outlet resembling a wide river-channel, and is known as the Bosphorus. This winds for seventeen miles between rolling, tree-clad hills until it opens into a smaller inland sea—the Sea of Marmora. On the northern side of the Bosphorus, at the point where the channel emerges into the Marmora, there lies round the narrow inlet known as the Golden Horn the great and ancient city of Constantinople. Its palaces, mosques, war office, barracks, and the crowded maze of streets lie on the slopes above the sea, still enclosed by the old Greek city wall. The Sea of Marmora extends westward for 105 miles, when it again narrows into the channel of the Dardanelles.



The water of the Dardanelles flows like a wide full river between lofty hills for about forty miles. On the Asiatic side the coastal mountains run to about the height of the Blue Mountains of New South Wales or those of the Lake District of England. The European shore, lying between the straits and the Mediterranean, is merely a narrow peninsula, shaped something like the foreleg of a horse swollen at the fetlock. On this side the hills run less high, the loftiest reaching to about 1,400 feet. But they are rough, steep, and wild, with tangled valleys wandering between scrubby spurs, which screen one another, ridge after ridge. Between these shores lies the channel. Its appearance is that of a long mountain lake. It runs fairly straight from north-east to south-west, except at one point not far from its exit into the Mediterranean. Here it suddenly contracts to a mile in width and then turns, at right-angles, to the south. The channel continues for three miles directly south, narrows again to less than three-quarters of a mile, and then bends back sharply

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round a massive upland of the peninsula—the Pasha Dagh or Kilid Bahr Plateau[2]—to its original south-western course which it maintains for twelve miles until it reaches the Mediterranean. In this last reach the Asiatic shore recedes, until the channel is nearly five miles broad, but it again closes to a width of two miles at the mouth.

The right-angled bend in the middle of the Dardanelles is known as the Narrows. The strait at the inner end of the Narrows is the one across which Xerxes threw his bridge of boats when he led the Persian army from Asia into Europe. The ancient city of Abydos was on the southern or Asiatic side at the knobby point now known as Point Nagara. The ruins of the old city of Sestos can still be seen on the northern side.

The still narrower strait at the southern end of the Narrows is to-day the more important. On the Asiatic side, which is here much lower, is the Turkish town of Chanak—a fortress and a small summer resort for the wealthy of Constantinople—with its villas and boat-houses. Perched on the foot of the frowning plateau on the European, or Peninsula, side is the village of Kilid Bahr. Across the Narrows at this point there face each other the two old Turkish citadels behind which the respective villages were built—massive keeps of white-grey stone, planted here by Mohammed II in the 15th Century, that of Chanak being square and that of Kilid Bahr heart-shaped. Low in front of each of them, unobtrusive, with grass-green parapets close above the line of the beach, lie some of the modern forts. At the mouth of the straits, similarly facing each other, but at a much greater distance, are two old Turkish keeps built by Mohammed IV against the Venetian fleet in 1659—Sedd-el-Bahr (Barrier of the Sea), a massive square fort protecting a small village on the European side, and Kum Kale (Sand Fortress), on the low green river-flats on the Asiatic. Near each of these also were their respective modern batteries—those of Sedd-el-Bahr on the white cliffs of Cape Helles immediately north of the old castle or on the beach at its foot, those of Kum Kale on the low green banks south of the entrance to the straits.

[2] See plate at p. 203.

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About forty batteries were shown on the maps issued about this time. Forts 1, 1B,[3] 2, and 3 were on the northern side of the mouth at Cape Helles and Sedd-el-Bahr; Forts 4 to 6 were on the southern side of the mouth at Kum Kale, less than four miles from the ruins of Ancient Troy, of which the excavations could be seen from Cape Helles on any clear day. For ten miles inside the mouth no other batteries were mapped, although strong new ones, most difficult to locate, were near the village of Erenkeui on the Asiatic side. Next, where the channel narrowed again to less than two miles, at Kephez Point, on the southern shore near the ruins of the ancient Greek town of Dardanus, were two batteries (Forts 8 and 8A), while a third (Fort 7) lay at the mouth of Soghun Dere, the steep and very important valley on the Peninsula side opposite. From Kephez Point the channel widened again, until it closed at the Narrows. Here, on the European shore, crouching below the massive plateau of Kilid Bahr and on its steep sides and summit, fourteen batteries (Forts 9 to 18, 21, 22, 25, and 26) were shown; and, on the Asiatic side, Forts 19 and 20, the former being the Hamidieh Fort of Chanak with its powerful searchlight. There were other forts above Chanak on both sides of the straits as far as Nagara Point, where the Narrows ended.

For months, in anticipation of trouble, the Turks had been bringing guns and howitzers from the Adrianople forts to Constantinople and the Dardanelles. One of the Chanak forts was supposed to contain modern 14-in. guns, and the navy afterwards found itself shelled by guns of 14-in., 11.2-in., 9.4-in., and 8-in.; but the majority of shells were 8-inch. These guns were mostly emplaced so as to face towards the mouth of the straits, and especially to cover the great minefield below Chanak at Kephez Point. That field was believed to consist (by January, 1915) of 330 mines in eight lines. The guns of the forts protected it, and six searchlights had been set up in order to discover any attempt to sweep the mines at night. Besides the fixed mines there were in some of the Kilid Bahr forts and elsewhere torpedo tubes, similar to those carried by torpedo-boats, but mounted on small trucks

[3] Fort 1A was at Gaba Tepe. Some of the forts were merely emplaced field-gun batteries.

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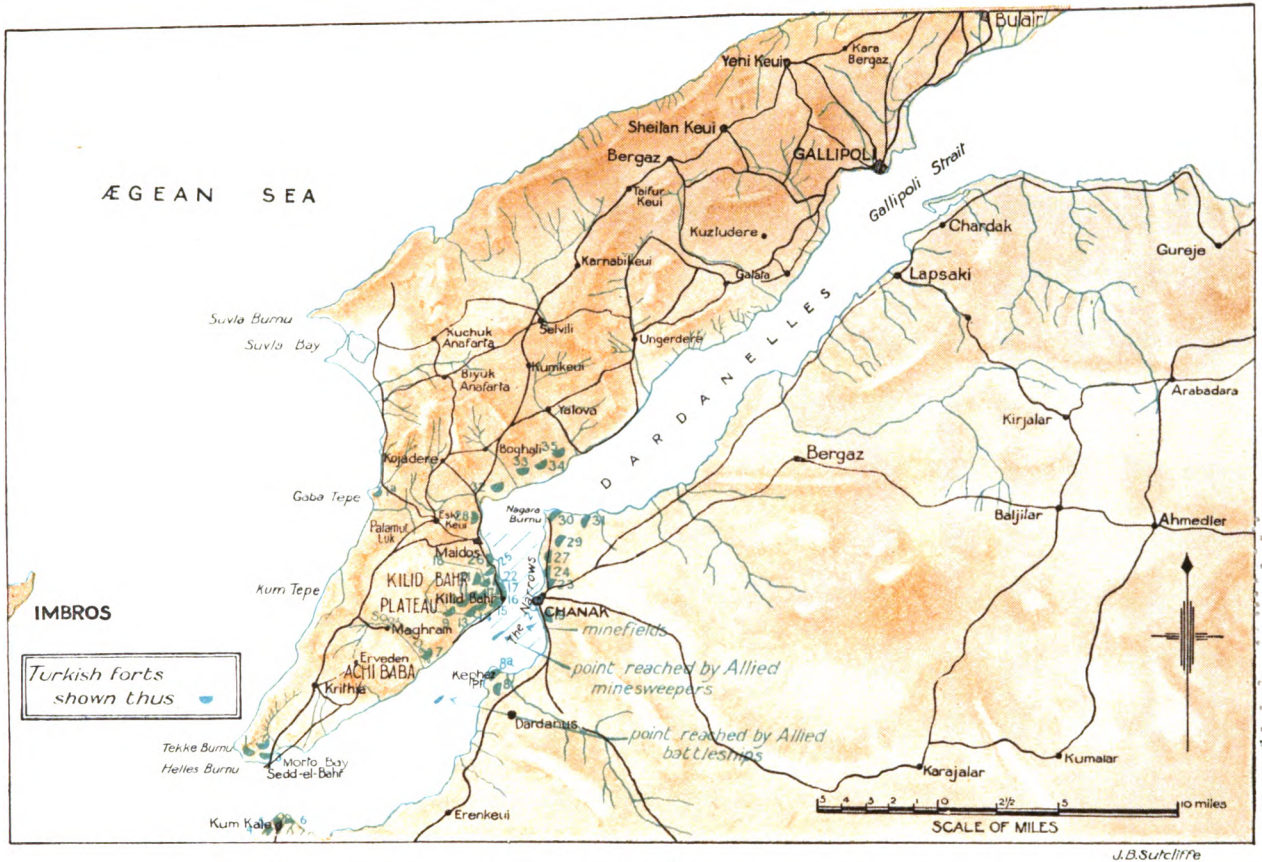

Map No. 4

THE DARDANELLES, SHOWING THE KNOWN TURKISH FORTS AT THE TIME OF THE NAVAL ATTACK, FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1915

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moving on rails. In addition, the water of the strait, always flowing strongly towards the mouth, could be sown with drifting mines. Besides these more or less permanent defences, British consuls had reported since September the constant arrival at the Dardanelles of field-guns and field-howitzers, old and new.

When once Nagara, fifteen miles from the entrance, was passed, there would be no obstruction worth fearing except mines and the battle-cruiser *Goeben*, which generally lay at Constantinople. The British submarine *B11*, which had been fitted with special guards at the bows, had already, under Commander Holbrook, dived beneath five rows of mines and torpedoed the Turkish cruiser *Messudieh*, while she lay anchored in Sari Siglar Bay guarding the minefield.

There was upon the Peninsula one other series of fortifications worth mention, although it did not affect the naval attack. At the north-eastern end of the Peninsula, near the point at which the channel broadens into the Sea of Marmora, is the Greek town of Gallipoli. Six miles north-east of that town, and immediately before joining the mainland, the Peninsula becomes very narrow and is crossed by a stream and a belt of low land. Here, where the land is only three miles wide, near the village of Bulair, was the famous system of fortifications known as the Bulair Lines, constructed by the British, French, and Turks in the Crimean War. The lines faced the mainland, with a view to guarding against an invasion of the Peninsula from that end. Besides the towns and villages already enumerated, the only others upon the Peninsula calling for mention are Maidos, upon the Narrows, on a small plain under the hills north of Kilid Bahr, and Krithia, four and a half miles from the toe of the Peninsula on the slopes of its first large hill, Achi Baba. Maidos and Krithia were Greek villages inhabited by millers, small traders, and fishermen.

Such were the straits which the British Admiralty had undertaken to force. Under Admiral Carden's plan the fleet was to make the attack in four stages: first, to reduce the forts at the mouth of the Dardanelles; second, to sweep clear of mines the first few miles inside the straits, and then reduce the forts at Point Kephez, eight miles inwards from the

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entrance; third, to destroy the defences of the Narrows; and fourth, to clear a channel through the great minefield between Kephez and the Narrows, reduce the forts further up, and advance into the Sea of Marmora. The passage of the actual Narrows would take only ten minutes. The Chief of Staff at the Admiralty had estimated that, out of a squadron of eight battleships forcing the passage, only two would get through, and those damaged. A second squadron of eight, following on the heels of the first, might pass more easily He held that it was necessary to ensure the passage of eight battleships, together with one fast battle-cruiser to catch the *Goeben*. Lord Fisher expected a loss of twelve ships.

On January 29th, the day after the attack was decided upon, Churchill ordered from all the seas a concentration of the special fleet for the purpose. Four large modern ships and ten old battleships were collected from England, Egypt, Gibraltar, the Bay of Biscay, and elsewhere. The French had contributed a squadron of four old battleships. The newer vessels were necessary for reducing those forts which had large modern guns, and also for dealing with the *Goeben* afterwards. As a matter of fact there was only one ship in the fleet which could catch the *Goeben*. Another which should have been equal to the task was the great new battle-cruiser or battleship (she has been termed both) *Queen Elizabeth*, carrying eight 15-in. guns, the first of her type and the most powerful ship upon the seas. She was designed to steam twenty-five knots, but, for some reason, she had at this juncture lost some of her speed. Moreover, on April 12th, after the danger of the Narrows had been proved in the great naval attack, Churchill warned the Admiral that the *Queen Elizabeth* must not attempt to pass them. The *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon* were two battleships of a type of their own (not quite so modern as the *Dreadnought*), carrying a very heavy armament of four 12-in. guns and no less than ten 9.2-inch. But their speed was only eighteen knots. The fourth modern ship, the battle-cruiser *Inflexible*, somewhat of the *Goeben's* own type, was thus the only one which could overtake her.

Of the ten older battleships, eight (the *Majestic*, *Prince George*, *Canopus*, *Ocean*, *Vengeance*, *Albion*, *Irresistible*, and *Cornwallis*) carried four 12-in. and twelve 6-in. guns;

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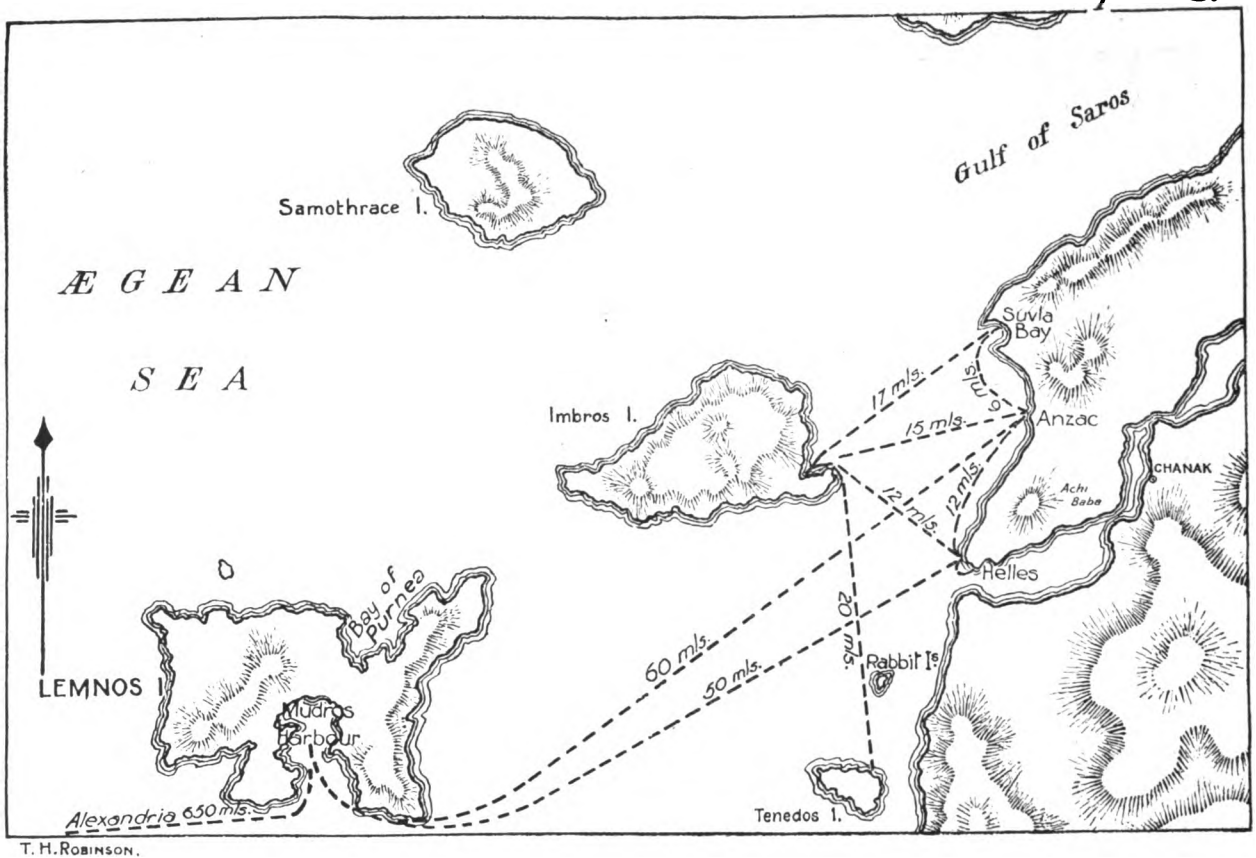
Map No 5.



T. H. Robinson.

Lemnos, Imbros, Tenedos and the Dardanelles

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two (the *Triumph* and *Swiftsure*, which were originally built for Chile) possessed a peculiar and inconvenient armament of four 10-in. and fourteen 7.5-in. guns. The old French battleships (*Bouvet*, *Charlemagne*, *Gaulois*, and *Suffren*) carried much the same guns as these British vessels. Besides the battleships there were a number of cruisers, destroyers, fast cross-channel packet-boats fitted to go ahead of the fleet as "mine-sweepers," twenty-one slower and smaller British trawlers for ordinary mine-sweeping, a seaplane carrier (the *Ark Royal*), fourteen French trawlers, several French torpedo-boats, and the collection of small fry which accompanies a modern fleet. Rear-Admiral J. M. de Robeck was sent out as second-in-command, and Commodore R. J. B. Keyes as Chief of Staff to Admiral Carden.

It was necessary for this fleet to have a harbour to which it could return for coal and oil, food, water, ammunition, and other supplies; and, both for small ships and large, the closer this base the better. The Dardanelles and the islands of the Ægean belong to a submerged mountain system, whose old volcanic summits, protruding from every part of the sea, form the Grecian Archipelago, while their sunken craters or valleys afford several wonderful landlocked harbours. The large island of Mitylene, off the coast of Asia Minor, about fifty miles south of the entrance of the Dardanelles, has two such harbours. Tenedos, a small island a few miles south of the entrance, has no harbour, though ships can get some shelter in the anchorage; Imbros, a larger and steeper island, twelve miles north-west of the mouth of the Dardanelles, has a small one at Kephalos, sheltered from all but easterly winds. In Samothrace, which rises like a sheer mountain-top half-way between Imbros and the Bulgarian coast, there is none. Lemnos possesses the finest haven of all in Mudros Bay, sixty miles steaming west from the mouth of the Dardanelles. This island, although hilly, is not so mountainous as most in the archipelago. The harbour nearly cuts it in two, and the winds sweeping over the low neck at the north and from other directions often raise such a sea that it is difficult for small boats to ply, or for heavy ships to hold to their anchors. It was a harbour well-known to the British Fleet in peace time.

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All these islands, although inhabited by Greeks (as were most of the Turkish coasts), had belonged to Turkey until the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913, when Greece had seized them. At the end of those wars the Turks refused to give up their claim to them, making no secret of their intention of re-occupying them as soon as their fleet was strengthened by the battleships building in England. After Turkey entered the Great War, the Greek Government, under the patriot statesman Venizelos, was approached by the British and French Governments with a view to obtaining for the Allies the assistance of Greece in Serbia, Gallipoli, or towards Constantinople. Venizelos was strongly favourable to the proposal. In February, 1915, a few days before the bombardment, his Government offered Lemnos to the Allies as a base for their fleet watching the Dardanelles. Venizelos withdrew the Greek troops from the batteries guarding the harbour, and asked that the guns should be looked after by the British. Rear-Admiral Wemyss[4] was appointed Governor of Lemnos and commanded the base; and a brigade of British marines, under General Trotman, was landed. The Allies also occupied Tenedos, and later Imbros, the Greek Government retaining for itself some civil control. Venizelos promised troops for Gallipoli, but what assistance he might have given will never be known, for he resigned on March 6th, owing to the objections of the King of Greece to his policy. Mitylene also was used by the Allies, but never to the same extent as Lemnos, Imbros, and Tenedos.

The bombardment of the Dardanelles on the 19th of February, 1915, came as a shock to Turkey and a surprise to the world. The *Queen Elizabeth* and *Agamemnon* had not yet arrived; they reached the Dardanelles that evening. The firing began at 10 a.m. against the two main forts—Fort No. 1, north of the mouth at Cape Helles, and Fort No. 4, at Kum Kale on the south side. In these there were modern 9.4-in. guns. Both British and French ships fired well, at long range. Again and again 12-in. shells seemed to hit the forts. No shots came in reply. Some of the ships were therefore ordered in, as had been planned, to destroy the older forts at

[4] Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rosslyn E. Wemyss, G.C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O. First Sea Lord 1917/18.

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close range. Still no reply came. Fire was then stopped in order to examine the forts. At once, for the first time that day, all the four guns in Forts 1 and 4 opened fire. The ships shelled them again. Yet at nightfall, when the fleet drew off, although the great naval shells had torn clouds of dust and débris from the ground about them, some of the guns in the southern forts were still firing. In the others the gun crews had apparently been driven from the guns.

A few days of wild weather followed, for throughout the winter, until the month of April, these coasts are liable to be swept by heavy gales. On February 25th the fleet attacked again. Since the ships' guns had failed at long range to destroy those of the land batteries, a different plan was tried. The *Queen Elizabeth* and the larger ships helped at long range to keep down the fire, and at a later stage the older battleships twice ran past the forts, coming in as close as 700 or 800 yards, and endeavouring to make a direct hit upon each Turkish gun. In the first stage the *Agamemnon*, at 10.16 a.m., opened at 10,000 yards on the two new guns in Fort 1. Fort 1 replied, and at 10.33 it was finding the range so well that the *Agamemnon* was ordered to withdraw. In the next ten minutes, before she could get clear, she was hit from this fort seven times, but the shells failed to burst. Fort 1 then attacked the French battleship *Gaulois*, but by turning all her guns upon it the *Gaulois* escaped unhurt. All day the ships battered the forts. A 15-in. shell of the *Queen Elizabeth* hit Fort 1 and left one gun pointing in the air and the other invisible. Yet at 3 p.m., when the *Albion* and *Triumph* went in to 2,000 yards to destroy them, both forts fired. By 4 p.m., after a further shelling, they were silent.

It was obviously idle first to drive the Turks from the forts and then to let them peacefully re-occupy and repair them. Next day, therefore, marines—though only a mere handful—were landed on each side of the straits. At Kum Kale their landing took the Turks by surprise, and the marines entered Forts 4 and 6. At Helles they reached Fort 3. But Fort 1, which was guarded by Turks in some minor earthworks on the slopes up to the cliffs, they could not approach. In the forts which they examined they found seventy per cent. of the guns still in a serviceable condition and intact on their mountings, although

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their electric or other connections were probably broken. In Fort 4 one of the guns stood loaded ready to fire.

The position now was that the forts at the entrance had been shelled and badly damaged, but it was not known how far their silence could be depended upon. Accordingly on March 1st—the next possible day, a gale having intervened—a party was landed at Fort 6 and destroyed it. This time the landing party was attacked. The destroyers shelled the enemy away. Three days later—March 4th—it was decided to land a larger force on each side of the entrance, in order to make certain that the modern forts (1 and 4) were absolutely destroyed. Each demolition party was on this occasion covered by a body of 250 marines. At Kum Kale, on the south side, the smaller body failed to reach Fort 4. The Turks were in a number of well-concealed trenches, and, when the demolition party tried to retire, it found that the enemy had crept into a cemetery which commanded the retreat. The ships could not shell them, for fear of hitting their own men, while seaplanes, flying very low, were unable to find the Turkish trenches. Under cover of fire from destroyers the force at last withdrew; with a loss of 22 killed, 22 wounded, and 3 missing. Some had to be brought off by a search party which landed after dark.

The landing party at Sedd-el-Bahr could not advance at all, and after five hours ashore it was taken off. The ease of the previous landing on February 26th gave rise to a story that the marines in the early days picnicked on Achi Baba; but in truth they were never much beyond the beach, and the trenches beside Fort 1, at Helles, which cost the British Army so dear on April 25th, were unapproachable even in February.

The forts at the mouth had thus not been demolished. Nevertheless it was decided to push on with the next stage of the operations—the clearing of the great minefield, which was protected by the guns and searchlights of Fort 8 on Kephez Point, and of Fort 7 in the deep Soghun Dere (Soghun Valley) behind Achi Baba. In order to free themselves from shell fire the mine-sweepers entered the straits at night. They began on the night of March 1st, by sweeping clear the water below Kephez Point, in order to admit the battleships which were to fire on the Kephez forts. On March 2nd the old battleships *Canopus*, *Swiftsure*, and *Cornwallis* came in and bombarded

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Forts 8 and 7; others bombarded the same forts next day. Howitzer batteries in unknown positions, which seaplanes failed to discover, were continually hitting the ships. But the forts were temporarily silenced. Accordingly a beginning was made with the third stage—the silencing of the main forts at the Narrows while the mine-sweepers went up and began their work upon the great minefield.

This phase began on March 5th. The Narrows forts were to be bombarded first at long range. For this purpose the *Queen Elizabeth* stood off the outer shore of the Peninsula and threw her huge shells clear over the Peninsula and the straits at the Chanak forts. Her position was just off that small promontory of Gaba Tepe (Rough Hill) which was soon to become famous. On Gaba Tepe was an old police post; the cliffs had been entrenched, and a battery, if not more than one, in a fold of the land near-by flung its small shells at the *Queen Elizabeth* and hit her several times. Inside the straits the older ships were firing on the minefield forts and on those upon the slopes of Kilid Bahr. This went on daily, the sweepers working at night. On March 7th the *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon* attacked at 14,000 yards the two nearest forts at Kilid Bahr and Chanak (13 and 19). Both ships were hit by heavy shells. Next day the *Queen Elizabeth* began firing from inside the straits.

During the five nights which followed, the trawlers and other mine-sweeping craft made a desperate effort to sweep the main minefield at Kephez. On the night of the 10th they actually penetrated to a point above the minefield, and endeavoured to sweep down with the strong current. To give them a chance to work undisturbed, the battleship *Canopus* went after dark far up the straits close to Kephez Point, and attempted to smash its searchlight. But every time her guns flashed, it either turned its blinding eye full upon her, so that she could not see where the shot fell, or else closed down its steel eyelids till the shell had burst, and then opened them again. Nothing could subdue the searchlights. The trawlers were discovered, and there rained round them such a fire from howitzers and light guns that only two of the bewildered boats were able to get out their sweeping gear. Next night the sweepers tried again, but again they were unable to face the

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shower of howitzer shells. The following night the French trawlers made an attempt with the same result. On the fourth night, as there was some dissatisfaction among certain of the fishermen in the trawlers, volunteers from the ships of the navy took in the boats. They, too, managed to get above the minefield. But again, under the light of six searchlights and a rain of shells from howitzers, field-guns, and at least three of the forts, only two succeeded in putting out their sweeps.

During the Gallipoli campaign Australians learned enough of the British Navy to make it certain that, when volunteers from the Navy failed, no soldier or sailor on earth could have succeeded. The attempt to sweep the minefield by night was given up. The only course remaining seemed to be to attempt the task by day, when the battleships might be able to silence with their fire the forts and some of the batteries which had made it impossible at night. Accordingly the next three days were spent in clearing the area below Kephez, in which the ships would have to manœuvre while they were endeavouring to silence the forts of the Narrows.

In the meantime, however, Churchill, and those who knew how little progress had really been made, were becoming increasingly anxious for a decision one way or the other. The results had been the same as at all times when ships have attacked land defences. Even the outer forts had been only partially destroyed. As for those of the Narrows, when the Australian Historical Mission visited them at the end of the war, after these and all later bombardments, it could find scarcely any trace of damage to the forts at Chanak and Kilid Bahr. There were indeed a number of shell-holes within the area of the Kilid Bahr forts, and one or two hits upon the grass parapets; the old stone castle of Chanak had been struck in one place; but there was no trace of damage to any gun or emplacement visited by the Mission; the shell-holes could not compare with those ordinarily found round a moderately shelled battery in France; even the buildings in the forts, except in one instance, appeared to be intact.

The public did not realise these facts. The world was deeply impressed by the might of the British Fleet thrown against the Turkish fortifications. The stories of those tremendous bombardments by huge guns were having their

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effect upon neutral nations. Bulgaria was reported by a British envoy to be swinging to the Allied side; it was even thought possible that she would fling in her army against Turkey. The Greek Government, which on February 15th had refused to send a force, even with one British and one French division added, to assist the Serbians, offered on March 1st three divisions for Gallipoli. Even Italy, which was tending towards the Allies, seems to have been spurred on by the news from the Dardanelles.

But those on the spot knew that the reports of success were hollow. The great naval guns had been proved unable to do from the sea what the heavy howitzer could do on the land. The howitzer is a short-barrelled cannon, which, instead of sending its shell as a long gun does, swift and low at its target, "lobs" it slowly and high through the air so that the missile descends upon the target from the sky. The howitzer is, of course, out of sight of the object at which it aims, and is directed by an observer who goes forward on the ground or in an aeroplane to a point from which he can see the fall of his shells round the target. He then telegraphs directions to lengthen or shorten the range until he places the shells directly upon the target itself. In modern land warfare even a gun (that is to say, a cannon with a long barrel), throwing its projectiles with high velocity and low trajectory, generally fires from a position out of view of the enemy and most difficult to locate. But whereas a shell from a gun, flying low and with a course almost parallel to the ground, may not, if the aim be a little too high, strike the earth for a great distance beyond the target, a well-aimed shell from a howitzer, falling at a steep angle from the sky, will, if it misses the target, explode on the ground close to it. While the forts at Namur were subjected to a plunging and easily directed fire from heavy howitzers firing from unknown positions, the forts of the Dardanelles were attacked by a grazing, and therefore erratic, fire from ships whose gunflashes the Turkish artillerymen could watch. The fierce shriek of a great high-velocity shell swishing low overhead, and the dust and noise of the burst, may have frightened the gunners of the forts into cover; but when, time after time, the shells burst harmlessly a hundred yards behind the target, or merely threw up

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huge earth-clouds from the other side of the grass ramparts, such shellfire was an experience to which in this war brave men very soon became accustomed.

When the first naval attacks were imminent, steps were taken in England to provide the army which would be necessary when the fleet had forced the Dardanelles. Notions as to the duties of this force were vague, but Lord Kitchener thought that a small part of it would be needed to hold the Bulair Lines, it being assumed that the Turks would evacuate the Peninsula as soon as the fleet passed it. The small force at Bulair would then have the duty of preventing the Turks from reinvading the Peninsula. The rest of the army would go on to the neighbourhood of Constantinople, occupy the Bosphorus, and "overawe" the capital. The Russian Fleet in the Black Sea not being strong enough to deal with the *Goeben* or the forts and garrison of the Bosphorus, the British Fleet and Army would first have that work to do. Then, having opened the Bosphorus, they would let in a Russian fleet and transports with 40,000 Russian troops to attack or occupy Constantinople. The Russians would not have agreed to the Greeks approaching that city; if the Gallipoli campaign had succeeded Constantinople would beyond a doubt have gone to Russia.

What troops Britain was to send to Constantinople had been settled at a meeting, not of the regular War Council, but of some of the Ministers composing it, on February 16th. It was decided to prepare a landing force of 50,000 men, and to send out at once to Lemnos the 29th Division, hitherto intended for France. Four days later Lord Kitchener, who had suddenly become very anxious as to a German offensive which he believed to be threatening in France, himself cancelled the order for the sailing of this division. At the same time he telegraphed to Sir John Maxwell to warn the 30,000 troops of the Australian and New Zealand contingents to prepare for this service. Already 2,000 marines had been concentrated at Lemnos to assist the navy in occupying the captured forts, and 8,000 more (apparently the troops of the Royal Naval Division) would be there by about March 13th. The French Government also promised a division of 18,000 men by about the same date. Transports to carry the Australians would reach Alexandria

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about March 9th. But as the Navy might need a certain force before then, Kitchener instructed Sir John Maxwell to despatch at once any troops needed by the Admiral, obtaining transports for them locally. The command of the whole military force which would act with the Navy in the Dardanelles was entrusted to General Birdwood. As Kitchener anticipated, certain advanced troops were required, in case the naval attacks in March should succeed. An Australian brigade was therefore sent immediately to Lemnos. General Bridges having chosen the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade, it left Mena Camp on February 28th with the 1st Field Company of Engineers, the 3rd Field Ambulance, and the brigade transport. Part of the Australian Field Bakery and the 1st Australian Casualty Clearing Station went with them.

It had become clear that, before proceeding to Constantinople, the troops might have to be used in Gallipoli, landing in small parties to occupy forts silenced by the Navy. Kitchener believed that the Admiral might need them for operations against howitzer batteries, as well as at Bulair and Constantinople. But being very anxious not to be entangled on the Gallipoli Peninsula at all, if possible, he would not have such operations undertaken except on the direct request of the Admiral, and not even then, if there were any danger of the troops becoming involved in extensive fighting. "Remember," he telegraphed to General Birdwood, "that there are large enemy forces stationed on both sides of the straits."

Lord Kitchener was certainly nervous lest the clearing of howitzers from mountain valleys might prove a difficult undertaking. Yet the lightheartedness with which the documents speak of clearing guns out of Gallipoli valleys or taking the forts in reverse seems, in the light of after events, almost madness. Churchill, though he stated that he did not contemplate a land attack, was anxious for more troops, and he bitterly resented the holding back of the 29th Division and of certain Territorials. Kitchener considered that, for the minor operations to which he was determined to restrict the army, General Birdwood's force of 60,000—Australasian troops, marines and Frenchmen—would be sufficient. So uneasy was he at the vagueness as to the use to be made of the army, that he ordered General Birdwood to the Dardanelles to confer with

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Admiral Carden and find out the exact nature of the work which Carden proposed that it should do. He further instructed Birdwood to send him a separate and private report deducing from the results of the bombardment up to date the Navy's prospects of success in forcing the passage unaided by the Army. He impressed on Birdwood by telegram that the troops at Lemnos were " not so much for operations on the Gallipoli Peninsula as for operations . . . in the neighbourhood of Constantinople."

General Birdwood sailed for the Dardanelles in the *Swiftsure* on February 24th, and on March 4th saw Admiral Carden. He was taken round Morto Bay and as far up the straits as it were possible to go, and was at once convinced that the fleet could not get through without large military operations. "I went up in the *Irresistible*," he said afterwards, "with Admiral de Robeck, and as we went up we were fired upon. Shots fell all round us, and neither he nor I had the least idea where the shots came from, nor had anyone else. Some said one side, some the other." Birdwood's private opinion, telegraphed confidentially to Kitchener, was: "I am very doubtful if the Navy can force the passage unassisted. . . . The forts taken so far have been very visible and easy." Admiral Carden, he added, having been instructed to force the passage as a purely naval operation, intended to do so if possible. But unless the fleet could silence the guns which were in hidden positions, it would have to do one of two things—either attempt to force the passage, ignoring the fire of hidden guns, or else co-operate with the Army in destroying them. The latter would mean a much more serious undertaking than the "minor operations" which Lord Kitchener contemplated. "Any guns are certain to be in strong positions abounding everywhere and covered strongly by entrenched infantry."

General Birdwood made it quite clear that in his opinion a landing of all his troops would be needed. In that case he proposed to make the landing at Cape Helles, and to advance swiftly[5] up the Peninsula as far as the line from Kilid Bahr to Gaba Tepe, which (he understood) had been heavily en-

[5] At this time it was calculated that Achi Baba could be reached in three days.

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trenched by the Turks. From there he would be able to take the Kilid Bahr defence in reverse. He might then transfer part of his force to the Asiatic side to take in rear the Chanak defences; finally he would march up the Peninsula to Bulair, where, having the co-operation of the Navy, he anticipated no great difficulty.

The undertaking foreshadowed by General Birdwood was clearly a large military operation of a nature entirely different from that of the minor operations anticipated by Lord Kitchener. Kitchener decided to permit the 29th Division to sail, bringing Birdwood's army up to 80,000 men.

In the meantime the French Government had appointed to the command of the French contingent General Albert d'Amade, who had commanded the French Army of the Alps and a Territorial group in the north of France. General d'Amade had led an expedition in Morocco in 1907, and had been attached to the British Army during the South African War. He was a senior officer, and the question suggested itself how far he would be pleased to act under the command of a very junior British Lieutenant-General such as Birdwood. The British Government accordingly thought it wise to select a senior British officer for the supreme command of the force. The choice fell—it was believed at the time to be in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Asquith—upon General Sir Ian Hamilton.

Hamilton was appointed early in March. His instructions, which were given to him on March 13th, on the eve of sailing, made it clear that Kitchener himself was still uncertain whether minor landings or operations on a large scale would be necessary. Kitchener definitely informed Sir Ian that large operations would only be undertaken if "the fleet failed to get through after every effort had been exhausted."

It was while these arrangements for the army were in progress that the fleet had made its gallant, though futile, attempts to sweep the Narrows by night. Their result had been nothing. Time was slipping by, and the Admiralty had manifestly to discover whether success was or was not possible without the Army's help. Winston Churchill therefore telegraphed on March 11th to Admiral Carden that the Admiralty recognised the necessity, at some time in the operations, of his pressing

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hard for a decision. So far there had been no loss of ships, but the object justified losses if unavoidable. "We suggest for your consideration that a point has now been reached," he said, "when it is necessary to overwhelm the forts of the Narrows at decisive range by bringing to bear upon them the fire of the greatest number of guns, great and small." Admiral Carden fully concurred. A great attack was ordered, but, two days before it occurred, Carden was placed by the medical officers upon the sick list. Rear-Admiral de Robeck succeeded him, being given the rank of Vice-Admiral in order to keep the command in British hands. De Robeck agreed that the attack suggested by Churchill must be made. Everything, he said, depended upon the ability of the Navy to clear the minefield, and that achievement in its turn depended upon whether the ships could silence the forts while the minesweepers were at work.

On March 18th, the day after that on which Hamilton arrived from England—having made the journey from Marseilles in four days in the new light cruiser *Phaeton*—the great attempt upon the Dardanelles took place. The first part of the plan was that, while an outer squadron opened the bombardment at long range, an inner squadron should stand in and endeavour to silence the forts. The outer squadron consisted of the four modern ships *Queen Elizabeth*, *Inflexible*, *Agamemnon*, and *Lord Nelson*. With destroyers ahead of them, and with the older battleships *Triumph* and *Prince George* nearer to the shore on either beam, the big ships opened fire at about 11.30 a.m. upon Forts 19, 20, 13, 17, and other forts in the Narrows. They were 14,400 yards from the forts, whose guns were unable to reach them, though every ship was hit by howitzers and field-guns firing from they knew not where. By noon the fire of the heavy howitzers had noticeably slackened, and thereupon a squadron of older ships was ordered to come through to closer range. This inner squadron consisted of the four French battleships. At noon Forts 7, 9, 13, 18, and 19 were firing, and possibly Fort 16, but there had been explosions in Forts 13 and 20. The fort (8) on Kephez Point had ceased fire, but the one opposite in the Soghun Dere was difficult to hit. The shore guns had been shooting at the observation platforms upon the masts of

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the battleships, whence the gunnery officers were directing the fire. They had killed the two officers in the *Inflexible's* fire-control platform; the ship's bridge was burning fiercely; a picket-boat beside her had been sunk. But by a little before 2 p.m. the forts were nearly silent. The French inner squadron was recalled, and a second inner squadron, consisting of old British battleships, was called up to take its place, while the mine-sweepers were ordered forward to clear the mine-field.

The French squadron turned. As it came out, there was a heavy explosion with red-black smoke, beside the *Bouvet*, the second ship. She sank in two minutes. It was thought at the time that a shell had exploded her magazines. Nearly all her crew perished.

The forts were practically silent at this time. Only the great guns of the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Lord Nelson* were firing. But as the mine-sweepers came up, there broke upon them such a storm of scattered howitzer and field-gun shells that they could not reach the Kephez minefield, and they were therefore put to sweep the area in which the *Bouvet* sank. About this time the line of old British battleships passed through—*Vengeance, Irresistible, Albion, Ocean, Swiftsure, Majestic.* Only Fort 19 was firing at all rapidly.

It was three-quarters of an hour later that a huge explosion, thought to be that of a heavy shell, occurred beside the *Irresistible.* Presently it was seen that she had a slight list. Half an hour later a mine exploded against the side of the great modern cruiser *Inflexible,* a ship whose loss would have been serious, Britain's margin in capital ships being all too small. She was ordered out of the line. At the same time it was noticed that the *Irresistible* was not moving. No word could be obtained from her. A small ship was therefore ordered to go to her and discover what had happened.

It was found that the *Irresistible* had been struck, not by a shell, but by a mine. The waters had evidently been flooded with drifting mines, probably since the attack began. The inner squadron was therefore ordered out and the attack called off.

It was now about 5 p.m. Volunteers remained for hours in the sinking *Irresistible.* But it was impossible to head her

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round for towing; the fleet could not be risked indefinitely among these mines; and she was therefore abandoned in mid-stream. It was known that the current would bring her towards the mouth of the straits, and it was decided to send up small craft after dark to take her in tow. As the ships were withdrawing, the *Ocean* also struck a mine. She too was abandoned at about 7.30 p.m. The fleet left the straits with these two old battleships sinking slowly in the stream behind it. Darkness came down; destroyers went up-stream to find and, if possible, take in tow the two ships; but no trace could be seen of them. They had foundered in the dark.

It was towards the end of this afternoon that Sir Ian Hamilton, who earlier in the day had been reconnoitring the northern shore of the Gallipoli Peninsula, arrived in the straits. What he saw, as his ship hove up, made a profound impression upon him. "There was an area of free water," he said afterwards, "and they let me go in there and see it in a small vessel. The big ships were bombarding, but they seemed very much tied in and restricted. The ships belching out all the while from their big guns, the black clouds caused by the explosions over the forts—I shall not soon forget it. We had been there about an hour watching the mine-sweepers at work—quite small craft, with the shells from the forts bursting right over them—when we got a message from the *Inflexible* to say she had been mined, and asking us to stand by in case she sank. The signal could not be made by wireless because their gear was all shot away. Presently we saw her coming down the straits. I shall never forget the sight. All round her quite close came a small crowd of mine-sweepers and destroyers. They were very close, almost pressed up against her, anxiously following her in case she sank. Her crew were all standing round the decks perfectly steady. She was a little down by the head, not very much, but they didn't know what might happen—each minute we might have seen her slip under."

The mining of the *Inflexible* was too serious to be published by the Admiralty, and the world was informed that she had received some damage from shell fire. As a matter of fact she was very nearly lost. A great hole was blown in her about the torpedo flat and near one of the magazines.

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The water-tight doors were shut at once. About thirty men were killed by the shock, but the ship struggled to Tenedos and thence to Lemnos. A patch enabled her with difficulty to reach Malta.

The first great attempt had failed. Those who had made it were entirely in the dark as to what was the position on the Turkish side of the veil. They did not know whether the ships which had been sunk were struck by mines or torpedoes, and to this day it is a subject of dispute.

Had the British admiral been aware of the Turkish side of the picture, it cannot be doubted that his course of action after this battle would have been different. It so happened that on this afternoon a Turkish regiment, which was in reserve near Maidos, was carrying out field exercises on the flats behind the village. The sound of the bombardment was heavier than usual, and the Turkish officers noticed that the guns of the forts shot more and more slowly and finally became silent. Guessing that the British were trying to force the passage, they became very anxious, but to their surprise nothing followed. On inquiring afterwards, they were told that the silence of the Turkish guns was due to their running short of ammunition.

There seems to be no doubt of this, and on the strength of it the statement has been made that the British Fleet, had it only held on a little longer, could have forced the straits. If this means that the fleet could have got through that day, the comment is not justified. Practically all the damage to the ships was caused by mines or torpedoes. Until these were out of the way, the fleet could not hope to get through; and the minefield could never have been swept that night. What is possible is that two or three days of persistent attack would have exhausted the ammunition, not only of forts but of howitzers, to such an extent that the mine-sweepers might have been able to do their work. It cannot be doubted that, if de Robeck had realised how short of ammunition the Turkish guns had become, he would have forced them to spend it. This would have left a risk, difficult to calculate, from drifting mines and from the shore torpedo-tubes which had been placed in the Narrows. The ships would have had to move within 500 to

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800 yards of the Kilid Bahr tubes, whose crews, however, would have been under heavy strain and in very great danger of being seen.

If the fleet had succeeded in reaching Constantinople, it is possible that a revolution would have overturned the Government. The naval intelligence branch had information that this would happen, and most Englishmen with experience of Egypt and India believed it likely. But the Young Turks were not quite like any other oriental faction. Enver had carefully weeded out every opponent from the army, and had officered it with Young Turks. Ambitious, vain, and unscrupulous though he himself was, there were among these officers many genuine nationalists, far more sincere in their policy of "Turkey for the Turks" than was realised. The fleet could have striven to overawe the people of Constantinople by bombarding the barracks on the hills around, flinging some big shells into the Turkish War Office, and perhaps, after due warning, levelling the Sultan's palaces. The Turkish Government expected this, and prepared for it. But the bombardment of an undefended city crowded with harmless civilians, many of them friendly to the Allies, was unthinkable. If no revolution happened within a fortnight, the fleet would have been compelled to withdraw and to force a passage back through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean. This is precisely what happened when, in 1807, Vice-Admiral Duckworth took a British Fleet to Constantinople.

The British Government was prepared to go on with the naval attack. The officers of the ships expected orders to renew it. Until the very end of the Peninsula Campaign many of them believed that the fleet could get through, probably losing all ships except the last two or three. Whenever the army was held up after its many hopeless attacks, naval men would say with a laugh: "The Government will wire to us—'Your turn next.'" They were fully prepared to do their part. Had the word come, with a laugh they would have sailed in to their death.

But the word never came. Churchill intended to give it, and Admiral de Robeck seemed at first to concur with him. But three days later the Admiral's attitude had definitely

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changed. He appears to have found that the danger from mines was far greater than had been realised. He conferred aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* with Sir Ian Hamilton (who had telegraphed to General Birdwood to meet him there), and the heads of the army and the fleet on the spot decided that the only feasible method of getting the fleet through the straits was to undertake a grand attack by landing an army to fight upon the Peninsula while the fleet fought beside it on the sea. De Robeck telegraphed his views to the Admiralty. Though Churchill was still for pressing the naval attack, everyone else was now against it. Hamilton informed Lord Kitchener: "If the army is to participate, its operations will not take the subsidiary form anticipated. The army's share will not be a case of landing parties for the destruction of forts, but . . . a deliberate and progressive military operation carried out in force to make good the passage of the navy."

Kitchener thus had the alternative clearly put to him. Churchill's alluring vision of the power of the naval gun, which had enticed the great soldier into the undertaking, had proved false. It was a case either of a great military expedition or of a withdrawal. Kitchener replied that, if large military operations on the Peninsula were necessary, they must be carried through.

The great decision was taken. The Dardanelles Campaign became military in character. The high-water mark of the Navy's operations had already been passed. The furthest points arrived at in the early days of the bombardment by the little *Amethyst*, sweeping nightly for mines just north of Kephez Point, and by the *Canopus*, firing at searchlights from a little south of the point, were never afterwards within reach. In the early days the battleships would "stop for lunch" far up the Dardanelles without a shot being fired at them. The only Turks they would see were a few in the Kereves Dere—looking on. In February a handful of men had landed with ease, and ships sailed many miles up the straits. A few months later a battleship could scarcely venture into the mouth of the Dardanelles. The Soghun Dere and the Asiatic side became full of guns, and every time a ship remained motionless, even in Morto Bay at the entrance of the straits, she would almost certainly be hit by a shell from the valleys.

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So, through a Churchill's excess of imagination, a layman's ignorance of artillery, and the fatal power of a young enthusiasm to convince older and slower brains, the tragedy of Gallipoli was born.

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CHAPTER X

THE CORPS LEAVES EGYPT

GALLIPOLI was to be invaded in order to help the Navy to force the straits. The first plans were conceived at the conference of March 22nd in the *Queen Elizabeth*, when de Robeck and Hamilton decided to suggest the abandonment of a purely naval attack, and the employment of the army, originally intended for use at Constantinople, in securing with the Navy the passage of the Dardanelles.

How could the Army best help the Navy to pass the Narrows? It was, of course, the duty of the General Staff at the War Office in peace time to study such questions, and this very problem had been examined in 1906. But Sir Ian Hamilton had not been supplied with the papers which resulted. He and his staff must hurriedly study the problem as if it had never been considered before. The only ready-made plan to which they had access was one drawn up by the staff of the Greek Army for an attack upon the Dardanelles.

Normally the General Staff at the War Office should have seen that every available item of information was supplied. But under Lord Kitchener the General Staff had practically ceased to exist. The British Army had an organisation intended to secure efficiency in war. It was supposed to be administered by an "Army Council," composed of the heads of its great departments, chief among which was the General Staff. Previous Secretaries of State had, as a matter of course, asked the advice of the Chief of the General Staff when making decisions concerning military operations. Whether they acted on his advice or not, they gave their decisions to him, and he issued the instructions to commanders in the field. When a commander abroad had a report to send in, or a request to make, he addressed it to the Chief of the General Staff. That officer either dealt with it himself or took it, with his recommendation, to the Minister for decision. This recognised method of good administration, whether in government or industry, was the only possible one, if the General Staff was to

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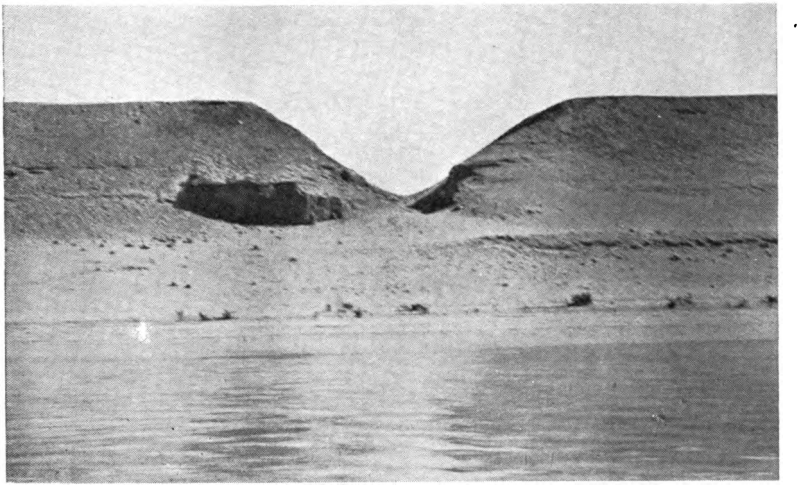

ONE OF THE GAPS IN THE EASTERN BANK OF THE SUEZ CANAL (NEAR TUSSUM POST) DOWN WHICH THE TURKS DRAGGED THEIR PONTOONS FROM THE DESERT, 3RD FEBRUARY, 1915

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1481. Taken in February, 1916.

Western bank (Indians, N.Z., with Lancs. Artillery).

Near Serapeum.

Eastern (Turkish) bank.

Near Tussum.

SUEZ CANAL SOUTH OF TUSSUM, FROM THE SHELF ACROSS WHICH THE TURKS DRAGGED THEIR BOATS ON 3RD FEBRUARY, 1915, SHOWING THE WESTERN BANK WHICH WAS DEFENDED BY INDIANS AND NEW ZEALANDERS

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1478. Taken in February, 1916.

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Narrows behind here. Kilid Bahr Plateau. Achi Baba.

Turkish Gun-pit. Turkish Gun-pit. The "Olive" Grove. Turkish Gun-pit.

THE KILID BAHR PLATEAU FROM NEAR GABA TEPE. THIS WAS THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE ANZAC TROOPS LOOKED AT IT. ACHI BABA (THE BRITISH OBJECTIVE) IS ON THE HORIZON AND THE TURKISH "OLIVE" GROVE GUN-PITS IN THE FOREGROUND

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1964 A.B. Taken in 1919. *To face p. 203.*

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grasp the problems which it had been specially established to solve.

But Lord Kitchener was a soldier-statesman, and, when he became the Minister responsible for the administration and conduct of the Army, he attempted to do that work himself. He almost completely ignored the General Staff. He did not ask its advice, but himself sent instructions direct to leaders in the field. Sometimes the General Staff was not even informed what those instructions were. He encouraged commanders whom he knew and trusted, such as Maxwell and Birdwood, to write directly to him. This was sometimes a great advantage to the troops, who had their wants brought immediately to the notice of the Minister, but it was an impossible system for the conduct of a great war.

But there is this to be said for Lord Kitchener's attitude. The British General Staff did not possess either his confidence or the nation's. It was suspected of moving still in the atmosphere of the hunt-club. In the years before the war its members had little belief in Kitchener, and he had small sympathy for them. He was a man of great simplicity, quite without subtlety, but one who could see large ends and pursue them by a straight path with a mighty will, careless of what people thought or felt. His experience in the East had made him an autocrat. He mistrusted the Ministers with whom he sat. He suspected that, if he informed them of his news or of his projects, some of these cherished secrets might reach other ears, and he therefore told them as little as possible. From the Prime Minister downwards they constantly sought information from such war correspondents or others from the front as they chanced to meet. Lord Kitchener's small personal staff could not give Sir Ian Hamilton the assistance which the General Staff would have supplied. Sir Ian, as has been said, had to face the problem as if it were entirely novel.

When Hamilton left the Dardanelles after the conference on March 22nd and sailed for Alexandria, all that had been decided was that the Army must help the Navy, and that the Army would wait until the 29th Division arrived. Hamilton had also indicated that he would probably choose to land at the toe of the Peninsula. But the final decision in this and every other part of the plan had still to be made. Hamilton's

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"administrative" staff had not yet arrived from England, and his attention during twelve crowded days in Egypt was largely taken up with matters of supply and transport. It was therefore not until he finally sailed from Egypt that his main plans were completed.

The most important question for decision was—Where should the army be thrown ashore? If a landing was to be made on the Gallipoli Peninsula, it was obvious that it must be attempted from the open sea, and not from inside the straits, where all the Turkish defences would bear directly upon it. On the other hand, the outer coast was so fringed with rough hills in the north and cliffs in the south that there were only a few possible points of landing. The most obvious of these was at Bulair, at the northern end of the Peninsula, near its junction with the mainland. Here the land falls low, and the Peninsula is only three miles in width from sea to sea. Any force which landed and threw itself across this neck would cut the land communication between Turkey and the Peninsula. Admiral Carden and Birdwood's own staff, almost to a man, had urged Birdwood to adopt this plan, and it was constantly cited afterwards as the obvious method of attack.

Birdwood had rejected Bulair for four reasons: first, it would in no way enable him to carry out his rôle of assisting the Navy: second, the only feasible landing-place at Bulair was on the northern side of the Bulair Lines, which must therefore be assaulted from the direction of the mainland—the precise contingency which these very strong entrenchments were expressly constructed to meet; third, troops landing at Bulair would be working from north to south, while the Navy would be attacking the Peninsula from south to north, and no co-operation would be possible as they advanced; fourth, the rear of the army would always be open to attack by Turkish forces advancing from the mainland.

The same reasons caused Sir Ian Hamilton to reject all thought of Bulair. He had reconnoitred the coast of the Gulf of Saros in a warship on March 18th, and had there seen for himself the white lines of new trenches, and wire entanglements on the beach at the possible landing-places. "With the exception of Cape Helles," he telegraphed to Lord Kitchener, "they (the landing-places he had noticed on the

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coast) were all commanded by elaborate networks of trenches." The lesson of the war in France was this—Do not waste troops against ready-made entrenchments. Wherever you throw in your new forces, let it be at some place where there is not a continuous trench line already in front of you, and where the enemy will still have, for some days at least, an open flank.

A landing at Enos, on the northern side of the Gulf of Saros, was also suggested. This was favoured by Birdwood's staff. The country there was level. But it was nearly fifty miles by land from the Peninsula. Hamilton lacked the waggons and other transport for such a march. Moreover to have the Army fighting a desperate battle at one point, and the Navy at another, neither able to help the other, and both within sight of large forces of Turks, seemed an absurdity. Much more feasible was the plan now urged by Birdwood himself[1] —that of landing on the Asiatic coast, south of the straits, where Besika Bay would, under most conditions of weather, have given a fair protection to the shipping.

But the object of the whole campaign was to get the fleet to Constantinople. What barred its way was the Narrows. Strategy cannot be far wrong if it throws an army against the essential point; it may be disastrous if it squanders it elsewhere. Hamilton therefore decided to fling his army straight at the Narrows.

Whereas Besika Bay was twenty-five miles from the Narrows, there were two areas on the coast of the Peninsula where troops could be landed in force much nearer to the vital point. One of these began where the crumpled hills and valleys of the upper Peninsula stooped down to the green alluvial flats and long beaches round Suvla Bay. These low lands did not reach across the Peninsula; they ended about four miles inland, where the two villages of Kuchuk Anafarta (Little Anafarta) and Biyuk Anafarta (Great Anafarta) nestled into the lofty hills behind them. One or two gaps in the hills led the country roads to valleys on the Dardanelles side near the upper end of the Narrows.

[1] The appearance on the Asiatic shore of heavy guns which could reach the toe of the Peninsula had caused General Birdwood to alter his previous opinion. He afterwards, however, showed his approval of Hamilton's plans.

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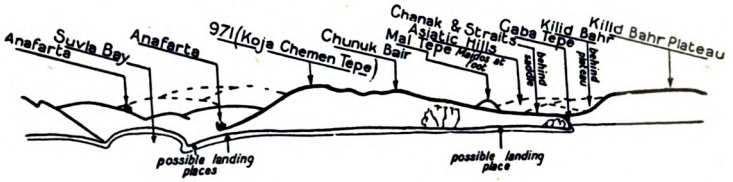
Suvla Bay lay opposite the northern end of the Narrows. Immediately south of Suvla was the loftiest and wildest mass of hill country at this end of the Peninsula. Its name was Koja Chemen Tepe (Hill of the Great Pasture), but it was known to the army by its height in feet as marked on the map —971. Its summit was in reality only the northern end of its main ridge, which gradually sank as it ran southwards, converging towards the coast until it ended in the low but steep promontory of Gaba Tepe (Rough Hill).



A good beach extended the whole way from Suvla to Gaba Tepe. At the latter a saddle of level country reached across the Peninsula to the Narrows, which were here less than four and a half miles distant from the outer coast. The small bay of Kilia Liman (Kilia Harbour) and the village of Maidos on the inner shore, were only five miles from Gaba Tepe on the outer. The whole seven miles stretch of beach from Suvla to Gaba Tepe, however, although continuous, was unsuitable for landing, inasmuch as along half of it the wild spurs of Hill 971 rose almost from the water's edge. But near Suvla, at the northern end, and near Gaba Tepe in the south, the country was gentler and landings were possible. Gaba Tepe promontory itself had been occupied in peace time as a police post.

From Suvla Bay to Gaba Tepe was one possible area for a landing. South of Gaba Tepe, near Kum Tepe (Sand Hill), was another beach, about which the Turks had some fears. But thence almost to the foot of the Peninsula, although the coast was not so high as in the north, there was scarcely a break in the barrier of cliffs. Immediately south of the Gaba Tepe lowlands there rose abruptly the frowning sides of the Kilid Bahr Plateau. This mass was not so lofty as Koja Chemen Tepe, its highest point being marked 706 feet, but its slopes were almost as steep as the sides of a box. Its shape was roughly square. Its flat summit was completely

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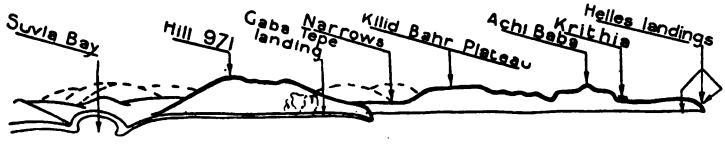
hidden from the plains below. Behind it, out of view, and entirely protected, were the forts guarding the Narrows at Kilid Bahr.

South of the Kilid Bahr Plateau was further rough country surrounding the Soghun Dere (the deep valley which ran out into the Dardanelles opposite Kephez Point). This rough terrain suddenly ended in the peaked hill of Achi Baba[2] or Alchi Tepe (Plaster Hill). Achi Baba was a long, bald summit, raised like a head upon the square shoulders of the surrounding high land. It was 718 feet in height.[3] It afforded no view over the rough country to the north of it, the Narrows, Kilid Bahr, and Chanak being completely shut out by the heights of the Kilid Bahr Plateau. But looking southward, the whole foot of the Peninsula to Cape Helles, five miles away, was spread out as if on a map. The land fell gently, although its gentleness concealed one or two gullies surprisingly rugged. On the slope, a mile below the peak, lay the Greek village of Krithia. The Peninsula ended in white or sand-coloured cliffs like those of the south of England. In these, round the toe of the Peninsula, were a few narrow beaches, generally corresponding to a break in the rocks behind them. Such beaches afforded the second possible landing-place for an army striking a blow at the Narrows. This was the point of attack favoured by Major-General A. Hunter-Weston, commanding the 29th Division, and Major-General Paris, commanding the Royal Naval Division, both of whom, like Birdwood, were called upon to summarise their opinions for Sir Ian Hamilton.

But the beaches at the foot of the Peninsula were not large



enough for the landing of an army. Moreover, they were thirteen miles from the Narrows. On the seven-mile beach

[2] See plate at p. 203.

[3] The Turkish measurement. British maps show 700 feet and 218 metres (715 feet).

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between Suvla and Gaba Tepe there was room and to spare for the whole army, and the Narrows were only four and a half miles from the southern end of that beach; but the wild ridges and gullies, covered with scrub and scored with sandy cliffs, which pressed down to the shore half-way between Gaba Tepe, and Suvla, seem to have daunted all who reconnoitred the coast. Again, to land at Gaba Tepe or Suvla Bay seemed to be a waste of the tremendous assistance which could be expected from the Navy. At best the ships could only fire from behind the troops, who, after advancing a few miles, would be out of their sight and reach. On the other hand at Cape Helles the battleships could keep pace with both flanks as they progressed—a consideration which at that time seemed of overwhelming importance. Birdwood and Hunter-Weston had been as much impressed by it as was Hamilton.

Hamilton therefore decided to make his main attack from Cape Helles, with a view to thence capturing the all-important plateau of Kilid Bahr, taking Achi Baba in the first advance as a preliminary step. At the same time he could not disembark his whole force there at once, even by using all the five beaches available. He therefore decided to launch a second heavy attack from the beach immediately north of Gaba Tepe. This northern attack would, if unsuccessful, be a powerful feint, and the troops could be re-embarked. If it succeeded, the northern force would seize the hill mass of Koja Chemen Tepe, which Hamilton held to be almost as important as the Kilid Bahr Plateau itself. Its possession would prevent reinforcements from moving south while the southern force was attacking the Kilid Bahr Plateau. When that was captured, the Narrows would lie at the feet of the Allied army. To assist these two main attacks it was decided to make two false landings, one to the north at Bulair, and one to the south at Kum Kale.

Such was the outline of the great plan. Birdwood had originally been in favour of landing at once with whatever troops were at hand. But Hamilton decided to await the arrival of all the troops, such being Lord Kitchener's instruction. He informed the Admiral that the Army could not be ready until April 14th. Kitchener at once telegraphed that he thought this delay far too long. But owing to the lack of a

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previously-considered plan, difficulties were arising which made delay inevitable.

Lemnos had been chosen as the base of operations for the army. On March 8th, when the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade had already been there four days and the French Division and Royal Naval Division were about to arrive, the Australian Engineers discovered that in the neighbourhood of Mudros, where the troops were to be camped, there was water only for a few thousand men. It would therefore be necessary to keep nearly the whole force in the transports until it actually sailed to Gallipoli. Moreover it had been discovered in England, at the moment when the 29th Division was starting, that some of its transports had been already fully loaded with fodder. Consequently the troops in those ships were compelled to leave their waggons to follow. In the case of the Royal Naval Division, certain troops were in one vessel, their vehicles in another, and the horses in a third. It is obvious that, if troops are to be hurriedly disembarked to fight on an unknown coast, each party must have its animals, vehicles, and gear in its own ship. If a landing is to be well-organised, the officers loading the ships ought to know beforehand which troops will land, at which place, and in what order. But in the case of the transports for this expedition no special instructions were given or could have been given, since the plans had not yet been made. When the ships left England, material which should have been on top of the holds was at the bottom; the gear belonging to troops who would land on one beach was in a ship carrying troops to another beach. Exactly the same was the case with the ships of the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade which were loaded in Alexandria. The ships would have to be re-stowed. In Lemnos there were no wharves or appliances for transhipping. The recommendations of General Birdwood's chief engineer, Colonel Joly de Lotbinière,[4] were sent by Admiral Wemyss to the Admiralty, and Hamilton, immediately on his arrival, decided upon the transfer of the main base of the expedition to the great Egyptian port of Alexandria, 650 miles from the Dardanelles.

[4] Brig.-General The Hon. A. C. de L. Joly de Lotbinière, C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., R.E., Chief Engineer Aust. Corps 1914/18. Chief Engineer and Secretary to Government, Bengal, India; Member Legislative Council, Bengal; b. Quebec, Canada, 31 Oct., 1862.

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Hamilton allowed the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade to stay at Mudros. General Birdwood had received orders from Lord Kitchener that one of his brigades, when at Lemnos, should be especially trained in landing and re-embarking; Birdwood had already instructed Colonel MacLagan to administer this training to the 3rd Brigade; a secret hint was added that the landing-places chosen should resemble those at the toe of the Gallipoli Peninsula. The men were to be practised at communicating information in battle, and at carrying a very full load. Accordingly the Brigade passed its spare time in the ships' boats on Mudros Harbour, with constant landings and rushes up the foothills. The exercise was heavy, but the bald hills and scanty grass of Lemnos were a paradise after the Egyptian desert and the obvious feelings of the men influenced Hamilton's decision. The 9th Battalion (Q'land), which had been crowded with the 10th (S. Aust.) into the *Ionian,* was sent into camp ashore. The rest slept in their transports. Part of the time the troops worked in the holds, unearthing landing-stages and water appliances from beneath hundreds of tons of other baggage.

On the other hand the French transports, which had begun to reach Lemnos about March 9th, and those of the Royal Naval Division, whose main body arrived about March 12th, were, with few exceptions, ordered to Alexandria to disembark their troops and re-stow their cargoes. The 29th Division had been headed thither direct. For a few weeks Alexandria became a great military camp. At Ramleh, on the white sandhills, were thousands of fair-haired Frenchmen: men of the 175th Regiment from La Rochelle, in the new blue-grey uniform of the French Army; men of the 226th Regiment in dark blue; huge Senegalese blacks with dark blue fezzes and tunics and light blue greatcoats; gallant French cavalry, Chasseurs d'Afrique, in their dashing blue jackets, red trousers, and brick-red cummerbunds; French Zouaves in huge red pantaloons and jackets of blue embroidered with yellow; adventurers of the Foreign Legion; quick-witted French officers with peaked caps and pince-nez. Many of these Frenchmen had spent several days at Bizerta and nearly a fortnight at Lemnos before their transports were sent to Alexandria. Presently men of the 29th Division began to

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appear in Alexandria, sturdy fellows of middle height, every man the replica of the next, in big khaki sun-helmets and light khaki uniform; so also, in a darker khaki, did men of the Naval Division, whose officers wore a khaki cap of the naval shape and carried the naval curl upon their sleeves instead of the stars or crown which showed the rank of a military officer. Throughout the city large houses and hotels, with their spacious bare rooms and empty corridors, were taken over for offices, and the various staffs of the new "Mediterranean Expeditionary Force" began to settle down.

To the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, still training at Cairo, there had come but vague rumours of all these proceedings. Sir Ian Hamilton had reviewed each of the divisions, and the work in the desert continued. On Thursday, April 1st, the 1st Australian Division was engaged in a divisional field-day. The troops had shown at their best in attacking one of the high desert ridges which they knew so well. The 4th Light Horse Regiment, which Bridges had sent on to seize it, reached it before the enemy. The 1st Infantry Brigade, advancing against the other half of the ridge, was held up. But the 2nd Infantry Brigade, which was behind the Light Horse, managed to get on top of the hill, and then swept along it, advancing beautifully. The long line of each company—figures showing dark against the glaring sand—suddenly springing into existence where only a bunch of men had been crouching before, and sweeping, one line after another, across the hillside, drew from a British officer the comment: "Could not have been better." The fight was over early. The two brigadiers, M'Cay and MacLaurin, came to tea at Divisional Headquarters in a state of great satisfaction. They asked for leave till Sunday. Many officers and others were given permission to visit Luxor during the week-end. In one battalion the officers were giving an evening picnic on a Nile boat fifteen miles up the river. All this was taken as a sign that nothing was imminent.

True, the 3rd Brigade had disappeared a month since, and there was a general notion that it was at Lemnos Island. It was rumoured that the nurses at some of the hospitals had been ordered to get sunhats. Most of the troops thought that they were destined presently for the Dardanelles, but some guessed

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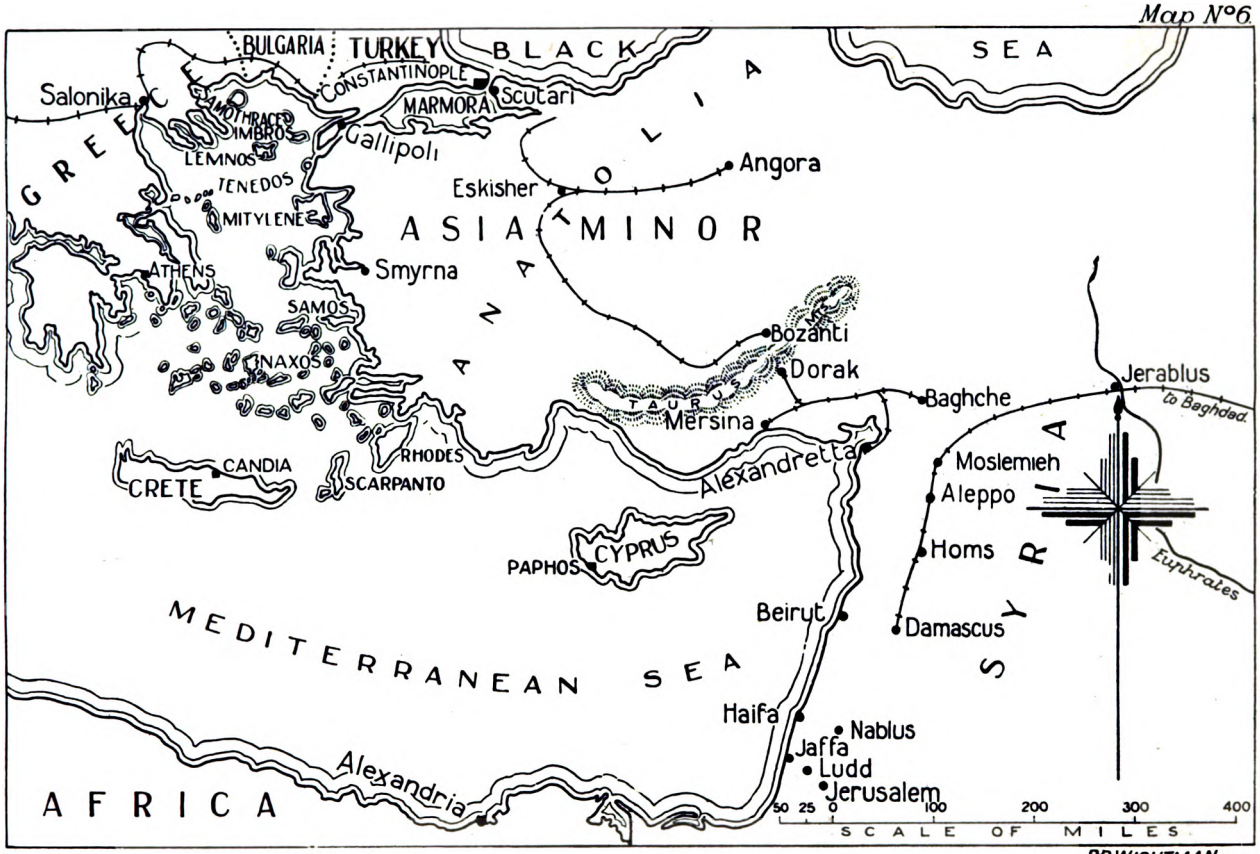

THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN TRAVERSED BY THE EXPEDITION, SHOWING ALEXANDRETTA AND GALLIPOLI

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Alexandretta. As a matter of fact, early in the year, at the time of the Turkish expedition against the Canal, a landing at Alexandretta and the seizure of the Bailan Pass had been suggested by Lord Kitchener to General .Birdwood. Plans were drawn in Egypt, and Birdwood had chosen the 1st Australian Division for the attack. At first it was proposed to land only one brigade under General Bridges. When this had seized Alexandretta, Bridges was to be made Governor of the town. Afterwards it was proposed to push inland and even to capture Aleppo, the whole of the 1st Australian Division being destined for this colossal task. These plans were known to very few, and the turn of events at the Dardanelles caused them to be abandoned. The secret of the Alexandretta scheme had been perfectly kept, and those who, on April 1st, guessed that this port was the ultimate destination of the force, were judging only by probabilities.

That evening Major Wagstaff, of the Army Corps Staff, came from Cairo to Bridges' headquarters at Mena and was closeted in the General's room. As he left, Bridges' voice was heard saying: "Well, thanks for bringing us good news. That's the most cheerful thing we've had happen to us for a long time."

The word spread like wild-fire—"All leave stopped." Colonel MacLaurin, one of the brigadiers who had obtained leave, came smiling up the stairs to the General's room. His holiday was gone. Officers and men starting to Luxor were stopped at the train. The picnickers on the Nile, returning, found their colonel waiting for them on the wharf. The "Australian Division" was ordered to the front. Next day the "N.Z. and A. Division" received orders to follow it.

Far into the night of April 1st the staff of the 1st Division worked at tables of entrainment and orders of embarkation. The commander of the Army Corps had received instructions that none of the light horse or mounted rifles would be included in his army corps in the forthcoming operations. If required, they would be sent for at a later date. The divisional ammunition column also was to be left behind. But in case the latter should be needed early in the advance into Turkey, it was to be moved down to Alexandria, and transports were earmarked for it and for a squadron or two of light

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horse. The Australian Field Bakery and part of the Field Butchery were despatched to Lemnos, and afterwards to Imbros. The great Australian hospitals were to be left in Egypt. The 1st Australian Casualty Clearing Station and the 1st Australian Stationary Hospital had been sent on to Lemnos. The Clearing Station afterwards moved with the Corps.

Every force that goes to war requires constant supplies of new troops to take the place of casualties. In the British Army a force takes with it its first reinforcement—equal, in the case of infantry, to one-tenth of the whole number—in order to make regiments up to strength after their first fight. Every month there should arrive a further supplement about half as strong as the first. The first Australian contingent had brought its first reinforcement with it from Australia; a second and a third had arrived since.

It was decided that the force should take its first two reinforcements with it to the front. Each battalion was notified that it must set apart from its numbers two special parties, to be known as the "beach party" and the "hold party" respectively. Battalion commanders naturally guessed that one of these would be hoisting stores out of the ships' holds, and the other receiving them on the beach; these parties they made up mainly from the reinforcing drafts. About 400 men from the same source were formed by orders of the Army Corps, into two large fatigue parties for making roads or for carrying stores wherever required from the landing-place. The reinforcements which had been longest in training had already been absorbed into the battalions, so as to bring the units to full strength; those which had last arrived were left in Egypt, carrying on a more or less desultory training under such officers as General Bridges detailed to the Base. Major Macnaghten—the same whose strenuous methods had moulded the cadets of Woolloomooloo—had been detached to train the reinforcements of the 3rd Brigade in Egypt. But he now moved with his own battalion.

There was further allotted to General Birdwood's force the 7th Brigade of Indian Mountain Artillery, then on the Suez Canal. This consisted of the 21st and 26th Mountain Batteries, each possessed of six small guns—10-pdrs. They had 13 British

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officers, 820 Indian rank and file, and over 500 mules. The Ceylon Planters' Rifle Corps, composed of 150 fine young Englishmen who had left Colombo about the time when the 1st Division called at that port, was also attached to the "A. and N.Z." Army Corps.

In the whirl of preparation the riot[5] which occurred in Cairo on Good Friday, the day after the order for the move—a disturbance of which the tradition still clings in Egypt—passed almost unnoticed by the staffs of the two divisions. In every battalion the men were medically examined to ensure that they were fit for active service. Their spare kits were being left behind; the men stuffed them into their black kit-bags; and on April 3rd these bags began to be piled in huge stacks beside the tram terminus in Mena Camp. It was necessary that the camp site should be left clean, a point of military etiquette as to which Australian regiments were said to have been careless in the South African War. The incinerators—round mud-walled enclosures of about the size of a well-head—in which the rubbish of the camp was burnt, were smoking heavily all this day behind the lines of each battalion.

That night anyone looking down on Mena Camp from the sand-ridge behind it would have imagined it to be a manufacturing city. All over the valley bonfires and incinerators blazed like the furnaces of Wolverhamption. Between them there glowed at intervals the windows of the long mess-huts and the many lights of the camp. Every now and then from some part of the lines a field company or ambulance or half of a battalion, as its time was reached on the entrainment tables, would be marching off to Cairo, without any demonstration whatever, exactly as if this were part of the work of the last seven months. In the camp, one battalion, waiting for its turn to march, was gathered in a huge circle round the bonfires on its old parade-ground, holding an improvised concert. The strong faces of the men showed up red in the glow of the fire. In the chair was their old colonel, whom they wellnigh worshipped, and by his side the smallest and most popular man in the battalion, acting as master of ceremonies. Men had been throwing odd blank cartridges into the incinerators,

[5] See footnote 12, Chap. VII, p. 130.

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and the desultory popping of these in the fires came from all over the camp. Lined in front of the doctor's tent was the last awkward squad of suspects, who had been "dodging" medical inspection all day in the dread that some of them would be rejected. They were ready to take any desperate measure to go with their battalion. A hundred men had got out of hospital that day, and a hundred more had made the attempt.

By the morning the greater part of the 1st Infantry Brigade had left Cairo, departing quietly throughout the night and entraining without fuss in "standard" trains, each of which carried half a battalion or a similar unit, with its vehicles packed on to open trucks and its horses in horse-trucks. "The railway authorities seem to be of the opinion that the troops of the Army Corps are extraordinarily good at entraining," wrote one British officer of the Corps Staff. Within four days the old camp at Mena had gone for ever. Beside the empty roads the tents of the newly-arrived 3rd Light Horse Brigade, the 4th Light Horse Regiment, and a few other units stood forlornly on the desert.

As soon as each transport completed its loading at Alexandria, it sailed, without escort. The captains had sealed orders, but without opening them they knew where they were going. The captain of the *Minnewaska* bethought him of these orders three hours after leaving port. "I thought—why, bless me, I'd better open 'em and see what they say," he said later, "and I found we were going to the right place." The route lay not far from the coast of Asia Minor. But the Navy so watched all enemy ports that British ships sailed the sea almost as in peace time. With only one transport, the *Manitou*, bringing artillery of the 29th Division, was there any interference. On the morning of April 17th a torpedo-boat overhauled her a day out of Lemnos. The *Manitou* took the boat to be British. It came close beside her, and then a voice shouted: "I give you ten minutes to leave the ship, and then I shall sink you." It was the Turkish torpedo-boat *Timur Hissar*. Part of the *Manitou's* troops were on deck; the rest came up quickly. Boats were swung out and filled, and one began to be lowered with sixty men in it. The rope jerked, and one of the davits broke and fell into the boat, which crashed into the side and

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overturned. Wooden deck-gear, to which the men might cling, was hurriedly thrown into the sea. In the meantime the enemy fired a torpedo at fifty yards range, but it passed beneath the ship. Hauling off, he fired two more, which passed harmlessly astern. The torpedo-boat then left to chase another vessel, but three British destroyers hove up, and the Turkish captain ran his boat ashore on the island of Chios. Though the *Manitou* had escaped, many of her men were in the sea, and fifty-three were drowned. Some weeks before this, an aeroplane ship, the *Anna Rickmers*, had been torpedoed near Smyrna. Her Levantine crew vanished in the ship's boats; but two British officers, with British and French air mechanics, managed to work her, sinking, to Lemnos. Until far on in the Peninsula campaign no other British transport received serious harm from the enemy in these seas.

Thus the "Australian Division" went to its first campaign. It knew it had everything to learn and little experience to guide it. Officers had told their men plainly the heavy chances of death in the fighting ahead of them. In the last day or two before leaving Mena it was rumoured that thirty per cent. of casualties were expected in whatever landing operations were impending.[6]

The standard of performance which officers had kept before their men was that of the British regular army. Few Australians had ever seen British regular troops, but the standard of the old army was something to which they had been taught to look up, and they accepted it simply and with something akin to the awe with which the novice reveres the master craftsman. In this connection it may be mentioned that at this date Australian hats were difficult to procure, and men were therefore allowed, if they desired, to buy pith helmets similar to those worn by the British. A considerable proportion, especially in the artillery and the light horse, availed themselves of the permission, and wore the helmet not without a certain pride in their resemblance to the men of the British Army.

Australians and New Zealanders carried with them for years strange tags of "Arabic" and broken English, such as

[6] The official estimate both of General Birdwood's staff and of G.H.Q. was very much less.

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"Imshi Yalla" (Go away); "Igri" (Hurry up); "Saida" (Good-day); or "Eggs-a-cook," "Oringhes," "Boots-i-clean" —calls of the Cairo urchins who sold eggs or oranges, or who blacked boots. The troops were weary to sickness, both of Cairo and of the desert. Years later they looked back on them as on a paradise such as the contingencies of war were likely never to place in their way again.

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TRANSPORTS IN MUDROS HARBOUR, LEMNOS, 15TH APRIL, 1915, WITH THE 2ND AND 3RD AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY BATTALIONS PRACTISING LANDING FROM THE *Derfflinger*

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G883.

To face p. 218.

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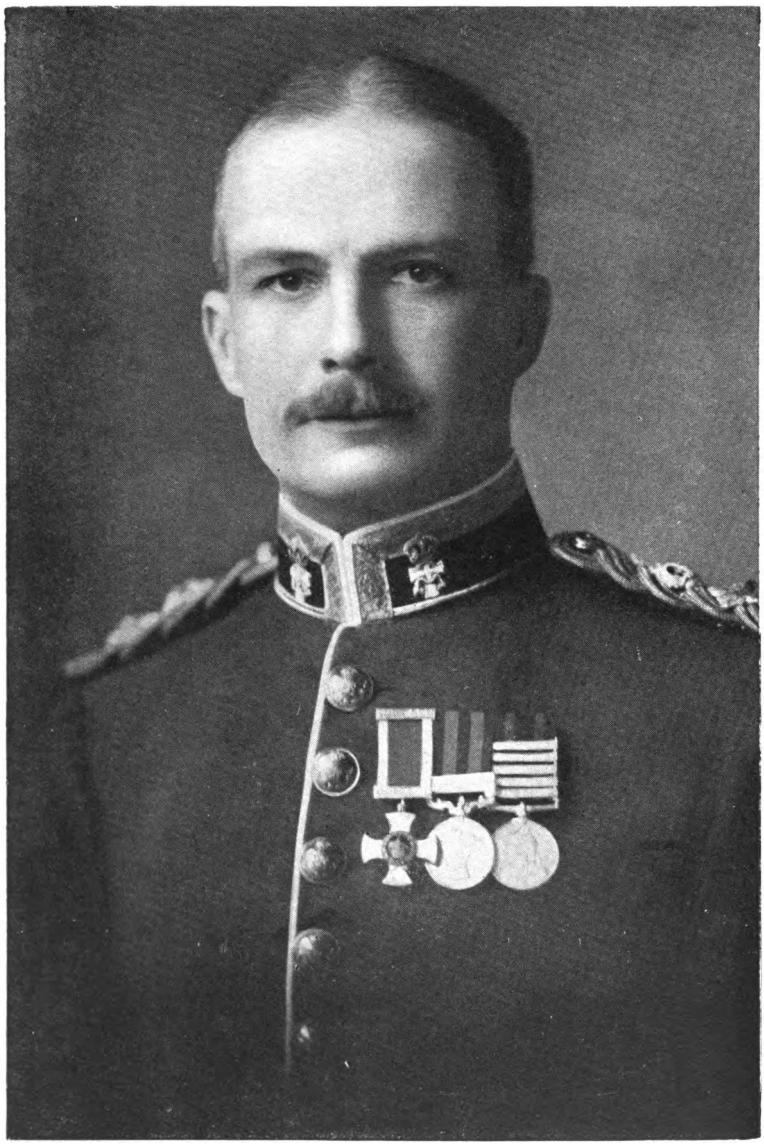

COLONEL E. G. SINCLAIR-MACLAGAN, COMMANDER OF THE COVERING FORCE (3RD AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE)

Photo. by Swaine, London.

To face p. 219.

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CHAPTER XI

THE GABA TEPE PLAN

On April 12th the Atlantic Transport liner *Minnewaska*, with the commanders and staffs of the A. & N.Z. Army Corps and of the Australian Division, and with the men and officers of the 1st Australian Infantry Battalion, took her place in a small procession and was guided by a sloop up a narrow channel and through a gate in a line of buoys into the wide harbour of Lemnos. The men, raw from the desert, looked over the rail at the bare hills covered with scanty grass. "I'm going to take up land here after the war," laughed one of them, as the great harbour gradually opened up.

Ahead was the *Queen Elizabeth*, with her eight huge guns mounted in two compact pairs at either end of the ship; near her the *Agamemnon*, with a bundle of upper works hunched above her low hull like a soldier's pack. Beyond them were other warships, about twenty transports of all sizes, and some ten supply ships. Small trawlers, French and British, made their way through the fleet upon their various business; mosquito craft of all sorts moved restlessly between the ships. In one stately grey liner, the Royal Mail steamer *Arcadian*, were Sir Ian Hamilton and the General Staff of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. The General Headquarters of the whole expedition was known even in those days by its initials—G.H.Q. As time went on it was never called by any other name.

Soon after the *Minnewaska* was moored, General Birdwood with his Chief of Staff (Brigadier-General H. B. Walker) and Colonel Skeen, proceeded with General Bridges and Colonel White to the *Arcadian*. Major-General Braithwaite,[1] the Chief of Hamilton's Staff, had almost completed the "operation order" for the landing of the Army; and Birdwood was given orders informing him that the landing at Gaba Tepe had been allotted to himself and his Army Corps.[2]

[1] Lieut.-General Sir Walter P. Braithwaite, K.C.B., p.s.c. Commanded 62nd Div. 1915/18; IX Corps 1918.

[2] Possibly a hint that his landing would be at Gaba Tepe had already been given to Birdwood in Egypt.

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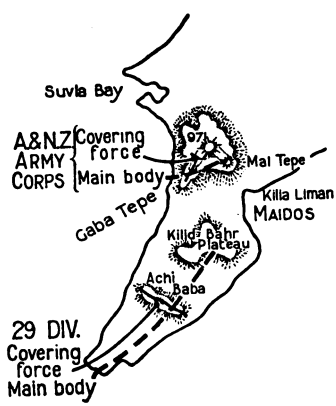
The 29th Division would carry out the landing at Cape Helles, which would be supported by No. 1 Squadron of the Eastern Mediterranean Squadron, under Rear-Admiral Wemyss. The Gaba Tepe landing would be supported by No. 2 Squadron under Rear-Admiral Thursby.[3]

The formal operation orders and written instructions, of which the wording was perfect, informed General Birdwood that the spot where the A. and N.Z. Army Corps was to land was the beach between Gaba Tepe and a point known as Fisherman's Hut, about three miles north of it. The first troops disembarking were to seize and hold at any rate the lower crests and southern spurs of Hill 971. The main body of the corps, landing later, was to leave the covering force to hold this position, guarding the northern flank, and to push past on the south and seize the inland spur of Hill 971 "and especially Mal Tepe"—the peculiarly-shaped conical hill near the further end of the spur. Mal Tepe was a mile and a quarter from the Bay of Kilia on the Dardanelles, the road from Maidos to Gallipoli running over its foot. "Gaining such a position," the instructions said, "the Army Corps will threaten, and perhaps cut, the line of retreat of the enemy's forces on the Kilid Bahr Plateau." The mere attempt to gain this position by landing at Gaba Tepe would prevent the Turks from bringing reinforcements from the north to the Kilid Bahr Plateau during the attack by the 29th Division, while "should the A. and N.Z. Army Corps succeed in securing this ridge, the results should be more vital and valuable than the capture of the Kilid Bahr Plateau itself."



Hamilton's orders included an instruction that a brigade of the A. and N.Z. Army Corps and a brigade of the

[3] Admiral Sir Cecil F. Thursby, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. Commander-in-Chief Eastern Mediterranean 1917; Commander-in-Chief Plymouth 1919.

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29th Division (afterwards increased to seven and a half battalions) should make the first landing in their respective areas. These "covering" brigades were, by the original orders, to land soon after dawn under cover of a naval bombardment, and it was to be arranged that the first boats should reach the respective beaches at the same hour. The covering brigade of the 29th Division was to seize the Achi Baba ridge. The main task of the 29th Division would then be to attack the Kilid Bahr Plateau. The Turkish troops on the Peninsula were estimated to be three active divisions and one reserve division, making about 34,000 men. Of these, one division was believed to be at Bulair; one or more near Kilid Bahr and Anafarta; and one between Achi Baba and Helles.

It will presently be seen that, although the numbers estimated in this order were not far wrong, the dispositions given were very wide of the mark. As a matter of fact two Turkish divisions were at the northern end of the Peninsula; a third and the greater part of a fourth were near Maidos; and the only troops south of the Kilid Bahr Plateau were four scattered battalions in the posts and strong-points round the coast. There was no division between Achi Baba and Cape Helles. But the fact that, believing a Turkish division to be there, the British Staff gave to the covering force—less than two brigades of the 29th Division—the duty of landing under opposition, advancing five miles inland, and seizing the peak of Achi Baba, 718 feet in height, is evidence of the light-heartedness with which the Turkish forces and the difficulties of the terrain and of the landing were faced.

The feint near Bulair was to be carried out by the Royal Naval Division. The feint south of the entrance to the straits was allotted to the French. Very few troops of either were to be landed, and both were then to be transferred to Helles and put in behind the 29th Division.[4]

Subject to these clear general instructions, the planning of the landing at Gaba Tepe was left entirely to General Birdwood and Admiral Thursby with their respective Staffs. Sir Ian Hamilton and General Braithwaite themselves concentrated upon the plans for the landing of the 29th Division.

[4] The 42nd (East Lancashire Territorial) Div. and the 29th Indian Inf. Bde. in Egypt were not yet allotted to Sir Ian Hamilton as part of his force.

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As the first step towards making the Gaba Tepe plans, Birdwood, after leaving Braithwaite, went straight to Admiral Thursby's flagship, H.M.S. *Queen*. Thursby arranged with him that the *Queen* should sail next day, taking all the chief officers of the Army Corps in order to examine the coast on which they were to land. Some of the senior Australian officers were already reconnoitring the coast that day in the *Queen Elizabeth*.

On the afternoon of April 13th, the *Queen* sailed with the Staff, brigadiers, and battalion commanders on board. After she had left port, Admiral Thursby explained to them the plans. The ship steamed slowly through the night to the head of the Gulf of Saros, and next morning was moving at ten knots past a strange coast a mile and a half away. It was the Gallipoli Peninsula. The tangle of distant hills, covered with dark scrub, floating past mile after mile, gave way to the Suvla Plain with the white houses and minarets of the two Anafarta villages. All eyes were turned on the dark scrub-covered mass of hill which rose to the south of these villages—Hill 971. Its many-folded, crumpled valleys and white landslides presently subsided into the lower and smoother flank which ended in the cliffs of the jutting promontory of Gaba Tepe. Just north of Gaba Tepe was to be the place of landing. Behind it the land lay low, and gave an apparently easy passage across the Peninsula. Those on board knew that a large camp of Turkish troops was in that neighbourhood, but there was no sight of it from the sea. Not a figure of a man moved. The white ruins of the Gaba Tepe guardhouse stood deserted in the sun. There was no sign of fresh trenches. Only across the dark almost perpendicular sides of the Kilid Bahr Plateau, frowning over the southern end of the lowland, there ran new seams of white. Colonel MacLagan, who commanded the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade, which was to make the first landing and then deal with Gaba Tepe, kept his glasses upon that low, grim promontory on his prospective right flank. The barbed-wire entanglement on the beach was plainly visible. "If that place is strongly held with guns," he thought, "it will be almost impregnable for my fellows." MacLagan was deeply impressed with the difficulties. Bridges thought him pessimistic. Birdwood

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rallied him. To other officers, who were making notes of what they saw, the difficulties did not appear so great. "The beach selected seems excellent," wrote one. "Coast seems suitable for landing," noted another.

From the moment when the *Queen* returned to Lemnos the staffs of Admiral Thursby, General Birdwood, and General Bridges were perpetually closeted in the *Minnewaska*, working out the plans for the Gaba Tepe landing. Transport after transport arrived. The troops in harbour were practised in climbing down the ships' sides in full kit on swinging rope-ladders, in rowing, and in landing themselves, their guns, and their horses. Meanwhile in the *Minnewaska* the staff worked day and night over its papers. Two fine rooms at the top of the saloon gangway—the ship's drawing-room and music-saloon—were the offices of the Corps and the Australian Division respectively. In the dining-saloon at the foot of the main stairway were held long conferences with naval officers. White discs representing the transports were hung on four pegs representing the four berths at which ships would anchor opposite the beach. As each fresh batch of four ships was planned to come up, their discs took the place of the four previous ones, the rows of them being hung on pegs nine deep. Positions of ships carrying guns, horses, horse-boats, and piers were arranged. The exact tows of small steamboats with strings of rowing-boats behind them were worked out, as were also the arrangements between the ships' guns and the young Australian officers who were to observe for them ashore.

General Hamilton's scheme was that the Australians should land at daybreak, after a heavy bombardment of the hills and shore by the Navy. General Birdwood had also originally been offered a plan by which an old merchant steamer, carrying supporting infantry, should immediately after the first landing be run ashore against the shoals of the beach, and a stage consisting of lighters run out from her to the shore. This design had already been adopted by General Hunter-Weston[5] for the 29th Division. It was, however, refused by Birdwood, who was afraid of his men being hung up in shallows off the beach. His great desire was to make the Australian attack, as

[5] Lieut.-General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston, K.C.B., D.S.O., p.s.c. Commanded VIII Corps.

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far as it was possible at this stage, a simple surprise. He strongly urged upon Hamilton to allow him to land his men before daylight and without any preliminary bombardment.

Sir Ian agreed. British officers throughout the war were almost invariably opposed to night operations because of the danger of losing direction, but there is no question that the decision in this case was right. The Dardanelles campaign, above all campaigns in history, should have been launched as a surprise. A sea-attack possesses one supreme advantage—the chance of surprise. Until it falls, no one can tell where it is going to fall. Admitting all the difficulties, it could not have been beyond the ingenuity of the great military and naval staffs of Britain to have planned such a descent. If in the first place—without the naval attempts already described—the force had been gathered ostensibly for transfer to Marseilles or Serbia, and had been thrown unexpectedly upon Gallipoli, there is no doubt in the minds of British or Turkish officers that it would have seized the Dardanelles. Instead of being planned as a surprise—the essence of a sea attack—the campaign had been heralded as few have ever been. No condition designed to proclaim it seemed to have been omitted. As soon as Turkey entered the war, the Dardanelles were, for no sufficient reason, bombarded. Three and a half months later, in a glare of publicity, the naval attack was launched. When the first bombardment missed fire, a handful of men were landed almost without opposition—as if to point out to the Turk the very moral which should have been kept from him. Then larger parties were landed, which were opposed and failed. As a next step, in the hurry in which the army was finally organised, horseboats, lighters, and tugs had to be bought by the score in the Piræus, the teeming port of that mart of Levantine gossip—Athens. The gathering of the French expedition was announced in the newspapers while it was still at Bizerta. Finally, the army began to arrive at Lemnos seven weeks before it was launched in attack; was moved thence to Alexandria; and was ultimately concentrated in Lemnos a week before the actual landing. Lemnos was a night's sail by fishing boat from the Bulgarian coast; Alexandria was in constant touch with Athens.

At the same time a chance did exist that the Turks might

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not guess the exact time or places of the present landing. There was still room for a partial surprise. Accordingly Birdwood planned to attack at Gaba Tepe suddenly and silently in the hours before the dawn. The moon sets directly opposite the Gaba Tepe coast-line. On the night originally proposed for the landing it would set some hours before the dawn. It was decided that, after the moon was down, the ships should steam in the last few miles, and send off their boats to reach the land shortly after 3.30 a.m.—an hour before the dawn. On the other hand the hour finally fixed for the opening of the bombardment covering the landing of the 29th Division at Cape Helles was 5 a.m.

Birdwood was not quite so sanguine as Hamilton and Braithwaite in regard to the chances of the Australian force reaching and storming Mal Tepe. "I may find this difficult," he wrote, "as Mal Tepe is likely to be commanded by guns from all directions, and I shall really not know in which direction to expect attack." He decided that his first task was clear. It was to seize the mass of the mountain comprising 971 and its seaward spurs. Hamilton's plans had suggested that he should in the first instance occupy at least the central portion of the main ridge about Chunuk Bair and what was later known as Battleship Hill, and their spurs running to the sea on either flank. This arrowhead of ridges would form a strong covering position, and Hamilton left it to Birdwood's discretion whether to extend it by seizing the actual summit of 971 or not.

Birdwood knew that there were Turkish field batteries at three points in the area about his landing-place; two were in the scrub of the valley half a mile inland. The other was said to be behind the neck of land connecting Gaba Tepe with the main ridge. Birdwood's conviction was that, if his first troops could make a surprise landing and rush these three batteries with the bayonet before the dawn, he would be able to use the troops who landed immediately after them for extending up the main ridge to the north. He had decided to make the landing with the 1st Australian Division, following it later with the N.Z. and A. Division. He therefore instructed General Bridges that the covering brigade should seize and occupy the ridge from Gaba Tepe towards Chunuk Bair. The

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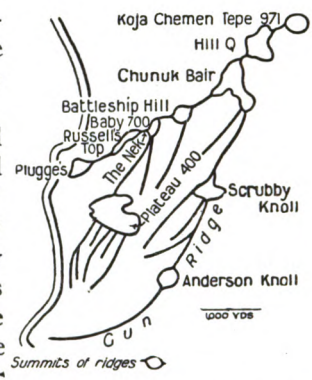
rest of the Australian Division, landing immediately after it, would secure the main ridge to the north of it and attend to the left flank. The covering brigade was to advance inland on as wide a front as possible, so that, if part of it were held up, other parts could still penetrate. The troops were to be specially instructed to push on as rapidly as they could to the covering position on the ridge from Chunuk Bair to Gaba Tepe.

In accordance with these orders General Bridges detailed the 3rd Brigade to land as the covering force. In instructions which were drawn by him and Colonel White the main part of the brigade was ordered to push inland, rushing the batteries in the scrub and forcing its way a little over a mile from the shore to the long spur which was its objective. The two southernmost summits of the main ridge were shown in the map as a smaller and larger circle enclosed by the 700 feet contour line. The southernmost became known as Baby 700 and the next as Big 700 (later, "Battleship Hill"). The northern parties of the 3rd Brigade were to reach and hold Battleship Hill, while the rest of the brigade was to seize outstanding knolls on the ridge from Scrubby Knoll to Gaba Tepe. Seaplanes had reported that there were seven gun-emplacements and three trenches on Gabe Tepe and four large gun-emplacements just behind the ridge connecting it with the mainland. With a formidable position such as this on its flank and rear the task of the 3rd Brigade would be almost impossible. Bridges therefore informed Colonel MacLagan (the commander of the 3rd Brigade) that he considered it important to clear Gaba Tepe and disable any guns upon it. MacLagan assigned to the first two companies of his right battalion—the 9th—the duty of swinging to their right immediately after landing, and rushing the battery on the neck of Gaba Tepe, a mile south of the landing-place. The other half of the 9th was to seize a knoll (afterwards known as "Ander-



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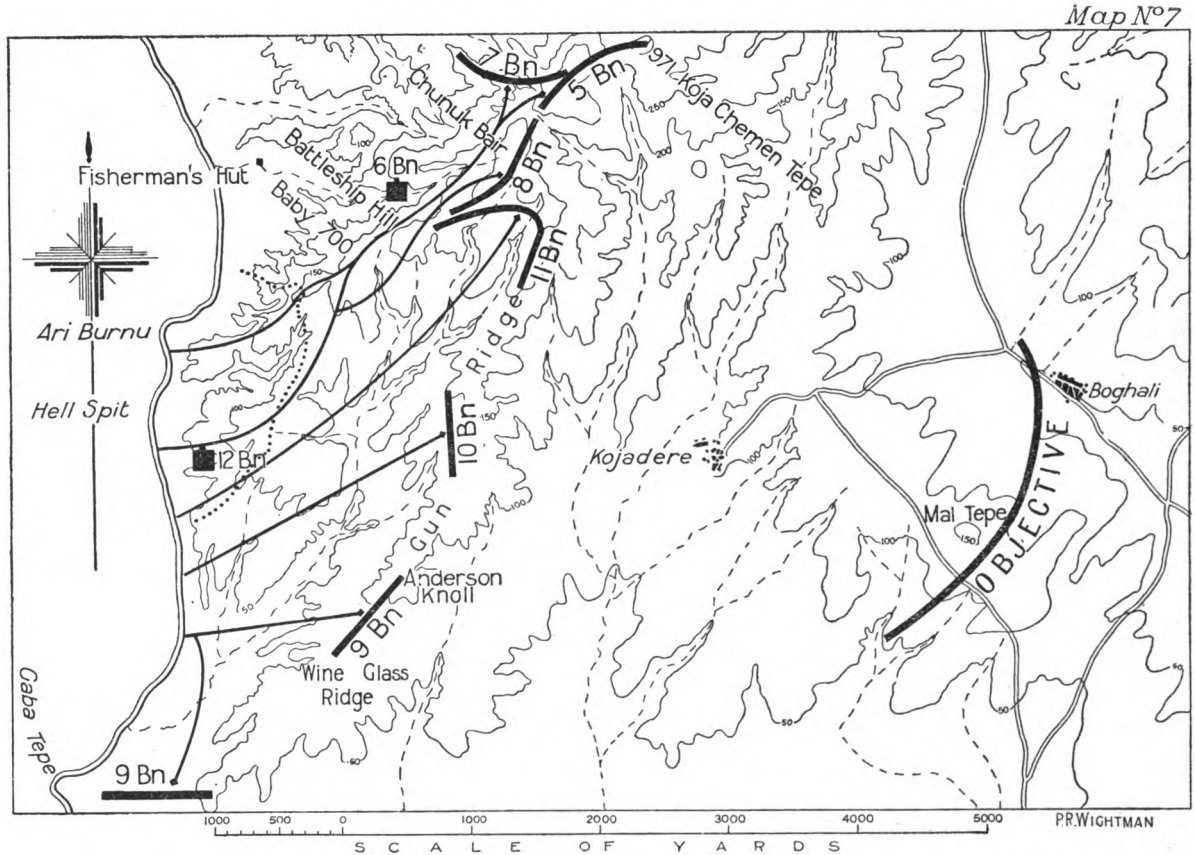

OBJECTIVES FOR THE 1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION, AND FOR THE A. & N.Z. ARMY CORPS (MAL TEPE). THE SMALL DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE POSITION EVENTUALLY GAINED BY THE CORPS

Height contours, 50 metres.

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son Knoll") in the objective ridge a mile due-east of the landing-place; the 10th to seize a knoll and a redoubt further north on the objective ridge; and the 11th the height (later known as "Scrubby Knoll") still further north on the same ridge, and Battleship Hill (Big 700) on the main ridge near the point where the objective ridge joined it. The 12th Battalion was to go ashore with the later companies of its three sister battalions, and was to form the immediate reserve of the 9th, 10th, and 11th.

The 3rd Brigade was to land, not from its transports, but from three battleships and seven destroyers. Immediately it was on its way inshore, five transports were to move in, bringing most of the 2nd Brigade and the Indian Mountain Batteries. One battery was to land and push on to a plateau (marked as 400 feet high) in the centre of the covering position. The battery would be guarded by a platoon of the 12th Battalion. The 2nd Brigade was to concentrate at a rendezvous which would by then have been chosen by Major Glasfurd, of the 1st Australian Divisional Staff, and Major Villiers-Stuart, of the Corps Staff. From there it was to push up the main ridge and extend the left of the 3rd Brigade from Battleship Hill to Hill 971. The 2nd Brigade was to seize those higher crests and protect the left flank of the whole force in the direction of Fisherman's Hut. The 1st Infantry Brigade would land immediately afterwards and remain near the rendezvous as divisional reserve until it received further orders from General Bridges ashore. The 2nd and 1st Brigades were to follow so closely on the heels of the 3rd that all three would be ashore by 8.30 a.m.

As has been mentioned above, the 3rd Brigade was to land not from its transports but from warships. In order to effect this, twenty-four hours before the landing, 1,500 men, constituting half of the 9th, 10th, and 11th Battalions and the 1st Field Company of Engineers, were to be transferred to the old battleships *Queen*, *Prince of Wales*, and *London* —500 to each ship. The rest were to sail in their transports to a rendezvous off the Peninsula and there be transferred in the night to seven destroyers. The empty transports would be left behind to make a demonstration after dawn; the destroyers would move in towards the land, and would find the

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three battleships already there ahead of them. Beside each battleship would be four "tows," each consisting of a small steamboat towing three rowing-boats. The troops in each battleship would disembark into these tows, and the three battleships would tow them slowly along at their sides to a point as near to the shore as the big ships could reach without being seen. They would then cast them off, and the twelve small tows would move in line abreast to the beach.

Meanwhile, following close upon the twelve tows, the seven destroyers would move in through the battleships and as near to the shore as was safe. They would have a string of rowing-boats along each side of them; the troops would get into these, and, when the destroyers had reached their limit, the boats would cast off and row separately to the land. Destroyers and tows would immediately begin landing the two other brigades from the transports. They would find the first five transports, carrying mainly the 2nd Brigade, already in position inshore of the battleships, and the four transports of the 1st Brigade immediately behind them. These two brigades would be landed almost on the heels of the 3rd Brigade. When the whole Australian Division was ashore, the N.Z. and A. Division would at once begin to land.

Three other warships were to be present to cover the landing with their bombardment if the case required—the battleship *Triumph*, south of Gaba Tepe; the cruiser *Bacchante*, just north of Gaba Tepe; and the battleship *Majestic*, on the northern flank. The Admiral's orders were that the ships should fire wherever and whenever they were asked by the Army. The steamer *Manica*, with a captive balloon brought from England at General Birdwood's suggestion, was to observe for the *Triumph* and *Bacchante*; the seaplanes carried in the steamer *Ark Royal* were to observe for the *Majestic*.

Birdwood did not anticipate any great opposition before the dawn. But he thought that, after daylight, the Turkish guns which were supposed to be on the Kilid Bahr Plateau would turn the hilltops occupied by his troops into so many "Spion Kops"—areas of terrible shellfire. "If I find that the firing is too heavy on the ships off the beach," he wrote, "I shall move the whole landing further north, up near the Fisherman's Hut; but the country there is so

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very difficult and broken that it is impossible to attempt a landing there while it is dark." Yet by the irony of chance it was exactly at the point to which he referred as so difficult, that the landing of the A. and N.Z. Army Corps in the dark took place.

Such were the plans for this tremendous undertaking. The opinion that the main attack could successfully be made from Helles was held by Bridges and, in the end, by Birdwood as strongly as it was by Hamilton and most of his advisers. General Hunter-Weston, of the 29th Division, in his original report, written for Hamilton at Malta, held that, though Helles was the best point for landing, and the taking of Achi Baba by the help of the fleet was certain, yet there was even then no reasonable chance of success; but he did not subsequently press this opinion. In the A. and N.Z. Army Corps, so far as is known, only two senior Staff Officers were opposed to the main plan. Brigadier-General Walker thought that the general prospect of success was so small that the attempt should not be undertaken; Colonel White strongly objected to the plan of landing at Cape Helles. It was originally thought, in Egypt, that the 1st Australian Division would be landed at Helles. White was convinced that the landing force was far too small for a task which he then believed to need at least 150,000 men. A small force, he contended, could only attain important results if it were free to manœuvre. For that reason he preferred an attack from Gaba Tepe to an advance confined between the narrow coasts of Helles.[6] White's persistent opposition to the Helles landing led to a temporary strain in his relations with his chief. "I have told White that he can stay behind if he doesn't like it," said Bridges, half jokingly, to General Birdwood. The question solved itself when it was heard that the A. and N.Z. Army Corps would land at Gaba Tepe. Bridges embraced this task as readily as that of a landing at Helles. His main object was to see the Australian Division engaged in actual work of a kind worthy of it. He now believed, although White did not, that the main task was intended to be that of the Gaba Tepe force. This impression was undoubtedly

[6] General Birdwood's opinion was contrary to this. He held that a small force would act more safely from Helles where both its flanks could be supported.

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given to him by G.H.Q. There is equally no doubt that G.H.Q. looked upon the attack from Cape Helles as its main stroke.

As to the details there was little disagreement. In lucidity of wording the military orders were perfect. Probably three more accomplished Staff Officers than Braithwaite of the Army, Skeen of the Corps, and White of the Division, were never before engaged in drawing plans of a campaign. Braithwaite, if his work was not marked by brilliance, possessed a steady intelligence. He had commanded at the Staff College in England, and was steeped in the principles of sound tactics and procedure. Men of quick brains were to be found upon his Staff—among them Captain Guy Dawnay,[1] upon whom at one time the higher command placed considerable reliance.

But the undoubtedly fine work of the General Staff of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force was to some extent spoiled throughout the campaign by an equally unmistakable spirit of self-sufficiency. It was assumed that the enemy was utterly inferior. It was also assumed that the trained brains of the General Staff were sufficient to deal with all the real problems of battle. Even at this early stage there was a feeling both among officers of the Egyptian War Office and those of the Indian Army on Birdwood's Staff that their help was not welcomed by the General Staff of the Army. General Hamilton's own administrative staff was left to an incredible degree out of the confidence of his General Staff. As if war were a matter of tactics alone, and all other work held only a secondary rank, the heads of the great administrative departments did not accompany Hamilton and the General Staff at the landing. The General Staff transferred to the *Queen Elizabeth*, while the heads of other departments sailed in the *Arcadian*, completely out of touch and without even the right to use the wireless telegraph.

This separation of the General Staff from the other departments caused one terrible defect in the plans. The administrative staff had only arrived at Alexandria on April 1st, and was therefore left behind when Sir Ian and the General Staff left for Lemnos on April 4th. Brigadier-General Wood-

[1] Major-General G. P. Dawnay, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.V.O.; b. 23 March, 1878.

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ward,[8] dealing with the personnel, Brigadier-General Winter with supplies and transport, and Surgeon-General Birrell with the medical services, were actually in Egypt while the plans of the landing were being drawn, and they did not arrive in Lemnos until April 18th, three days before the first move. The making of plans for the clearing of the wounded was undertaken by an officer of the General Staff, and the plan originally produced allowed for no more than 3,000 casualties in the whole army; it provided one hospital ship with each landing force for the serious cases, and a few transports with temporary staffs for the lightly wounded. In the order sent to Birdwood by the General Staff of G.H.Q. on April 14th, the accommodation allotted for his whole force was one hospital ship (the *Gascon*) for 300 seriously wounded men, and one transport, to be chosen by himself, for the lightly wounded. Two days later there was allotted a second transport for the latter.

At this period the commander of any army corps had no responsibility for the treatment and evacuation of wounded men. Roughly speaking, the responsibility for collecting the wounded lay with the chief medical officer of the division, while the medical officers of the army evacuated them to the base. Birdwood had no authority to concern himself with this matter. The arrangements for collecting wounded on the shore would rest with Colonel Howse, of Bridges' Staff, and Colonel Manders, of Godley's Staff. From the beach outwards the responsibility would be entirely with G.H.Q. and the Navy. It was no part of Howse's duty to devise or recommend the provision of transports or hospital ships. But he realised that the arrangements were defective, and urged this view upon the medical staff at G.H.Q.

The medical branch of Hamilton's Staff was represented aboard the *Arcadian* at Lemnos by Lieutenant-Colonel Keble, who had accompanied Hamilton during General Birrell's absence in Egypt. Keble himself considered the scheme for 3,000 wounded inadequate. Instructions, conflicting with those already issued by the General Staff, were sent out by

[8] Major-General Sir E. M. Woodward, K.C.M.G., C.B., p.s.c. Director of Organisation, War Office, 1916/17.

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him on April 17th. These provided for a larger number of wounded. Although they were acted upon, it is not clear that they were authorised; for, according to the formalities of the British Army, it was not proper for Keble to submit his views to the Chief of the General Staff, and his suggestions for this urgent provision were not formally sanctioned until the administrative staff arrived at 3 p.m. on April 18th.

That same evening General Woodward and Surgeon-General Birrell drew up their own scheme and formulated their strong objections to the original "altogether inadequate" plan. "The matter is one of great urgency," they wrote, "as without some such arrangement it will be impossible, from a medical point of view, to commence serious operations." General Braithwaite and the Deputy-Quartermaster-General that night agreed to their proposals.

Thus, less than two days before the troops were to start for the landing, the medical arrangements were still entirely in the air. Under the new plan two further transports—making four in all—were assigned to the Gaba Tepe force. Each of these was to be equipped to take 100 serious cases and from 600 to 1,000 lightly wounded. The surgeons, staff, and equipment were to be provided by the 2nd Australian Stationary Hospital and a British Stationary Hospital. But these were then in Egypt. They were summoned by telegraph, and sailed in the *Hindoo*. If she arrived in time, four transports could be fitted up. In case she did not, two of them were temporarily and partly equipped. These, after disembarking their troops at the landing, would become hospital carriers. Three British transports would be similarly equipped for the landing at Helles. The new plans, on being approved, were sent out to the divisions, but in consequence of the rough weather they were not delivered to Colonel Manders until April 22nd, and Howse never received notice of their definite approval. Nevertheless, if they could be carried out in time, they would at a pinch provide—whether the divisions were informed or not—for 2,400 seriously and 7,300 slightly wounded men in the whole army. An accident of the weather postponed the landing and gave two extra days for these arrangements. Yet on April 25th and the days following it scenes of appalling suffer-

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ing were directly due to the inadequacy of the medical arrangements.

The Naval Staff had had no such training as the Military Staff. The paragraphs in some of their important orders were not even numbered. Lack of grammar sometimes rendered the meaning ambiguous. But a breezy goodfellowship radiated from the Navy which more than compensated for any such failings. From highest to lowest the troops felt no diffidence in making any request of naval officers and men. The atmosphere into which the Australian force came at this time when dealing with the Navy was never forgotten by the men who made the landing. The Navy seemed to look upon the war as a joke. One of its ships, having knocked a hole in one side of a building on shore, spent the next quarter of an hour trying to match it with a hole through the other side; the gunnery lieutenant had said that he would black the other eye of the place. After the old battleship *Implacable* had bombarded the forts at the entrance, the Turks were reported to have announced that they had hit the battleship "Incapable." This was told to one of the *Implacable's* midshipmen. " 'Incapable', is she?" he said, reddening. "Well, she was capable enough to knock down their old lighthouse at 'Settil' Bahr—she fairly settled that!" The delight of the Navy was the old Orient liner *Oruba,* which had been rigged with canvas turrets and wooden guns to resemble the battle-cruiser *Tiger.* She carried a crew of merchant seamen, and the Navy was never tired of spinning mythical yarns concerning the old watchman aboard, whose duties were to feed the canary and sew up holes in the armour; or of how, when a sister ship was sunk, its crew floated off on the forward gun turret till they were picked up by a destroyer. Into this atmosphere the troops now came, and in it the plans of naval co-operation were discussed.

It was during the drawing of these plans that General Walker, Chief of General Birdwood's Staff, made one of those unselfish decisions which marked his career with the A.I.F. The drafting of the plans would normally have been his responsibility. But he recognised that his qualities were those of a fighting commander, and that his immediate junior, Colonel Skeen, was one of the most brilliant staff officers in the Indian

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Army. For that reason Walker deliberately effaced himself at this juncture, and left to his junior the honour of drafting his general's plans. It was Skeen, with his tall figure, who dominated the conferences of various staffs in the *Minnewaska's* saloon. The dapper little brigadier-general by whom that position would normally have been filled kept quietly in the background. Not once, by word or action, did he swerve from that attitude; he was playing the game as a Shrewsbury boy and an English gentleman.

The orders (Operation Order No. 1) of the Army Corps were issued on April 18th, and those of the 1st Australian Division on the 19th. In the interval the harbour had filled with transports. Accurate information as to the expedition and its composition had of course reached the Turks, who had made speedy and carefully-organised preparations to meet it.

The first definite expectation of a military attack forced itself upon the Turkish Staff after the failure of the naval assault on March 18th. The Turks expected a renewal of the attack, and Kiazim Bey, Chief of Staff to Marshal Liman von Sanders, afterwards gave it as his opinion that, if it had been continued for another day, it would have succeeded. When it was not renewed, the Turkish Staff realised that an assault would almost certainly be launched with the assistance of an army. Towards the end of March the Turks were informed by their agents that "50,000 British, Australian, and New Zealand soldiers under General Hamilton, and 30,000 French under General d'Amade, were concentrating in Mudros." In an order of the 19th Turkish Division, issued early in April, Mustafa Kemal Bey, its commander, said: "Information states that General Hamilton is in command of the Allied Expeditionary Corps, consisting of 80,000 men, and that General d'Amade is in command of the French forces, and has arrived at Tenedos. . . . At least 500 Cretans, who have been taken over by the French and are being paid as guides, have started from the Piræus in the Messageries steamer under the command of Gryparis."

At the same time the Turkish Staff had no "inside" information whatever as to where the landing would take place, nor as to the date of it. Its opinion was that landings would

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be made, either as feints or with powerful forces, at any of the following points:—the foot of the Peninsula (Sedd-el-Bahr), Gaba Tepe, Bulair, or somewhere on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. Liman von Sanders thought that the Allies would land on the Asiatic shore and attempt to seize the In Tepe hills, which overlooked the straits and whence long-range guns would have commanded the forts of the Dardanelles. He was also very apprehensive of a landing at Bulair.

The Turks met the now obvious danger by forming, on March 24th, a special army—the 5th Turkish—for the defence of the Dardanelles. Liman von Sanders, who till then had been in charge of the 1st Army at Constantinople, was given the command, with Lieutenant-Colonel Kiazim Bey for his Chief of Staff. On March 25th he went to the Dardanelles. His headquarters were at the town of Gallipoli, not far from the Bulair Lines. Von Sanders was of the somewhat overbearing type common among German military officers; but he was a man of business, and his success in reorganising the Turkish Army had been very great. Kiazim, who had been attaché at Rome before the war, was a small, delicately-built man, with a light in his large dark eyes, great charm of manner, and very keen intelligence. He was a tireless worker, night and day. Possibly von Sanders would have preferred a German in his place, but in an army comprising Germans, Turks, Arabs, and Armenians, where instructions had to be given in Turkish, Arabic, German, and sometimes French, it was necessary that either the commander or his Chief of Staff should be Turkish.

The 5th Turkish Army was composed of the troops on the Peninsula, on the mainland adjoining it, and on the southern side of the straits, as follows:

III Army Corps (on the Peninsula).
XV Army Corps (south of the straits).
5th Division and Independent Cavalry Brigade (on the mainland behind the Peninsula).

Its fighting strength is given by Turkish documents as 62,077 all told.

The actual garrison of the Peninsula thus consisted of the III Army Corps. That corps still provided the whole garrison at the time of the landing, and from it came most of the

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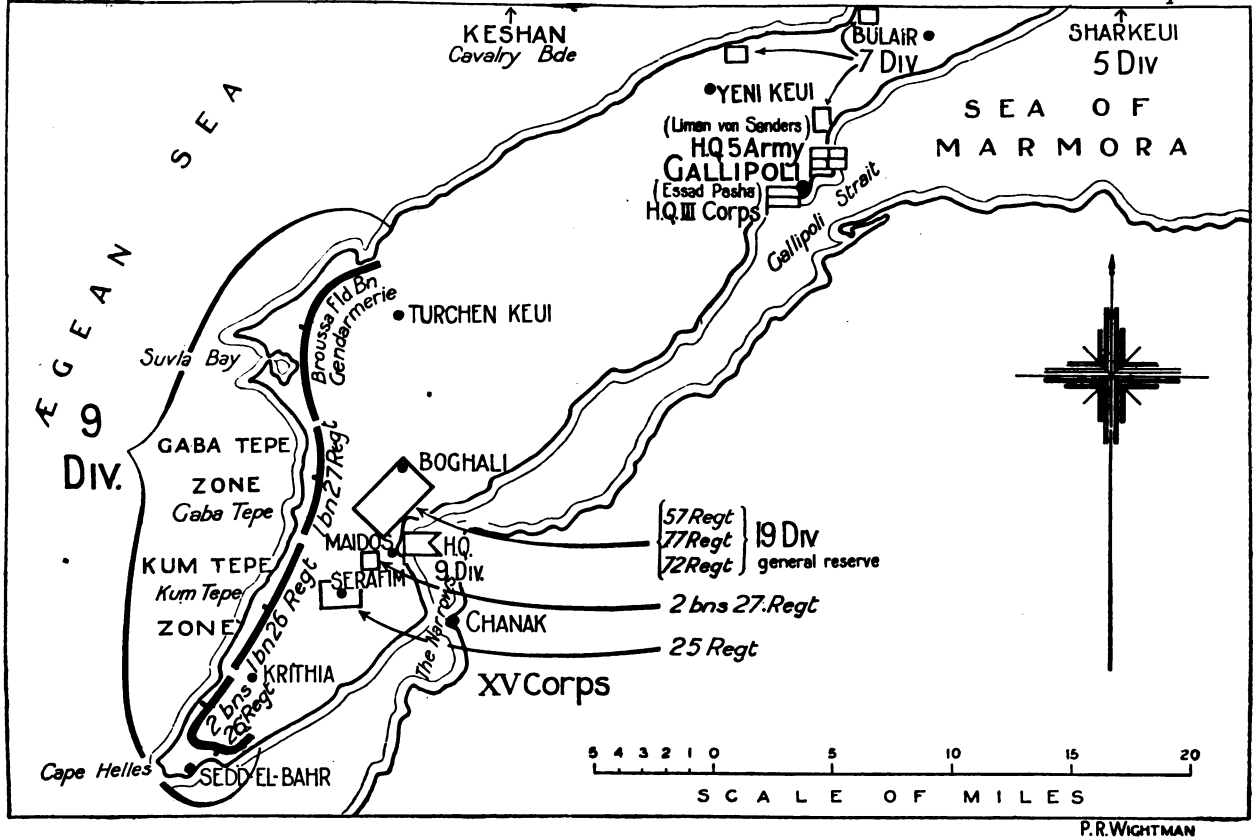
Map N°8



THE DISPOSITION OF THE TURKISH FORCES ON THE PENINSULA PRIOR TO THE LANDING

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Turkish leaders during the campaign. It comprised the following troops:

9th Division—25th Regiment.
26th Regiment.
27th Regiment.
Broussa Field Battalion of Gendarmerie (attached to 9th Division).
19th Division—57th Regiment.
72nd Regiment.
77th Regiment.
7th Division—19th Regiment.
20th Regiment.
21st Regiment.

The III Corps had been disposed in the Peninsula by its commander, Essad Pasha, the oldest Turkish general on active service, who had been trained in Germany and had made his name by the stubborn defence of Janina in the late Balkan War. Essad was an experienced soldier, although it was subsequently proved that in critical times he lacked the cool head of a really great leader. Liman von Sanders spent his first few days in hurrying round every part of his command, both north and south of the straits. Along the Peninsula itself there was no road fit for a motor-car, and he was obliged to travel by torpedo-boat and on horseback, with motor journeys sandwiched in where the roads were better. His first orders were to build the bridges and improve the roads, especially the then impassable track between Gallipoli and Maidos. A landing-stage was begun at Nagara, in order to render easier the line of communication across the straits. Field bakeries were built. Arrangements were made for dumps of ammunition, clothes, and material at Kilia Liman and other centres. The training of the troops in hand-grenade work and sniping was commenced, and a defence scheme was drawn up with one object—that of having the troops so placed that they could hurry to meet the blow upon either side of the straits, wherever it might fall. The movements of the troops to their new positions were to be made by night, so that the Allied airmen might gain no hint of the new plans.

The Turkish troops were disposed as follows. On the Peninsula the defence of the Bulair Lines and of the coast near them was assigned to the 7th Division. The 5th was

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close to it at Sharkeui, on the mainland, and at Yenikeui, ready to give the 7th immediate support or to be transferred by the sea to the straits. The 9th was made solely responsible for the defence of the rest of the coast, on which both landings eventually took place. The 19th was in reserve. The 9th Division thus provided all the coastal garrisons in the lower half of the Peninsula, and also their immediate reserves. For this purpose the coastline was divided into several zones, according to the possible landing-places. The coast from the mouth of the Aghyl Dere (Sheep-fold Valley), nearly four miles north of Gaba Tepe, to the mouth of the Asmak Dere (Asmak Valley), half a mile south of Gaba Tepe, was called the Gaba Tepe Zone. The line of coast immediately south of this, with the low point of Kum Tepe (Sand Hill) as its centre, was known as the Kum Tepe Zone. The rest of the coastline, extending from the south of the Kum Tepe Zone round Tekke Burnu (Shrimp Point), Cape Helles, and Sedd-el-Bahr, to Morto Bay, Kereves Dere (Celery Valley), and Domuz Dere, inside the straits, was the Sedd-el-Bahr Zone. The coast further north than the Gaba Tepe Zone, including Suvla and Ejelmar Bay, was outside this system, but was watched by the Broussa Field Battalion of Gendarmerie, one of the excellent battalions of soldier-police which had been formed by the Turks on the model of the gendarmerie organised by the Great Powers in Macedonia. Its men wore a uniform of bright blue, and were first-rate soldiers.

Khalil Sami Bey, the general commanding the 9th Division, garrisoned the several zones in the following manner:— The Gaba Tepe Zone was entrusted to the 27th Regiment (a Turkish Regiment being composed of three battalions, and equal to a weak British brigade). One battalion of the 27th was put into the trenches at Gaba Tepe, with posts along the coast; the other two were retained in reserve at a camp in the olive groves immediately behind Maidos. The Kum Tepe and Sedd-el-Bahr Zones were garrisoned by the 25th Regiment,[9] one battalion guarding the Kum Tepe Zone and two battalions that of Sedd-el-Bahr. A line of four strong-points, each a knot of trenches surrounded by wire entanglement, was being constructed along the actual toe of the Peninsula, from Tekke

[9] Before the Landing the 25th Regiment had been relieved by the 26th, the 25th returning to reserve while the 26th garrisoned the coastal defences.

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Burnu to Sedd-el-Bahr. A company was put into one of these which had been completed. The others were to be finished with all haste. The rest of the 25th Regiment was distributed partly in small sections at other possible landing-places within the zone, and partly in reserve in the gullies near Krithia.

The remaining regiment of the 9th Division, the 26th, was kept in reserve at Serafim Chiflik (Serafim Farm) in a depression of the Kilid Bahr Plateau. This enabled it to be hurried to Gaba Tepe, Kum Tepe, or Sedd-el-Bahr, as needed. The provision for meeting and checking the first rush of any invader may therefore be summed up thus—one battalion to guard the Gaba Tepe coastline; one to guard that of Kum Tepe; two to watch the many small landing-places near Helles and Sedd-el-Bahr; two battalions of the 27th Regiment, and all three of the 26th, retained as reserves under Khalil Sami Bey's own command, within a few miles of Gaba Tepe, ready to be thrown in wherever the landing might take place.

The scattered troops of the 9th Division could be expected to do no more than check an invader and give time for the reserves to come up. The defence really depended on its reserves. The immediate reserve of the III Corps was the 19th Turkish Division. Its three regiments were camped close to Maidos, so that they might be thrown in at Gaba Tepe or Sedd-el-Bahr, or ferried over to the Asiatic side. The 57th Regiment lay near Boghali, below the spur leading from Hill 971 to Mal Tepe. The 72nd and 77th Regiments were west of Maidos, near the foot of Mal Tepe. All these reserves, being camped around the Narrows, were within four and a half miles of Gaba Tepe, and within fifteen or sixteen of Sedd-el-Bahr. Kilia Liman, the bay north of Maidos, where the Turkish Staff was landing barbed-wire for the Gaba Tepe and Kum Tepe defences, was only four and a half miles from Beach "Z," which the Staff of the A. and N.Z. Army Corps was at this very time reconnoitring from the distant decks of H.M.S. *Queen*. There were no railways on the Peninsula; the roads were mere tracks; and the ordinary routes for supplies and troops were by sea to these harbours in the Narrows. The Turkish telegraph and telephone system was not at this time as perfect as in most armies, but von Sanders was pushing on the erection of lines at the Dar-

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danelles. Important points were connected with headquarters, and those coastal posts which had no telephone were ordered to get into touch with others in rear by signalling.

The strong-points at the Helles beaches have been mentioned above. At Gaba Tepe there were a few old earthworks, dating at least to the Balkan War. Trenches ran above the cliffs all round the promontory. Facing the beach immediately north of Gaba Tepe, at the point chosen for the landing, were some old earthworks and a line of gun-pits, said to have been made during the Balkan War. These crowned a low ridge beside the shore. Additions had lately been made, so that an intermittent system of trenches here overlooked the beach. Further north, in the rough country, were outposts and batteries in scattered trenches. The four large gun-emplacements which the aeroplanes reported to be inland of Gaba Tepe were really a mile further south, beyond the Asmak Dere, on the reverse of a gentle rise studded with small, stunted, scattered oak trees, known to the Turks as Palamut Luk (the Oak Grove), and later to the Australians as the "Olive Grove." Like nearly all other defences in this Zone, these hidden emplacements were constructed to cover the beach just north of Gaba Tepe; they formed the extreme south of the Gaba Tepe Zone. The Kum Tepe Zone was fortified nearly as strongly as that of Gaba Tepe. It lay at the foot of the Kilid Bahr Plateau. The Turks had a notion that the British might possibly land at that point in order to rush the steep sides of the plateau by a surprise. The great bastions of the plateau itself were strongly entrenched.

The Turks were thus well prepared on the Peninsula. On the south side of the straits they had the XV Turkish Army Corps, consisting of the 3rd and 11th Divisions. These were so placed that the 3rd Division could quickly reinforce the coastal posts at Kum Kale or Yenisher, and the 11th those at Besika Bay further south; in the alternative both divisions could easily be transferred to the European side. Both on the Peninsula and on the Asiatic side the Turks strengthened their positions every night, the engineer companies putting wire upon or above beaches where they expected a landing, and the infantry digging trenches. They were specially ordered not to show themselves.

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Such was the manner in which Liman von Sanders met the difficult problem of forestalling an attack which might descend at Bulair, Gaba Tepe, Sedd-el-Bahr, or south of the straits.

The information possessed by the British G.H.Q. concerning the forces opposed to it was fairly accurate. The formation of the 5th Turkish Army on March 24th, under von Sanders had been misreported as the formation of a new 5th "Army Corps," but on April 9th the Egyptian War Office gave G.H.Q. an almost exact account of the divisions of which that force was composed. It estimated that there were 76,000 troops north and south of the straits, and the following in the nearer parts of Turkey:

Adrianople and Keshan	20,000
Constantinople and Bosphorus ..	100,000
Smyrna	10,000
Ismid-Pandik	16,000

The new trenches and gun positions on the Peninsula were most carefully noted daily by British airmen, and Major Villiers-Stuart, of General Birdwood's Staff, had been taken over Gaba Tepe in an aeroplane on April 14th. The observations were circulated, so that they could be entered on all maps. To all officers were given maps specially printed in Egypt. These were said to have been compiled from notes made by visitors to the Peninsula and by observers from ships. Considering their origin, they showed a great amount of detailed information, being divided into small squares within larger squares, so that any place could be indicated to within a hundred yards by quoting a letter and a number. The contours of the hills were shown by lines indicating every hundred feet of elevation. Australian officers, who were new to any sort of accurate map, looked upon them, when first issued, as marvels of detail.

On April 19th there was a stir aboard the transports. Word had come from G.H.Q. to cease practising the troops at disembarkation. Tugs and trawlers were all to take on coal and water. The *Bacchante* and *Talbot* had that day bombarded Turkish camps near Gaba Tepe. On April 20th came the order that the first movements of troops was to begin on the morrow.

The landing had been fixed for April 23rd. But on the

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morning of the 20th such a wind sprang up that, despite the clear sky, none of the smaller craft could work in the harbour. At 5 p.m. word arrived postponing the move for twenty-four hours. The same clear gale blew fiercely throughout April 21st, and that evening the move was again deferred. On the 22nd the wind moderated towards nightfall, and the cross-movements of troops between various transports began. On the afternoon of the 23rd many British transports sorted themselves out from the others in the crowded basin and moved between the other cheering troopships into the outer harbour. Many noticed, as they passed her, a certain old cargo steamer with two masts and a yellow funnel. Slung over her starboard side were half-a-dozen men on ropes, painting that side of the ship yellow. Her name was the *River Clyde*. A space near the bow still remained to be coloured. That evening General Birdwood, with the chiefs of his Staff, moved into the Battleship *Queen*, and General Bridges and his Staff into the *Prince of Wales*.

At dawn next day, April 24th, four ships, carrying chiefly the 1st Australian Infantry Brigade, sailed from Mudros and moved round the coast of the island into the Bay of Purnea on its northern side. A little after midday five more ships, carrying the bulk of the 2nd Brigade and the Indian Mountain Batteries, joined them. All day they lay there anchored, their heads to a stiff breeze. Three other transports, carrying landing-stages and horseboats, anchored in the next bay.

Meanwhile in Mudros, immediately after midday, destroyers came alongside the transports of the 3rd Brigade and transferred half of the 9th Battalion to the *Queen*, half of the 10th to the *Prince of Wales*, and half of the 11th to the *London*. The men, with their full packs and rifles, clambered on board very quietly and disappeared below decks. Every alley-way and mess-deck in the ships was full of them. The Navy had insisted on feeding them; it would not let them pay for canteen stores; sailors, marines, and officers shared in the expense of providing extras from the ships' canteens. In each ship the flat outside the captain's cabin was crowded with infantrymen. The major of marines, or some senior ship's officer, insisted on giving his cabin to the colonel, and other officers turned out of their bunks to give the Australian

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officers a rest. During the afternoon the ship's chaplain held a service beneath the great guns on the wide quarter-deck.

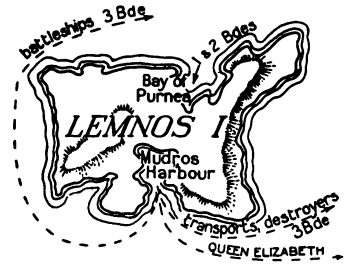
As soon as the troops were on board, at 2 p.m., the ships left port. Colonel MacLagan, commanding the 3rd Brigade which was to make the landing, said good-bye to General Bridges in the *Prince of Wales*, and boarded one of the destroyers.

"Well, MacLagan," said Bridges as they parted, "you haven't thanked me yet."

"Yes, sir, I do thank you for the great honour of having this job to do with my brigade," was the reply. "But if we find the Turks holding these ridges in any strength, I honestly don't think you'll ever see the 3rd Brigade again."

"Oh, go along with you!" said Bridges, laughing.

The *Queen Elizabeth* led the line out of the harbour. The battleships *Queen*, *Triumph*, *Prince of Wales*, the cruiser *Bacchante*, and the battleships *London* and *Majestic* fell in behind her; after them came six destroyers; then the four transports of the 3rd Brigade, all keeping perfect interval. There was tumultuous cheering from the French ships moored in the harbour. An ancient French corvette, transfigured as a hospital ship, passed them, her men waving and shouting and the Australians making with varied success efforts to whistle the Marseillaise. Outside Mudros harbour the line divided. The *Queen Elizabeth* headed for the Dardanelles; the five battleships moved round the west of Lemnos; a destroyer came close abreast of each transport; and transports and destroyers headed directly for Imbros.



Just before dusk that evening the men of the 1st and 2nd Brigades in their transports in the Bay of Purnea saw, steaming slowly along the horizon to the west, a squadron of five warships. They passed gradually across the skyline, trailing a long streamer of smoke, until the night closed over them.

They were the battleships carrying men of the 3rd Brigade to Gaba Tepe.

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CHAPTER XII

THE LANDING AT GABA TEPE

By 8 p.m. on Saturday, April 24th, the four transports of the 3rd Brigade were close under the island of Imbros. Night had fallen an hour before. All the afternoon they had been sailing through a perfect sea. As they neared Imbros the first preparations were made on board. Thus in the *Devanha*, carrying a company and the headquarters of the 12th Battalion, the men had a meal at 5 o'clock, and immediately afterwards, before dark, everyone was brought on deck and put in his proper place. As the transports moved easily through the evening sea and neared the rugged slopes of Imbros, the junior officers inspected their platoons. Their duty was to see that each man had two empty sandbags rolled round his entrenching tool; that the pouches of his equipment were filled with 200 rounds of ammunition; that the heavy packs, crammed with the soldier's simple wardrobe, were fastened over the shoulders with two loops in such a way that they could be thrown off immediately if a boat were sunk; that the magazines of rifles were empty[1]—no shots were to be fired before daylight; that waterbottles were filled; and that each man carried, tied behind him, the two little white bags which contained two extra days' rations (a tin of bully beef, a small tin of tea and sugar, and a number of very hard coarse biscuits in each bag). They had tried to stain these white bags by boiling them in tea, coffee, and cocoa, but though the tea was black, the bags came out nearly white. As each man was inspected, he was ordered to put his kit down where he could find it in the dark.

By 6 p.m. the inspection was over. The men were told that they could rest till eleven, and the old Colonel (Clarke) suggested to his officers: "You fellows had better go and have a sleep."

The Colonel himself lay down in a cabin put at his

[1] In some units magazines were ordered to be charged but "cut-offs" closed.

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Map N°9

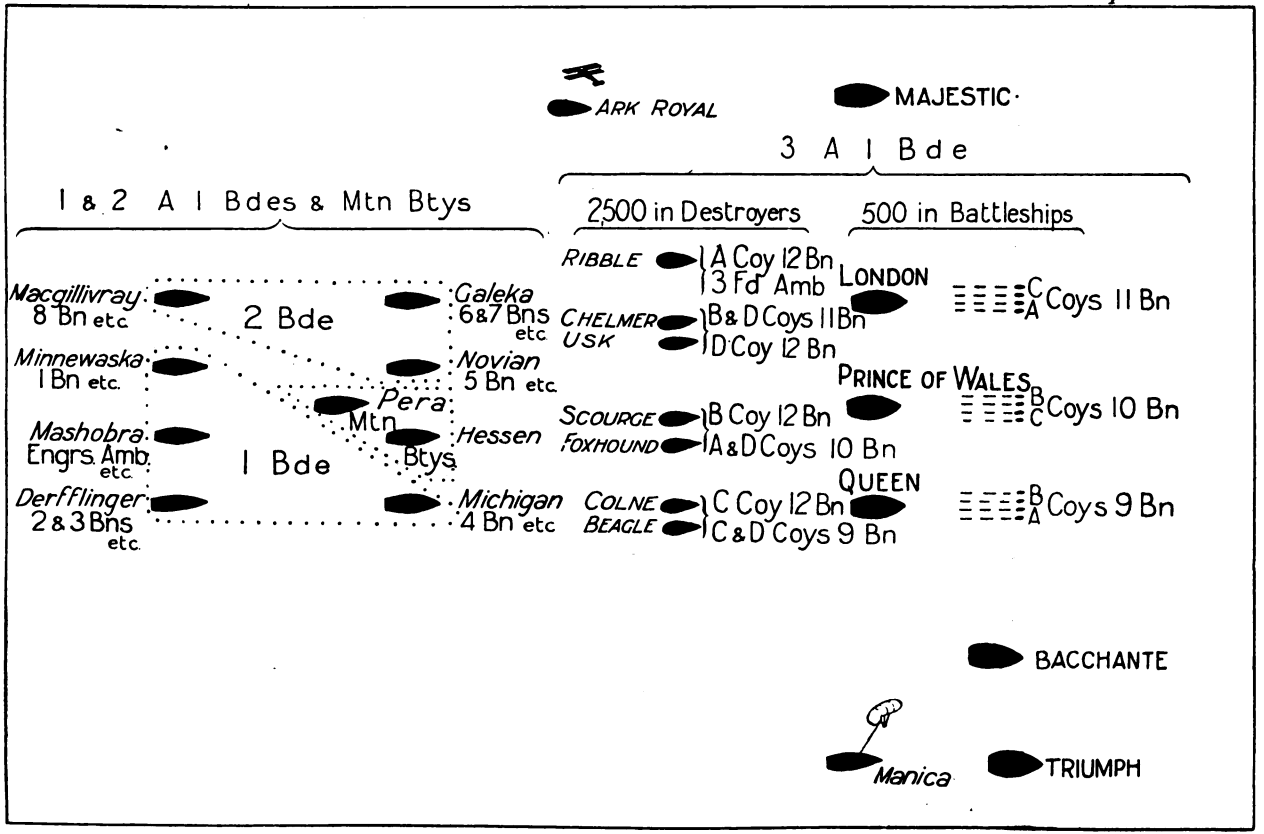

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE INTENDED DISPOSITION OF THE WARSHIPS AND TRANSPORTS OF THE 1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION APPROACHING GABA TEPE

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disposal by the ship's captain. Presently Lieutenant Margetts,[2] a young master of the Hutchins School, Hobart, crept in to see if the "old man" needed any service. The cabin was dark, and he thought his chief was sleeping. But, as he looked in, the Colonel said: "Margetts, are the men all right?"

Margetts climbed on deck and walked round among the dark forms. The transports were now anchored off Kephalos harbour, at the eastern end of Imbros. At 11 p.m. the order was given to get the troops into the destroyers, which crept up on either side of their respective transports.

The two companies of the 9th Battalion in the *Malda* clambered into the *Beagle* and *Colne*; the two of the 10th from the *Ionian* into the *Scourge* and *Foxhound*; the two of the 11th from the *Suffolk* into the *Chelmer* and *Usk*. As the *Devanha* carried only one company of the 12th and some medical officers, stretcher-bearers and others of the 3rd Field Ambulance, only one destroyer, the *Ribble*, came alongside her. The night was so still that the *Devanha's* captain ordered: "Lower gangway." Down this the troops filed on to the destroyer's deck in half the time that had been required with the rope ladders on which they had practised for nearly two months. Five minutes before midnight the *Ribble*, with her decks crowded, and towing behind her the *Devanha's* empty rowing-boats left the transport. The dark shape of the ship faded slowly behind. The destroyer came up with the six others, all similarly loaded, motionless on the water.

Not a glimmer showed on deck; only the moonlight shone faintly through the clouds on the crowded men and on the silken sea. Lieutenant-Commander Wilkinson of the *Ribble* leant over the bridge and said to the men below: "You fellows can smoke and talk quietly. But I expect all lights to be put out and absolute silence to be kept when I give the order." In the interior of the destroyer, on the mess-deck, where the men who were to land in the second tow were waiting, two old sailors were carrying cocoa to the troops. Down in the tiny wardroom, where shone a solitary light, Colonel Clarke, who commanded the 12th, Lieutenant-Colonel Hawley,[3] his second-

[2] Captain I. S. Margetts; 12th Bn. Of Hobart, Tas.; b. Launceston, Tas., 4 Sept., 1891. Killed in action 24 July, 1916.

[3] Lieut.-Colonel S. Hawley; 12th Bn. Of Evandale, Tas.; b. London, Eng., 15 Aug., 1870

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in-command, Major Elliott,[4] Lieutenant Margetts, and the adjutant sat over a cup of cocoa.

The seven destroyers had begun to move slowly, barely making headway. After two or three miles they stopped again, waiting for the moon to sink. Unseen, but not far ahead of them, were the three battleships carrying the first half of the 9th, 10th, and 11th Battalions, which would be first landed. These men, sleeping on the battleships' mess-decks, from which the crews had turned out in order to give them the chance of a rest, were called at midnight. A cup of hot cocoa provided by the ship was given to them. At 1 a.m. the ships were stopped on the sea between Imbros and the Peninsula. The moon was still high, and the shape of land was at times visible to the east. The hulls of the battleships lying near one another on the water, motionless, were difficult to pick out except through glasses. They had all swung out their boats, and those of the three "covering" ships,[5] which carried no troops, the *Triumph*, *Majestic*, and *Bacchante*, were sent alongside the *Queen*, *Prince of Wales*, and *London*, which were the troop-carriers. Twelve rowing-boats were brought alongside each of these three vessels. These were made up into four tows of three boats, each three being towed by one of the warships' small steamboats. Thus two tows lay on either side of each transporting battleship, and into these the troops climbed quietly down rope ladders. The only sound was the shuffle of the men's heavy equipment or the occasional grounding of a rifle butt. Many a naval officer noticed how silent and orderly, now that it had come to business, were these troops whose name had terrified Cairo. By 2.35 a.m. the rowing-boats were full, and dropped back in long strings behind the battleships. At 2.53, the moon being now very low, the ships moved slowly ahead, towing the boats behind them. Some of the destroyers, closing a few minutes later, passed the shapes of big ships with strings of boats behind. At 3 a.m. the moon sank and the night became intensely dark.

At 3.30 the battleships stopped, and the order was given to the tows to go ahead and land. The small steamboats behind

[4] Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Elliott, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 12th Bn. 1915/18. Cashier in A.M.P. Society, Hobart, Tas.: b. Hobart, 19 Aug., 1882.

[5] That is, which were to bombard the Turks after the troops landed.

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the battleships cast off, each with its tow of three ships' boats behind. As the hawsers took the strain, the boats began to leap and race. The tows were to form all twelve in line and then make for the beach; the direction was to be given by the naval officer in charge of the starboard or southernmost tow; the other tows were to keep abreast of him, with about 150 yards' interval between each one and the next.

There was some difficulty in getting into line. The night was so black that it was often impossible to see the next tow on either side, much more the whole line of them. Some of the tows appear to have sandwiched themselves into a wrong place in the line. But there could be no waiting or indecision. The battleships were coming on slowly behind. The small steamboats raced due east, the rowing-boats behind them. In each boat were from thirty to forty soldiers, four seamen, and a coxswain. In the steamboat ahead of each tow, which carried no troops, was a naval officer, with a senior officer to every four steamboats; in the last rowing-boat of each tow was a midshipman. The men, with their heavy packs and their kit hanging loosely on their shoulders, were crowded in the boats, the seamen among them ready to cast loose the tow rope and get out the oars. The senior company officers in some cases sat beside the midshipman at the tiller of the last boat. There was no sound, save the swift plunge and wash of the boats and the throbbing of the small engines.

Suddenly, on the horizon ahead of the boats, a faint hazy band of white light shot into the sky, moved restlessly for half a minute, and vanished. It was a searchlight. For one instant the hearts of the few officers who noticed it flew to their throats. Could it be on Gaba Tepe? The anxiety passed. Low on the horizon in front of the light there showed a dark irregular shape which could only be a line of intervening land. The searchlight was in the straits beyond the Peninsula. A second ray shot out lower down the straits, flickered for a moment, and faded.

Half an hour after the ships had been left, the first faint signs of dawn began to show ahead of the boats.

About that moment orders were received by the seven destroyers, waiting in the dark behind the battleships, to move through and to land their troops. In the *Ribble* Commander

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Wilkinson leaned over the bridge and said: "Lights out, men, and stop talking. We're going in now." The speed increased, The destroyer began to throb. Immediately afterwards she passed close by the dark shape of a large warship. The men in the *Ribble* could see all seven destroyers, now in line, moving swiftly in.

In the twelve small tows ahead it was still too dark to make out any but the nearest abreast. Under the sky could be seen, definitely for the first time since the set of the moon, the dark shape of land. Every brain in the boats was throbbing with the intense anxiety of the moment: "Will the landing be a surprise, or have we been seen?" As the dull line of the land rose higher and higher above the nose of the boats, the suspense was almost unbearable. The panting of each steamboat seemed to those behind it a noise to rouse the dead. Surely, if there were men on the shore, they must presently hear it! Yet the land gave no sign of life.

The naval officer in charge of the right-hand tow was to have given the direction, but it was too dark to see at times even the string of boats next abeam. His own seems to have gone straight enough, but the second or third to the north of it took a course diverging gradually to the left. Commander Dix, who was in charge of the flotilla, was in the northernmost, with part of the 11th Battalion. Several times after leaving the *London* he appeared to find the steamboat on his right too close, for he called out to keep more to starboard. The naval officer in the southernmost found that the whole line, except the tow next to him, was heading for a different part of the shore. The course he was taking would land himself and his next neighbour isolated on the beach north of Gaba Tepe. Accordingly he swung his steamboat to the left, which would bring it across the bows of the others. The naval men appeared to see far better in the dark than did the troops, for, as the land drew closer, one after another picked up this movement, swung several hundred yards northward, and then straightened again.

There was still no sign of any sort from the shore. The water was as smooth as satin—a gloriously cool, peaceful night. In one of the central tows, carrying the 10th Battalion, the steamboat had already cast off the rowing-boats. Only the

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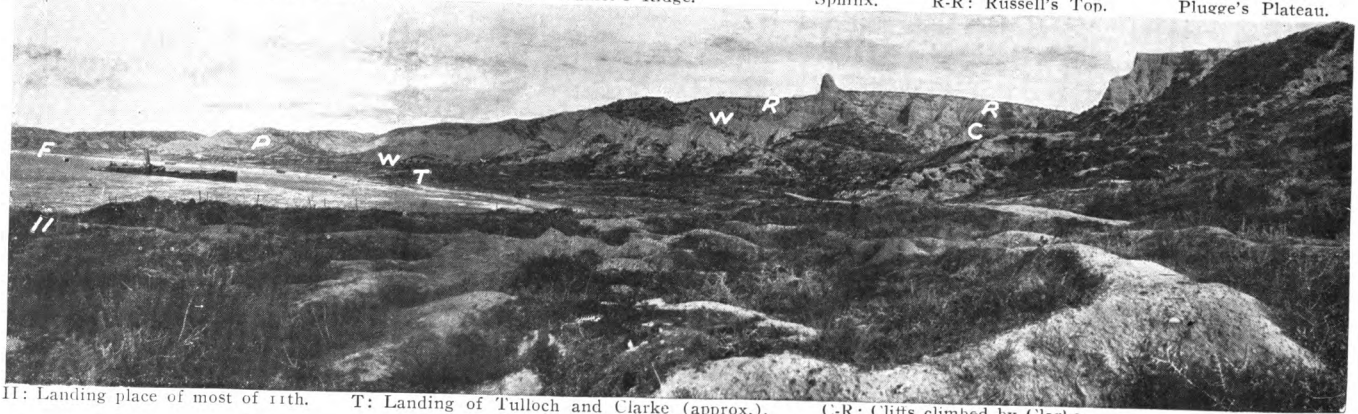
F: Fisherman's Hut. P: No. 1 Outpost. W-W: Walker's Ridge. Sphinx. R-R: Russell's Top. Plugge's Plateau.



11: Landing place of most of 11th. T: Landing of Tulloch and Clarke (approx.). C-R: Cliffs climbed by Clarke.
Part of slope rushed by 3rd. Bde.

"NORTH BEACH" SHOWING THE SLOPES FIRST RUSHED BY THE 3RD BRIGADE AT ANZAC. THE FIRST TURKISH TRENCH SEIZED BY THE 11TH BN. WAS IN THE SCRUB HALF-WAY UP TOWARDS PLUGGE'S PLATEAU. THE STEAMER *Milo* WAS SUNK LATER TO FORM A BREAKWATER

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G2018 A.B.C. Taken in 1919.

To face p. 250.

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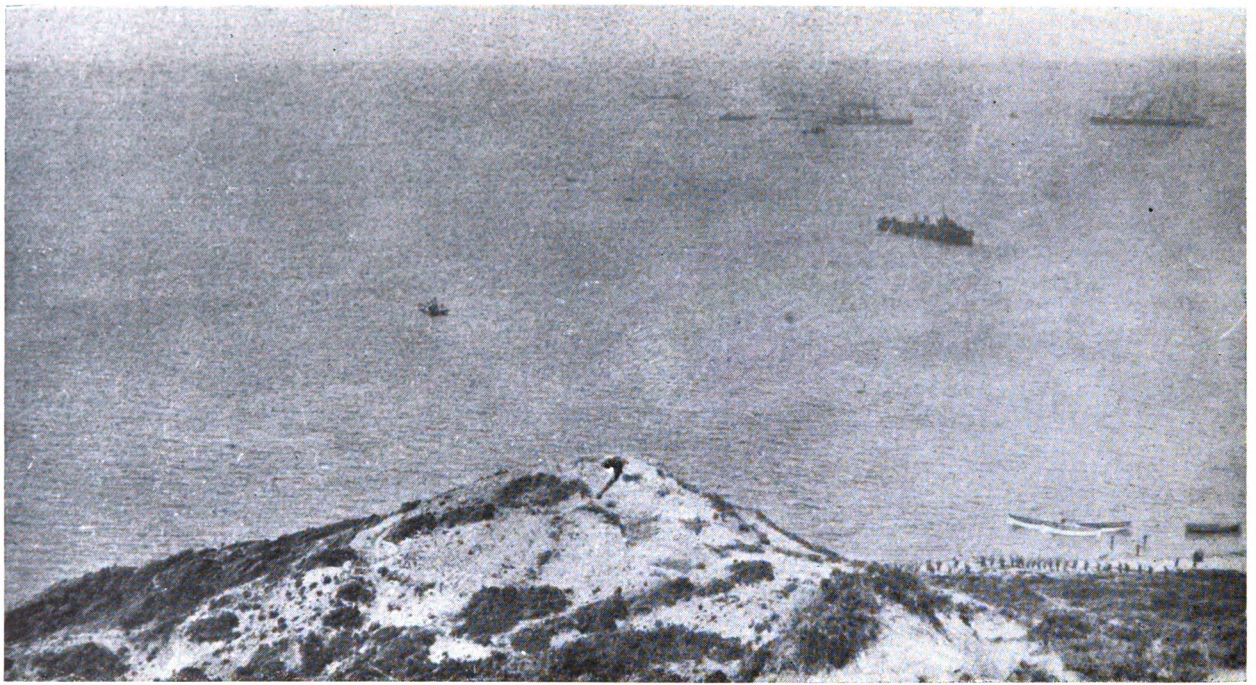

ARI BURNU, FROM PLUGGE'S PLATEAU, LOOKING DOWN UPON THE BEACH, SHOWING THE TRENCH AND POST FIRST RUSHED ON ARI BURNU BY 9TH, 10TH AND 11TH. THE FILE OF NEW ZEALANDERS ON THE BEACH IS RETURNING FROM WALKER'S RIDGE TO GO IN OVER PLUGGE'S

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G906. Taken about noon, 25th April, 1915.

To face p. 251.

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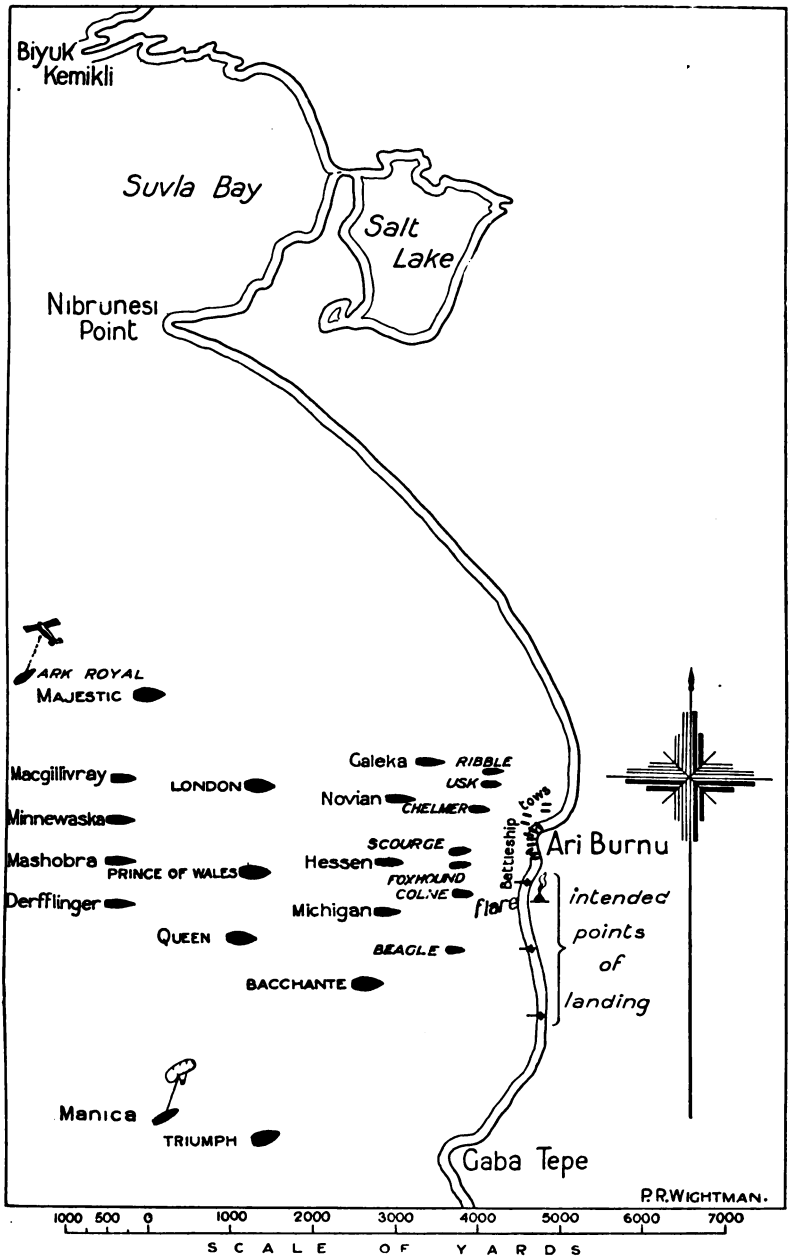

SHIPS OFF ARI BURNU AT THE TIME OF LANDING OF THE 1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION, 4.30 A.M., 25TH APRIL, 1915

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soft dip of the muffled oars in the water broke the silence. They were forty or fifty yards from the shore. "There's no sound," whispered Colonel Weir to the officer beside him. The eleven other tows must have been very close, but they could not be seen by one another. The northernmost had swung to the left and then back again, nearly colliding.

About this moment from the funnel of one of the northernmost steamboats there flared out a trail of flame. Special instructions had been given to the crews to prevent this occurrence, but it is not easily avoided. Three full feet of sparks and flame continued to trail for twenty or thirty seconds. A high plateau of land was above the boats at this moment, with a round jutting knoll, 200 feet high, at the foot of it. It was Ari Burnu point.

The voice of Commander Dix broke the silence. "Tell the colonel," he shouted, "that the dam' fools have taken us a mile too far north."

Just then—at 4.29 a.m.—on the summit of another and rather lower knoll a thousand yards south[6] there flashed a bright yellow light. It was seen by almost everyone in the boats; some took it for a signal lamp; others for a bright flare of shavings or a small bonfire. It glowed for half a minute and then went out.

There was deathlike silence for a moment. Then suddenly: "Look at that!" said Captain Leane[7] in one of the northernmost boats. The figure of a man was on the skyline of the plateau above them. A voice called on the land. From the top of Ari Burnu a rifle flashed. A bullet whizzed overhead and plunged into the sea. A second or two of silence . . . four or five shots as if from a sentry group. Another pause—then a scattered, irregular fire growing very fast. They were discovered. After the tension of the last half-hour the discovery brought a blessed relief.

At this moment the twelve tows were very close together, running in to the foot of the Ari Burnu knoll. The knoll juts out in a small cape, and the boats of the 9th and 10th Battalions, striking the point of this, were the first to reach the land. The

[6] Queensland Point, above Hell Spit—the Little Ari Burnu of the Turks.

[7] Brig.-General R. L. Leane, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C. G.O.C. 12th Aust. Inf. Bde. ; of Adelaide, S. Aust. ; prior to war a merchant in W. Aust. : subsequently Chief Commissioner of Police, S. Aust. ; b. Prospect, Adelaide, 12 July, 1878.

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11th Battalion ran past the north of it a little further before arriving at the beach. The naval steamboats had now cast off all the tows. Each steamboat carried a machine-gun in her bows, not to be used except by order of the senior officer of the troops in the tow. The picket-boat, with Major Salisbury's[8] tow of the 9th Battalion, immediately backed out and began to fire, her small gun pointing up towards the flashes on the edge of the plateau above. The rowing-boats with the troops were paddling the last short space to the land. The smaller life-boats and cutters ran in till the water shoaled to two or three feet. The larger "launches" and "pinnaces"[9] grounded in deeper water, whereupon the men tumbled over the bows or the sides, often falling on the slippery stones, so that it was hard to say who was hit and who was not. Most were up to their thighs in water; some, who dropped off near the stern of the larger boats, were immersed to their chests. Others, barely noticed in the rush, slipped into water too deep for them. The heavy kit which a man carried would sink him like a stone. Some were grabbed by a comrade who happened to observe them; one was hung up by his kit on a rowlock until someone noticed him; a few were almost certainly drowned.

It was at 4.30 a.m. on Sunday, April 25th, half an hour before the opening of the British bombardment of Cape Helles,[10] that the Australians landed at Ari Burnu. The first bullets were striking sparks out of the shingle as the first boat-loads reached the shore. Three of the boats near the point had become so locked that only those on the outside could use their oars. One of these, containing men of the 9th Battalion and Captain Graham Butler,[11] their medical officer, and a boat of the 10th Battalion, with Lieutenant Talbot Smith[12] and the scouts of the battalion, were among the first on the point.

[8] Lieut.-Colonel A. G. Salisbury, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 50th Bn. 1916/19; 13th Inf. Bde. (temply.) 1919. Area officer: b. Brisbane, Q'land, 15 Feb., 1885.

[9] The "launch" is the largest rowing-boat carried by a warship, and the "pinnace" the next largest.

[10] The fleet was to bombard the foot of the Peninsula at 5 a.m., and the 29th Division to begin landing at 5.30 a.m.

[11] Colonel A. Graham Butler, D.S.O. Commanded 3rd Aust. General Hospital, 1918. Of Brisbane, Q'land; b. Kilcoy, Q'land, 25 May, 1872.

[12] Lieut. E. W. Talbot Smith; 10th Bn. Duntroon Graduate; b. Adelaide, S. Aust., 28 Apr., 1892. Died of wounds, 30 Apr., 1915.

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In many cases the men had been told that they would have to run across ten or fifteen yards of sand, line a low cliff four or five feet high, drop their packs and form up, and then rush across 200 yards of open to the first hill. They raced across the sand, the bullets striking sparks at their feet, and flung themselves down, as instructed, in the shelter of the sandy bank—which in some places amounted to a low cliff—where the hillside ended and the beach began.

The fire was increasing fast. A machine-gun was barking from some fold in the dark steeps north of the knoll; another was on the knoll itself or on the edge of the plateau above and behind it. The seaman who, as if he had been landing a pleasure party, was handing Captain Butler his satchel out of the boat, fell back shot through the head. In the tows of the 11th Battalion, which were to the north of the point and had still 200 yards of water to cross before they touched the beach, bullet after bullet was splintering the boats or thudding into their crowded freight. Every now and then a man slid to the bottom of the boat with a sharp moan or low gurgling cry. The troops and the seamen crouched as close and as low as they could, with their backs hunched. Occasionally some heavier missile, as from a small Hotchkiss gun, splashed heavily into the surface of the sea. In one boat an oar was splintered, and a corporal tried to sound the depth with it. The water, by its colour, was shoaling fast. A "tag" was current in the 11th Battalion, based on the statement of a sergeant, that bullets made a noise like small birds passing overhead. At this crisis Private "Combo" Smith,[13] of the 11th Battalion, set one whole boat laughing by looking at the sky and remarking to "Snowy" Howe:[14] "Just like little birds, ain't they, Snow?"

The last rowing-boat in each tow had been placed in charge of a midshipman. To the naval folk these youngsters were officers, but to the Australian soldier they were children. Amidst all this heavy firing, when boatload after boatload moved in huddled and helpless, unable to reply, officers and men saw these boys sitting, sometimes standing, high in the stern beside the tiller. In more than one case the Australian

[13] Pte. W. R. Smith; 11th Bn.

[14] Lieut. H. V. Howe; 11th Bn. Bombing officer, 3rd Inf. Bde. 1918. Of Broome, W. Aust.; b. Singleton, N.S.W., 31 Jan., 1892.

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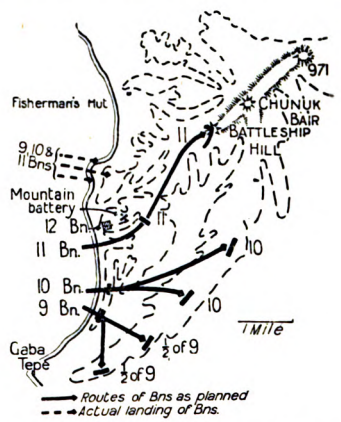
officer in the boat bore the brave figure of that child in his mind to help him in the wild hours which followed. The midshipman beside Major Drake Brockman,[15] of the 11th Battalion, in the second tow from the left, was a small red-headed slip of a boy. As the boat's nose grated on the shore, he pulled out a heavy revolver and clambered over the backs of the men, waving the pistol and shouting in his young treble: "Come on, my lads! Come on, my lads!" After running across the beach he mournfully pulled himself up, as he realised that his duty was to go back with his launch.

The boats of the 11th Battalion hit the shore 200 or 300 yards north of the point of Ari Burnu. Those of the 9th struck the point itself or its southern shoulder, and some of the 10th landed just south of it. From every boat the men doubled across the sand and took breath under the bank, whither also the wounded from the boats were hauled. Many were fixing their bayonets as they ran across the shingle. In other cases the officers or sergeants, as they and their men lay under the bank, gave the orders to strip packs—load the magazines with five or ten rounds—close the cut-off—pull back safety catches. No shots were to be fired till daylight.

The men were ashore and mostly alive, but the place was clearly the wrong one. Anyone who depended upon a set plan for the next move was completely bewildered. It had been hoped that the halt under the sandy bank would be long enough to allow all the companies to land, form, and carry out an organised attack across the open against the first ridge. But there was no open. Some officers thought that the knoll of Ari Burnu was Gaba Tepe itself. A high rugged slope pressed down on to the beach. A fierce rifle-fire swept over



[15] Brig.-General E. A. Drake Brockman, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 4th Inf. Bde. 1918/19. Barrister and Member of Australian Senate; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Busselton, W. Aust., 21 July, 1884.

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the men. They had been landed in the dark on an utterly different coast, and were lying in little parties of boatloads and platoons out of sight of most of their comrades, their clothes heavy with water, and their rifles choked with sand. In consequence of the swing of the southernmost tows, those who should have formed the right of the 9th were mixed up with the right of the 10th. Above some of the 9th, immediately south of the point, the bank was so high and steep that those who tried to clamber up it slipped back.

Something was clearly wrong. Everything seemed wrong. The 9th and 10th, on the point itself and on its southern bend, were fairly protected from rifle-fire. Many of the Turks were shooting at the destroyers further out; but north of the point where the 11th landed, a machine-gun in the foothills 500 yards to their left was shooting into the men behind the bank, and the grassy tussocks on the sandslope above it gave no better protection. As Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston[16] and Corporal Louch[17] lay there side by side, a bullet thudded into the sand between them. The country was unrecognisable. They had not the least idea as to whether the other tows had yet landed. "What are we to do next, sir?" somebody asked of a senior officer. "I don't know, I'm sure," was the reply. "Everything is in a terrible muddle."

But every authority, from Sir Ian Hamilton and General Birdwood down, had dinned into the troops: "You must go forward—you are the covering force. You must get on, whatever the opposition." There was a proportion of men and officers who barely waited to throw off their packs. Captain Leane and the men with him did not even charge their magazines. There was no time for that. They dropped their packs, and went straight into the scrub and up the steepening slopes. On the tip of Ari Burnu Point Lieutenant Talbot Smith with the scouts of the 10th Battalion, thirty-two in number, had struck the shore just after the first shot was fired. "Come on, boys," he cried, "they can't hit you!" He had told them to leave their packs in the boat.

[16] Lieut.-Colonel J. Lyon Johnston, C.M.G. Commanded 11th Bn. 1914/15. Sharebroker and secretary; of Boulder, W. Aust.; b. Aberdeen, Scotland, 5 May, 1863.

[17] Captain T. S. Louch, M.C.; 51st Bn. a/Bde.-Major 12th Inf. Bde. 1917; Bde.-Major 13th Inf. Bde. 1918. Law Clerk; of Albany, W. Aust.; b. Geraldton, W. Aust., 30 March, 1894.

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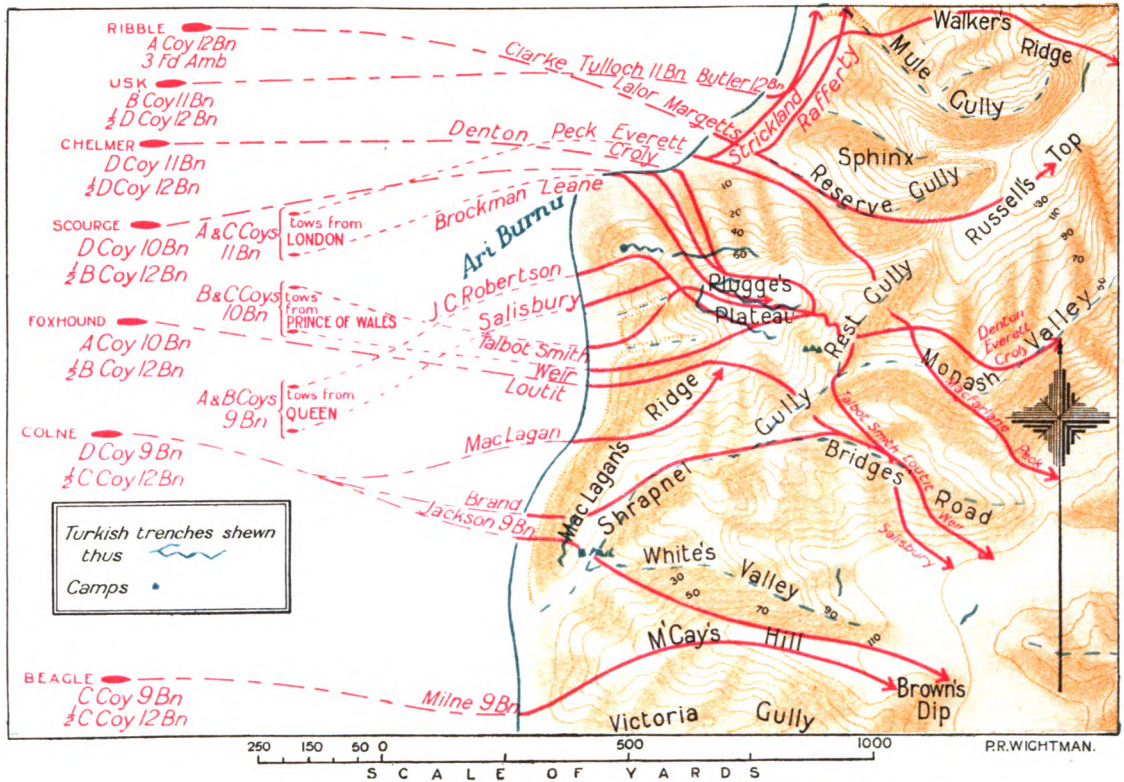

Map No. 11

THE RUSH OF THE COVERING FORCE (3RD AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE) UP THE HILLS ABOVE ITS LANDING PLACE, 4.30 TO 5.30 A.M., 25TH APRIL, 1915

British troops, etc., red; Turkish trenches, etc., blue. Height contours, 10 metres.

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Smith had lectured his small flock in one of the gun casemates of the *Prince of Wales* at 10 o'clock the night before, drawing sketches for them on the breech of the 6-in. gun. Their task was to hurry on and catch the Turkish battery near the objective ridge, and he had requested one of the ship's gunners to show them how to damage a gun by burring the screw in the breech. He now ran across the beach, climbed a short way up the slope, and turned: "10th Battalion scouts," he shouted, "are you ready?" He then led them straight up the height, while the Turks above were firing over their heads. From the left-hand edge of the plateau above could be seen the flash of a machine-gun. They made up the hill towards it.

There was no opportunity for subtle co-ordination such as had been planned. The scouts or the more adventurous spirits started first. A certain proportion of the 9th and 10th, who were dropping their packs under the bank on the southern bend of the point, clambered uphill on the word being given by Colonel Weir. Others saw the forms of these men moving in the dark, and set off with them. The result was that a few minutes after the landing, a rough line about six companies strong began the difficult ascent. Any idea of keeping touch or formation during this climb was out of the question. At the very start, on the southern bend of the point where Major J. C. Robertson[18] and part of the 9th landed, they were faced by a steep bank as high as the wall of a room. They endeavoured to climb it, but slipped back. Then someone found a rough foot-track leading round it, and up this they clambered on to the scrubby knoll. The scrub was mostly composed of small stout bushes of prickly oak, waist high, leaved like a diminutive holly, or else of a taller "arbutus" with naked orange stems and leaves like those of a laurel. Later, when the light increased, every hillside in this part of the Peninsula had the appearance of being covered with gorse. The growth was stubborn, and, in the steep gravelly waterways with which the hillside was scored, it was as much as a strong man could do to fight his way through it, to say nothing of carrying his heavy kit and rifle. Men grasped the arbutus roots and hauled

[18] Brig.-General J. Campbell Robertson, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 12th Inf. Bde. 1916/18; 6th Inf. Bde. 1918/19. Secretary; b. Toowoomba, Q'land. 24 Oct., 1878.

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themselves up by them, sometimes digging their bayonets into the ground and pushing themselves up to a foothold. As they climbed higher towards the plateau, the sides became steeper, until they were nearly precipitous. The men of the Navy, watching the troops flinging themselves like cats up the hill-side, carried back the story of it glowing to the ships.

Ari Burnu Knoll, jutting from the foot of the plateau, was less steep than the sides of the plateau itself. Within a minute or two the men were reaching the top, where a small square machine-gun post had been sunk, with beams as if to support a roof. From this post a trench ran back along the neck, connecting the knoll with the side of the plateau. The Turks had not erected any obstruction of barbed wire in front of this trench, or of any other met with by the Australians that day, and they were bolting from the top of the knoll before the Australians reached it. In the trench lay a wounded Turk. Captain Graham Butler, medical officer of the 9th Battalion, stopped to attend to him; the line was scrambling up the hill ahead.

Those of the 11th Battalion who were lying under the bank north of Ari Burnu, under a heavy fire from the left, were out of sight and touch with the men whom Colonel Weir and others had started on their rush. But presently they perceived the figures of men climbing up the knoll above the point. They took these to be the 9th and 10th Battalions, landed to the south of them, and they too started inland up the slopes north of the point, which led to the same plateau. The hill grew steeper. Far above on the skyline they could see the forms of Turks moving. The men had been constantly warned, on the authority of officers with experience of the Kurds and less disciplined Turkish troops, that the Turks mutilated men whom they captured or found wounded, and in these early days the Australians nursed a strong suspicion and hatred of the enemy. Whenever a Turk was "put up" during these early hours of the fight, he was chased with shouts of "Imshi-yalla, you bastard!" "Igri," "Saida," and other tags of "Arabic" which were now part of the Australian speech. Half-way up this first hill two Western Australians stumbled on a Turkish trench. A single Turk jumped up like a rabbit, threw away his rifle, and tried to escape. The nearest man

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could not fire, as his rifle was full of sand. He bayoneted the Turk through his haversack and captured him. "Prisoner here!" they shouted. "Shoot the bastard!" was all the notice they received from others passing up the hill. But, as in every battle he fought, the Australian soldier was more humane in his deeds than in his words. The Turk was sent down to the beach in charge of a wounded man.

On the southern bend of the point, after Weir's line had started, a certain number of men who had lost touch with their officers were still crouching under the bank, loading their rifles and cleaning them of grit. Bullets from above were whipping in among them, and some of the men were lining the bank and shooting up at the flashes of the Turkish rifles on the skyline. Graham Butler, who had been attending to several wounded men on the beach, saw the futility of this, and the danger to those ahead. He urged these men not to wait to load, but to push on with their bayonets alone; and though he was an older man than most of his comrades, he led them at a swift pace up the hill.

The face of the height was so steep that those who were wounded rolled or slid down it, until caught and supported by some tuft of scrub. Here and there a man hung over a slope so precipitous that Butler, going to his help, had to cut steps in the gravel face with his entrenching tool in order to reach him.

The first men were now reaching the plateau. Talbot Smith and his scouts from the south of the point were climbing neck and neck with the swiftest men of the 11th from its northern side. Ari Burnu Knoll had been left behind and below them, and they had converged on to the sheer side of the plateau. Captains Leane and Annear,[19] and Lieutenants Macdonald[20] and Selby,[21] of the 11th, were beside Talbot Smith and his scouts. Some hint of this line of grim men silently climbing to them in the dim light had reached the Turks, and they were beginning to bolt. The flash of the machine-gun

[19] Captain W. R. Annear; 11th Bn. Commercial traveller and area officer; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Ballarat, Vic., 1 May, 1875. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[20] Lieut. D. H. Macdonald; 11th Bn. Area officer; of Cottesloe, W. Aust.; b. Camperdown, Sydney, N.S.W., 27 Apr., 1889. Killed in action, 28 June, 1915.

[21] Lieut. A. R. Selby; 11th Bn. Duntroon Graduate. Of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Armidale, N.S.W., 16 March, 1893.

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on the top had ceased for some minutes, though a necklace of rifle flashes still fringed the lower crest to the right.

The first Australians clambered out on to the small plateau. A foot or two inwards from its rim was a Turkish trench, from which a few Turks seemed to be running back to the inland verge of the summit 200 yards away. From there a heavy fire still met the Australians appearing over the rim of the plateau, and was sufficient to force the first men to take what cover they could on the seaward edge. They refrained from jumping into the trench, there being a notion among all troops at the beginning of the war that the enemy would leave his trenches mined.[22] But the earth from the Turkish trench had been heaped up, as usual, along its front (or seaward) side, making a parapet a foot high, over which the garrison of the trench could fire. Behind this imperfect cover the leading Australians flung themselves down, while the fire from the other side of the plateau and from the dimly-seen ridge beyond swept fiercely over them. Lieutenant Macdonald of the 11th, lying beside Captain Leane, was wounded in the shoulder. Captain Annear was hit through the head and lay there, the first Australian officer to be killed.

Within a few minutes, as other men reached the plateau, the Turkish fire from its farther side began to slacken. A little to the left of Leane two of the enemy jumped up from the trench and fired down at the approaching men. Batt[23]—batman to Lieutenant Morgan[24] of the 11th—fell wounded. But four or five men who were reaching the summit at that moment made for the Turks, who ran across the small plateau. One was nearly caught, when an Australian stepped from behind a bush and bayoneted him in the shoulder; the other was shot on the farther edge of the summit, where he rolled down a washaway in the steep side and hung, dead, in a crevice of the gravel. Three more Turks sprang up and made for Major Brockman as he reached the top. An Irishman, an old

[22] Owing to the danger to the defending side, the immense labour, and the case with which they could be avoided by the attacking side, land mines were scarcely ever used during the war, and never in a defended trench. A few mines were placed by the Turks in the beach at Suvla and Sedd-el-Bahr and some exploded, but apparently with trifling effect.

[23] Pte. T. Batt (No. 149, 11th Bn.), labourer; b. Brachan, S. Wales, 9 March, 1883. Died of wounds, 29 Apr., 1915.

[24] Lieut. J. H. Morgan; 11th Bn. Civil servant; b. 27 May, 1891. Wounded; discharged in Australia; later Captain 4th Bn. Welsh Regiment.

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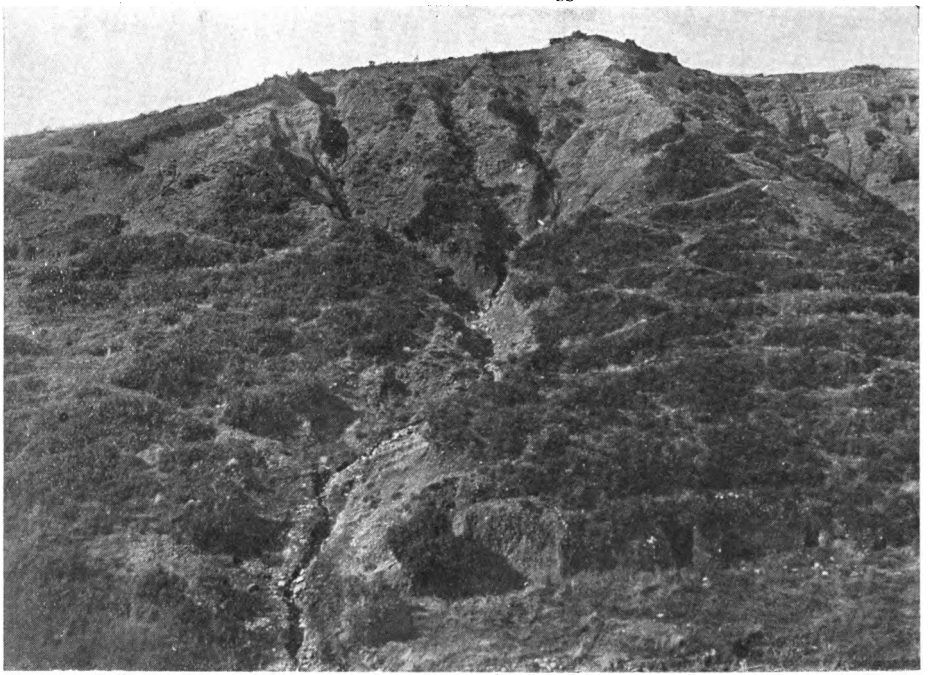
MacLagan's Ridge. Plugge's Plateau. Razor Edge.



Rest Gully.

Shrapnel Gully. Zigzag Path. Shrapnel Gully.

PLUGGE S PLATEAU FROM ITS INLAND SIDE (SHRAPNEL GULLY) SHOWING THE ZIG-ZAG PATH DOWN WHICH THE TURKS RETIRED

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1881. Taken in 1919.

To face p. 260.

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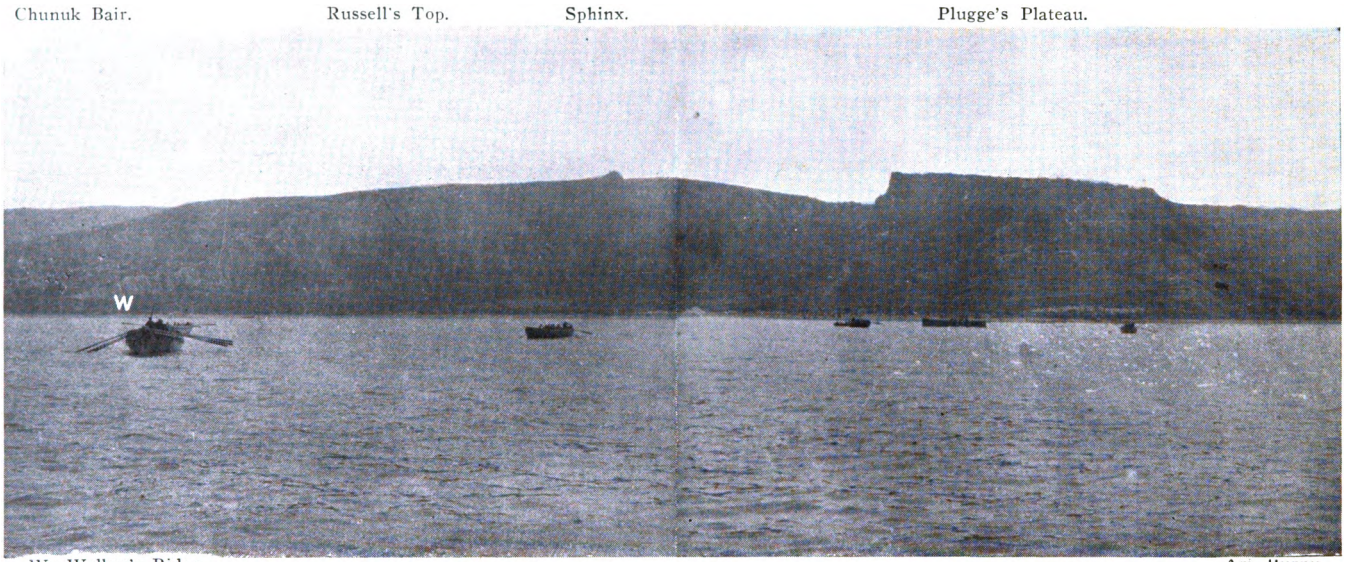

THE 1ST BRIGADE ROWING TO THE BEACH AND EMPTY BOATS RETURNING AT ABOUT 9.45 A.M., 25TH APRIL, 1915.

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G900-1

To face p. 261.

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soldier of the Dragoon Guards, killed all three. Major J. C. Robertson, of the 9th, was wounded. The fatal Australian fire from below, which Graham Butler stopped, had been responsible for the loss of at least one brave man. On the very edge of the plateau Sergeant Fowles[25] was grievously wounded by one of the bullets. "I told them," he said as he lay there dying in the Turkish trench—"I told them again and again not to open their magazines."

The plateau, which one small party after another was now reaching at the end of its breathless climb, was a small triangular top with all its sides very steep. From the Turkish trench on its face two communication trenches ran back some 200 yards to the far edge of the hilltop. Later in the day, when these trenches were occupied by New Zealanders and others in reserve, Colonel Plugge[26] of the Auckland Battalion had his headquarters there. The hilltop was accordingly named "Plugge's" (pronounced Pluggie's) Plateau.

The troops who followed the bolting Turks across the plateau found themselves suddenly brought up on the verge of a deep valley which ran below them. To the north the valley side was sheer, but further south, where the slope became sufficiently gentle to give a foothold to odd tufts of scrub, a zigzag path led down into it.[27] By the path were three tents, partly screened with dry brushwood. The Turks, scurrying back across the summit, knew this path and dropped down it, while the Australians were checked by the cliff. Below the path and the tents was the gorse-like scrub of the valley, which covered the opposite hills also. The forms of the fugitives could be dimly seen doubling down through the bushes and up a track upon the other side. Several of the men stood on the edge of the plateau firing at them. A constant rifle fire came from the enemy somewhere on the heights across the valley.

A few of the leading men dived straight down the gravel precipice in pursuit. Talbot Smith and his scouts stood

[25] Sgt. H. H. K. Fowles (No. 71 9th Bn.). School teacher; of Gatton, Lockyer District, Q'land; b. Teneriffe, Brisbane, Q'land, 31 March, 1893. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[26] Colonel A. Plugge, C.M.G. Commanded Auckland Bn. Of Auckland, N.Z.; b. Hull, Eng., 17 Feb., 1878.

[27] See plate at p. 260.

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for a few moments on the edge, Smith looking at his map. Then they plunged down the path by the three tents to their task of finding the Turkish guns. Lieutenant Fortescue[28] of the 9th, who had lost sight of most of his men in the bushes on the way up hill, "skidded" down the landslide on the farther edge and missed all the rest, except two who happened to slide down the same gutter. But while these first parties were starting to follow the Turks inland, the men of the battleship tows of the 9th, 10th, and part of the 11th, now reaching the plateau, were accompanied by certain active senior officers who were able to give direction even in the complete confusion of the plans. Many belonging to the first six companies, when they reached the first height, had a notion that their work as a covering force was done. After the acute tension in the boats, they arrived on the plateau in bursting spirits. The excitement and surprise at being there and alive, having more than half completed the formidable task which had hung over them for six weeks, drowned all other feelings at the moment. The dim forms of Turks were still running across the lower ridge which formed the southern continuation of the plateau (MacLagan's Ridge). With a laugh and a shout the men blazed at them. To many the battle was more than half finished, and they naturally waited for directions.

The first height was, according to the plans, the place for a swift re-organisation. It had been hoped that there would be time for the companies from the destroyers to join those from the battleships at that point. On the northern and highest corner of the plateau, Brockman, being a senior major of the 11th, was sorting men of the three battalions, sending the 9th to the right, the 10th to the centre, and keeping the 11th on the left. He forbade the men with him to fire at the Turks who were fleeing over the same ridge only a hundred yards or so to their right. The 9th and 10th, clambering over the ridge further south, would deal with them.

Only a portion of the battleship tows of the 11th had reached Plugge's Plateau. Others, as will presently be told, had made their way into the valley further north. But almost the whole of the battleship parties of the 9th and 10th were

[28] Major D. Fortescue, D.S.O., M.C.; 49th Bn. Jeweller; of Toowoomba, Q'land; b. Toowoomba, 18 May, 1893.

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now on the plateau. Colonel Weir, with Oldham's[29] and Jacob's[30] companies of the 10th, reached the plateau more or less together on the right of the 11th. After firing for a few minutes from the summit at the Turks running below, these companies led on into the valley, heading for the path up which the enemy were making.

The two companies of the 9th, which should have been on the right of the 10th, had been mixed up with the 10th and with each other by the swing of the tows. The rush up the hill had disorganised them, though not beyond the possibility of restoring order. But they were without senior officers. Major J. C. Robertson had been hit on reaching the plateau. Major S. B. Robertson,[31] one of the 9th's company commanders, found his way with a few of his men to the far left and was killed later in the day on Baby 700. The colonel was not on the plateau.

But the medical officer of the battalion, Graham Butler, had led some of its men up the hill, and its junior major, Alfred George Salisbury, managed to keep his own company and part of Major S. B. Robertson's fairly well together on the top. Salisbury took charge of the right, and gave Captain Ryder[32] the left. No senior officer was present to order the advance; but when, almost immediately after the main portion of the 10th had plunged into the valley, Salisbury saw the Turks doubling down the same valley to his right, he gave the word to move into the gully after them. For the rest of that day, until the 9th Battalion ceased to exist as a fighting unit, it was this young officer who commanded it.

This left only the 11th, organising under Brockman, at the northern end of Plugge's. But the second instalment of the covering force was already ashore and making inland. Some of the Turks whom Salisbury saw running away on his right, and those whom Brockman had observed bolting back

[29] Major E. C. Oldham; 10th Bn. Area officer; of St. Peter's, Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. Gawler, S. Aust., 8 Aug., 1876. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[30] Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Jacob. Commanded 10th Bn. 1917/18. Telegraphist; of Broken Hill, N.S.W.; b. Snowtown, S. Aust., 5 July, 1885.

[31] Major S. B. Robertson; 9th Bn. An Intelligence Staff officer 1st (Q'land) Military District 1912/14. Son of a Congregational Minister at Strathfield, Sydney, N.S.W. Law Clerk; of Adelaide, S. Aust.. and Brisbane, Q'land; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 28 Oct., 1886. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[32] Captain J. F. Ryder; 9th Bn. Pastoral student; b. Brisbane, Q'land, 14 Dec., 1888.

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over MacLagan's Ridge when he prevented his men from firing at them, were fleeing before the second portion of the landing force—that which was being brought in by the destroyers.

The destroyers, as soon as they received the word to go in and land their troops, had moved swiftly to their work. They were towing the boats of the transports, empty except for the few seamen and soldiers who were to work them as crews. One of the boats beside the *Foxhound*, containing two seamen and seven men of the 10th Battalion, began to steer wildly. The seaman at the tiller could not control her. She slewed in, then out, and began to tip. Someone shouted: "Pace too fast for Number Two boat!" But it could not slacken. The seaman put the tiller over, and the boat slewed in again close below the destroyer's side. The ship's rail was crowded by men of the 10th looking down upon their comrades. The boat tipped inwards, the water washed through it and swept every man clear over the stern except the helmsman, who caught the stern rope and began to crawl back along it into his boat. He had his leg over her side when she swung in again and crushed him against the destroyer. The next instant six or eight seamen had cut clear the overturned boat and hauled in the helmsman, hurt beyond all hope. It was no time to save men; the pace could not even slacken. Lifebelts were thrown over. Some of the men may have been picked up. Those in the transports, already gliding in, looked down curiously at an overturned boat two miles out on the glassy surface.

The destroyers held close in to land, then slowed, and edged about for a moment, 500 yards from the shore. The commander of the *Colne* shouted to his neighbour through a megaphone to shift southwards, as they were too far north. A flat coast—the point of Suvla Bay—could just be seen to the north, when a bright light appeared ahead; then came a shot and a succession of shots. Far astern, in a fleet of transports moving up four by four unseen through the grey veil of dawn, thousands of watchers also saw that light. "They must be signalling from the shore," they thought. A minute later the faint knocking, as of a waggon's axlebox heard ever so far through the bush, came to their ears; at first single knocks, then a continuous sound like the boiling of water in a cauldron.

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It was some minutes before they realised that it was the sound of desperate fighting in the dark. They could only wait, powerless to help or to discover how their comrades fared.

With the destroyers, as the first shots were fired, the rowing-boats were being hauled alongside for the men to disembark into them. Bullets had begun to fly over, but the high forecastles of the small warships against which they pattered partly shielded the decks. In the *Ribble* Commander Wilkinson, quiet as ever, gave the order: "Man the boats, men!" A low improvised wooden staging, like the step of a tram, had been fixed round the ship's side. The men stepped down from this into the boats. A pinnace, coming back from the battleship tows, said: "Can we give you a tow?" and picked up some of the *Ribble's* boats. At the first attempt only one boat got away with her. She turned round to pick up some others, and this time the last boat caught in the destroyer's anchor and the tow-rope carried away. Finally the steamboat made off with the first tow. The destroyers were obliged to wait for the boats to return before they could clear all their troops. The delay seemed ages long. Four men in the *Ribble* had been hit while they waited; one of these fell forward into the water, and his heavy equipment drowned him, despite all the efforts of one of the seamen. Finally the boats began to return one by one. "Here you are; you can get into that," said Wilkinson to some of the 12th, as a steamboat came alongside with a big barge. "Good-bye and good luck!" cried a naval sub-lieutenant leaning over the side. As he spoke, he fell shot through the head.

The destroyers, like the battleship tows, landed their men north of the intended spot. They did, however, set them ashore in the proper order: 9th on the south, 10th in the middle, 11th to the north, and a portion of the 12th with each. These landing parties were far more widely distributed than the battleship tows. The southernmost destroyer was three-quarters of a mile south of Ari Burnu, the point where the earlier flotilla had landed; the northernmost was 500 yards north of that point. The first tows from each destroyer reached the land while it was still too dark to see a man at fifty yards. The majority came in at points which the battleship tows had not touched. A party of the 10th Battalion, under Lieutenant

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Loutit,[33] who had three men killed in their boat coming in, and several other boats of the 10th, struck the beach half-way between the two knolls. Flashes of the Turkish rifles were still visible on the edge of the plateau above; there were also, at this part of the shore, Turks on the beach and in the scrub immediately above it who fired at point-blank range as the men landed. The landing effected, these Turks ran up through the scrub, but the Australians could not prevent their escape; their own bayonets were not yet fixed, nor their rifles loaded. As soon as that had been done, this second instalment of the 10th rushed the slope a hundred yards or two south of the first rush. The enemy fleeing before this charge were the same that had been seen by the Australians when re-forming on the plateau.

The destroyers carrying the 9th Battalion were the *Colne* and *Beagle*. The *Colne*, with Captain Jackson's[34] company, after some manoeuvring landed her tows a quarter of a mile south of the 10th, immediately beyond the smaller knoll (Little Ari Burnu, above Hell Spit), close to where the valley behind Plugge's bent round to the sea. The tows of the *Beagle*, with Captain Milne's[35] company, came in a thousand yards to the south of this again, near the big hill which forms the southern side of the same valley—part of the "400 Plateau." On the first alarm the Turks on Gaba Tepe at once sighted the *Beagle*, and opened upon her with every rifle and machine-gun. The range was long, but one machine-gun had it accurately. Its shots pattered on the high bows of the destroyer like hail on an iron roof, and the water through which the boats had to move was whipped to spray by bullets.

Where Milne's company landed, the seaward slope of the 400 Plateau ended in a low cliff. There were Turks in cover within sixty yards of the beach, some in the low scrub and some in trenches, firing on the boats. The Australians dumped their packs on the beach, and then rushed the nearest of the enemy. The Queenslanders were strong and fit, and

[33] Lieut.-Colonel N. M. Loutit, D.S.O.; commanded 45th Bn. 1918. Engineer; b. St. Peter's, Adelaide, S. Aust., 8 March, 1894.

[34] Captain I. Jackson; 9th Bn. Of Gympie, Q'land; b. Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland, Eng., 4 Oct., 1877.

[35] Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Milne, D.S.O. Commanded 36th Bn. 1917/18. Engineer; of Wide Bay District, Q'land; b. Torphins, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, 23 Sept., 1872. Killed in action, 12 Apr., 1918.

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they went swiftly up through the scrub. Half-way to the top, Milne's company found Jackson's company already coming across from the north side of the valley to join it.

Jackson's company, which landed at Little Ari Burnu, had the duty of reaching Gaba Tepe, and on landing it strove to carry out its instructions by charging over Little Ari Burnu and bearing southwards. A desultory rifle fire was coming from the slopes ahead of it. As the company moved down the back of Little Ari Burnu into the valley, it found a small stone hut, in which were half a dozen Turks and a small fire with a pot of coffee upon it. The Turks were bayoneted. The company went on up the slope of the 400 Plateau a few hundred yards away, south of the valley, where it joined Milne's company. With these were advancing, under Captain Whitham,[36] portions of the 12th Battalion, which had been carried in the southernmost destroyers. From Plugge's all these troops could be seen, in the growing light, working inland through the scrub along the hillslope.

These companies from the destroyers had landed twenty minutes after the battleship tows. But the heights above their landing-place were easier than the side of Plugge's; their path inland was more direct and less precipitous. The result was that Milne's and Jackson's companies of the 9th, and some portions of the 10th and 12th, although they were behind Salisbury's companies in the time of their landing, were slightly ahead of him in making inland.

Leaving these troops beginning their advance on the right, it becomes necessary to turn to the left, or northern, flank of the covering force.

The northernmost of the destroyers, carrying part of the 11th and 12th Battalions and the 3rd Field Ambulance, landed their men on the semicircle of shore north of Ari Burnu, a few hundred yards further north than any of the battleship tows. In front of them a small area of rough ground was shut in by bare yellow precipices rising at 300 yards from the beach. The central cliffs, their gravel worn and fluted by runnels, stood sheer to 400 feet, a few tufts of scrub catching a precarious foothold on their face. The ridge led down to

[36] Lieut.-Colonel J. L. Whitham, C.M.G., D.S.O. A.A.G., A.I.F. 1916/17. Commanded 52nd Bn. 1917/18; 49th Bn. 1918. Officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; of Lindisfarne, Tas.; b. Jumalpur, Bengal, India, 7th Oct., 1881.

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the beach only in two places—at either end of the semicircle —by the steep slopes of Plugge's on the right, and by a rugged tortuous spur (afterwards known as "Walker's Ridge") on the left. Between the two, exactly in the middle of the semicircle of cliffs, there had once been a third spur, but the weather had eaten it away. Its bare gravel face stood out, for all the world like that of a Sphinx, sheer above the middle of the valley. Its feet rested on the scrubby knolls below, and the two semicircles of cliff swept round on either side of it like wings.[37]

It was this place which had struck every observer as impossible of attack. The Turks knew its central precipice as Sari Bair (the Yellow Slope); but the War Office map transferred that name to the whole ridge of Koja Chemen Tepe. To the Australians from that day it was the "Sphinx."[38]

It was on the small semicircle of shore enclosed in this partial amphitheatre—Walker's Ridge—The Sphinx—Plugge's Plateau—that the tows from the destroyers carrying part of the 11th and 12th Battalions came to land. The Turks on this northern flank had been thoroughly awakened by the arrival of the battleship tows further south on Ari Burnu a quarter of an hour before. The northward Turks had not been embarrassed by any attack, and were fully prepared and in their trenches. Before the boats left the destroyers, bullets were rattling against the high bows of the warships. The rowing-boats were under heavy fire all the way to the shore; and as the foremost of them reached the land, the first Turkish shells came singing over from Gaba Tepe. An unseen Turkish machine-gun was firing from somewhere on the lower slopes of Walker's Ridge or of the foothills north of it, under which were marked on the map the Fishermen's Huts.[39] Rifle fire was coming from that direction, and also from some trench near the edge of the cliffs by the Sphinx.

Bullet after bullet went home amongst the men in the crowded boats. Here again the figure of a midshipman standing up in the stern of one of the *Devanha's* cutters set

[37] See plates at pp. 250 and 276.

[38] Some called it the Cathedral.

[39] Universally known by the Australians as Fisherman's Hut.

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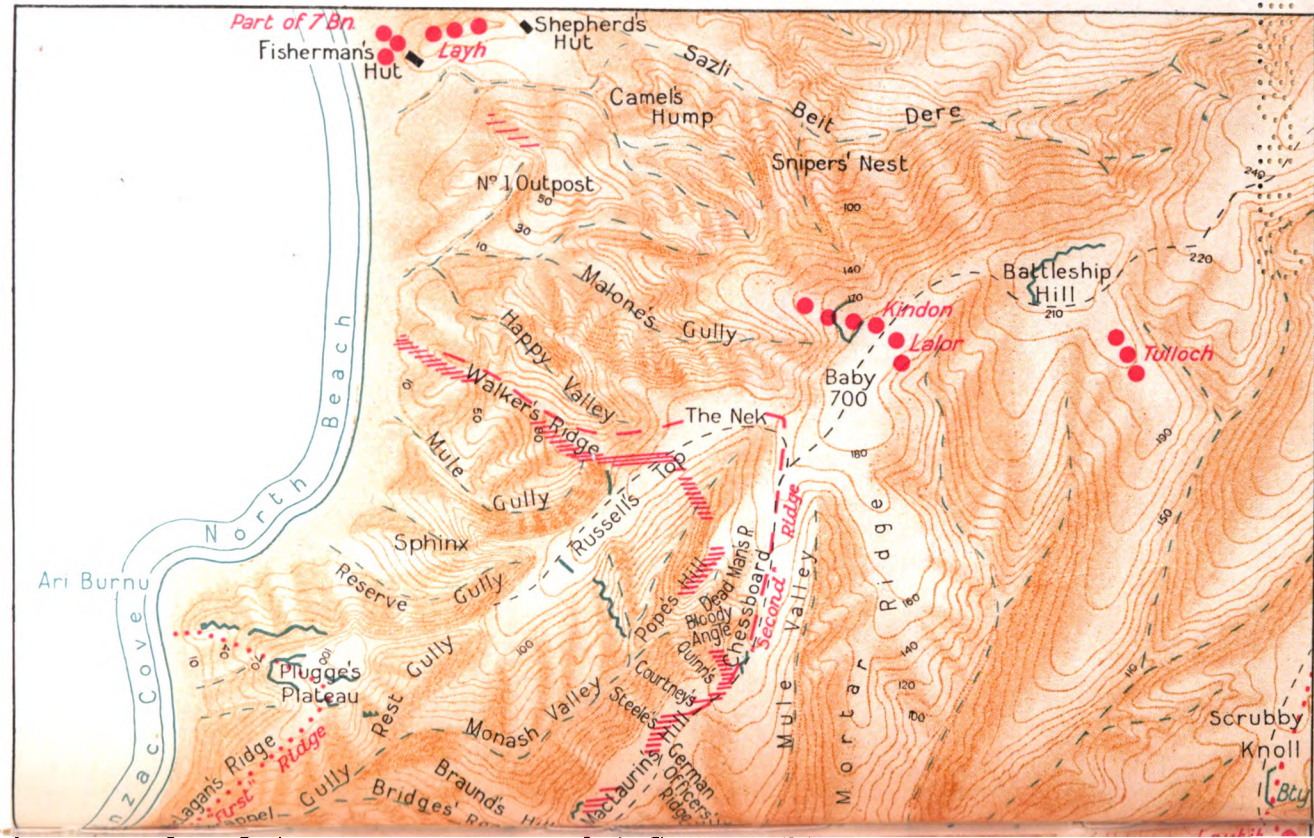
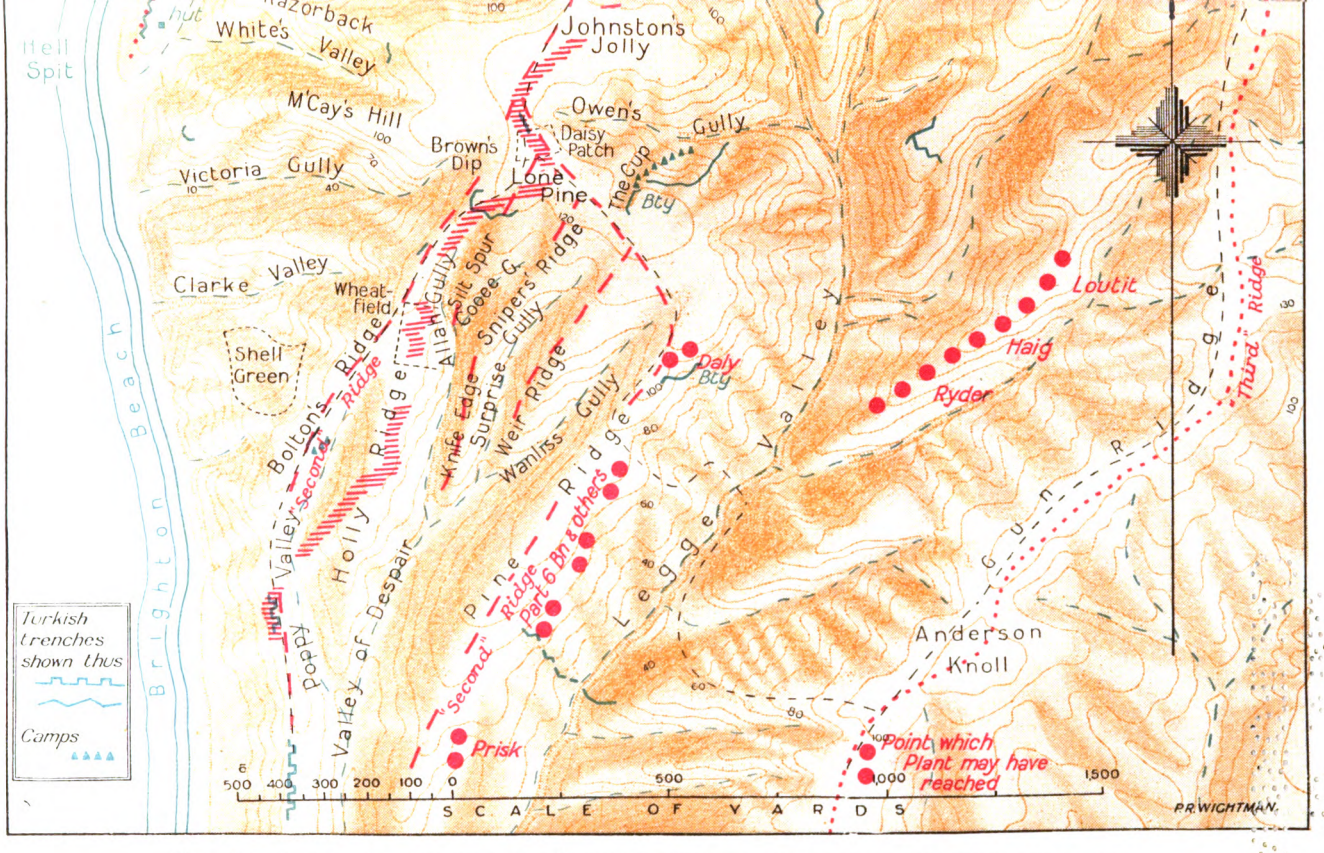

Part of 7 Bn.
Fisherman's Hut
Layh
Shepherd's Hut
Sazli Beit Dere
Camel's Hump
Snipers' Nest
No 1 Outpost
Malone's Gully
Happy Valley
Walker's Ridge
The Nek
Mule Gully
Russell's Top
Sphinx
Reserve Gully
Ari Burnu
North Beach
Plugge's Plateau
Rest Gully
Monash Valley
Braund's Hill
Bridges' Rest
Lagan's Ridge
First Ridge
Gully
Popes Hill
Dead Man's R.
Bloody Angle
Chessboard
Second Ridge
Quinn's
Courtney's
Steele's Hill
Mactaurin's Hill
German Officers' Ridge
Mule Valley
Mortar Ridge
Baby 700
Kindon
Lalor
Battleship Hill
Tulloch
Scrubby Knoll
Bty
Cove
Anzac

MA



THE ANZAC POSITION, SHOWING THE TURKISH DEFENCES AND SOME OF THE FURTHEST POINTS REACHED BY THE A. & N.Z. TROOPS ON 25TH APRIL, 1915

The large red dots show the furthest positions attained. The hatched line shows the position eventually held. "First," "Second" and "Third" Ridges also red; Turkish trenches and camps, blue. Height contours, 10 metres.

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an example remembered by all who saw it. In another boat, carrying some of Captain Tulloch's[40] half-company of the 11th Battalion under Lieutenant Jackson,[41] six were hit before reaching the shore, and two more as they clambered from the boat. These two were hurriedly pulled by a third man into the shelter of the bank which bordered the beach. The men rushed across the beach and lay under this bank or in a small creek running down from the slopes south of the Sphinx.

The tows of the 12th Battalion and of the 3rd Field Ambulance from the *Ribble* touched the shore almost opposite this gutter, under fire at short range. Shots were striking the water. Here a man scrambled out over the stern of a boat, found the water too deep for him, tried to hang on to the boat, and presently dropped off. There the oars of a boat floated away, and Lieutenant Burt[42] of the 12th Battalion waded about endeavouring to pick them up. Colonel Hawley, second-in-command of the 12th, was getting into the water, when he was hit by a bullet in the spine. In the 3rd Field Ambulance three men had been killed and thirteen wounded before they reached the bank.

The fire from the left was very heavy, even upon those who, further south, were lining the bank of the beach north of Ari Burnu. At this juncture the general order to the troops after gaining the shelter of the bank was to strip packs, leave them under the bank, open cut-offs, load ten rounds, and pull back safety catches. Bullets were whipping in among the men who were sheltering, and, when Colonel Clarke landed from the destroyer, many of the men of the last battleship tow, who had arrived barely ten minutes before, were still there. With them was Captain Peck,[43] adjutant of the 11th Battalion. Peck's place was with his battalion headquarters, but, being unable to find it, he reported to Colonel Clarke of

[40] Major E. W. Tulloch, M.C.; commanded 12th Bn. (temply.) 1918. Brewer; of Melbourne, Vic.; b. Ballarat, Vic., 16 Apr., 1883.

[41] Captain S. H. Jackson, M.C.; 44th Bn. Staff captain, 11th Inf Bde. 1917; G.S.O. (3) 3rd Aust. Div. 1917/18. Of Mount Lawley, Perth, W. Aust.; b. Bundaberg, Q'land, 22 Aug., 1890.

[42] Captain L. E. Burt; 12th Bn. Electrical engineer and area officer; of Kingswood, Adelaide, S. Aust.: b. Kadina, S. Aust., 11 Aug., 1889.

[43] Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Peck, C.M.G, D.S.O. G.S.O. (1) 5th Aust Div. 1917/18. Officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; of Grenfell, N.S.W.; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 22 July, 1886.

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the 12th. Captain Everett,[44] Lieutenants Jackson, Rockliff,[45] and Macfarlane,[46] of the 11th Battalion, and Lieutenant Rumball,[47] of the 10th, were under the bank, and with them a number of men who had been heavily tried in the landing.

"Come on, boys . . . By God, I'm frightened!" said Peck, and started off inland through the scrub towards the cliffs above. With Rockliff, Macfarlane, and Jackson, he soon outstripped Colonel Clarke, who climbed a scrubby knoll below the Sphinx, and there waited.

The orders to the 12th were to assemble as reserve to the 3rd Brigade at the foot of the 400 Plateau, and send a platoon to escort the mountain battery which was to take up its position early on the top. But the 400 Plateau was a mile south, behind cliffs apparently impenetrable. Clarke waited on the knoll, with the intention of collecting his northern companies, which were coming ashore in relays.

But the transfer from the destroyers was slow. The light was growing. The machine-gun from the left was harassing the boats. After waiting for the second tows, Clarke decided that there was only one thing to do—to push on up the cliffs in front and leave the rest to follow. Lieutenant Rafferty,[48] whose platoon was to have escorted the Indian Mountain Battery on the 400 Plateau, Clarke ordered to move to the left and silence the machine-gun. Rafferty reminded the Colonel that his orders were different. "I can't help that," was the reply. Lieutenant Strickland,[49] with a platoon of the 11th, which had landed with the battleship tows, had been ordered to proceed along the edge of the beach and combat the same fire. Rafferty was to work next to him, inland.

One destroyer landed its tows yet further north, in the same enclosed semicircle, but near to the foot of Walker's Ridge. These carried half a company of the 11th under

[44] Major R. W. Everett; commanded 44th Bn. (temply.) 1917 and 1919. Business manager; of Claremont, W. Aust.; b. Goulburn, N.S.W., 30 Sept., 1873.

[45] Major W. H. Rockliff, M.C.; 44th Bn. School teacher; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Corowa, N.S.W., 26 Jan., 1885.

[46] Captain A. H. Macfarlane; 11th Bn. Analyst; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Warrnambool, Vic., 9 Oct., 1887. Killed in action, 22 July, 1916.

[47] Major C. Rumball, M.C.; 10th Bn. Clerk; of Kingscote, Kangaroo Island, S. Aust.,, and Thebarton, Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. Fowler's Bay, S. Aust., 13 Aug., 1892.

[48] Lieut.-Colonel R. A. Rafferty, D.S.O.; commanded 11th Bn. 1918/19. School master; b. Bedford, Eng., 2 March, 1876.

[49] Captain F. P. D. Strickland; 4th Pioneer Bn. Civil servant; b. 5 Oct., 1875.

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Captain Tulloch and some of Captain Lalor's[50] company of the 12th under Lieutenant E. Y. Butler.[51] A machine-gun on some height beyond Walker's Ridge was playing on them. They therefore sheltered in a creek bed about eight feet deep and thickly timbered, only to find shots coming down it from their flank. In consequence they moved along a goat track leading through holly scrub knee-deep up the foot of Walker's Ridge. The ridge narrowed, and became steeper and more bare, Shots whizzed past them from above and from the wild tangle of loftier scrub-covered gullies on their left. The file of climbing men dodged from one side of the ridge to the other, until, far up the spur, it reached a small steep knob, above which the spur dipped for twenty feet and then rose again. To cross this dip every man had to run fifteen yards, completely exposed to fire from Turkish rifles on the higher spurs close to it on the north. After a fight of some sort, Tulloch's party rushed to a smaller knob on the right, and thence made its way out on to the plateau (afterwards known as Russell's Top) above the Sphinx.

A little to the right of them, near the far side of the long narrow Top was a line of men—Australians. A white track led along the further edge. A hundred yards from Tulloch, by the side of this track, someone was bending over the body of a dead Australian. The dead man was Colonel Clarke.

It has already been said that, when the second tow from the *Ribble* landed—some men in it, including Lieutenant Margetts, going neck and shoulders under in the deep water—Clarke decided that he could not wait for the third tow. Margetts, after getting his men to lie down under the bank, caught sight of the Colonel standing on a knoll some distance inland. Clarke saw him and called: "Bring your men up here." The men came up in single file; officers had learned that their first duty was to find the enemy. Margetts climbed to the Colonel's side, and scanned the heights for anything to shoot at. It was dull grey dawn. Margetts pulled out his glasses, but the lenses were wet with sea water. He tried to wipe them, but the clothes of all were drenched to the neck. On the flat below at

[50] Captain J. P. Lalor; 12th Bn. Officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Richmond, Melbourne, Vic., 12 Aug., 1884. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[51] Captain E. Y. Butler; 12th Bn. Civil servant; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Colac, Vic., 28 Jan., 1875.

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that moment Lieutenant Rafferty, who had been sent with his platoon to silence the machine-gun, was endeavouring to do exactly the same thing. Rafferty tried his handkerchief, and then the tail of his shirt; but both were soaked. Lieutenant Patterson[52] was beside Clarke and Margetts on the knoll. As they could find nothing, the Colonel sent them to attempt with their men the passage of the bare precipice south of the Sphinx. The earth of the landslides at its foot gave some hope of a foothold.

Margetts and Patterson were young and active men—Margetts a schoolmaster, Patterson a Duntroon cadet. Despite their youth and strength, it was all they could do to reach the top, hauling themselves up on hands and knees along a slant south of the Sphinx. Odd parties of the 11th and 12th Battalions were scrambling up these gravelly and almost perpendicular crags by any foothold that offered. Captain Peck had already gone that way with Captain Everett, Lieutenant Rockliff, Lieutenant Jackson, and some of their men, but in the wild country near the Sphinx they became separated. One of this party, Corporal E. W. D. Laing[53] of the 12th Battalion, clambering breathless up the height, came upon an officer almost exhausted half-way up. It was the old Colonel —Clarke—of the 12th Battalion. He was carrying his heavy pack, and could scarcely go further. Laing advised him to throw the pack away, but Clarke was unwilling to lose it, and Laing thereupon carried it himself. The two climbed on together, and Margetts and Patterson, reaching the top, found to their astonishment the Colonel already there.

As the party scrambled to the level of Russell's Top, they discovered before them a slight rise in the crest, and over the edge of it, to their delight, beheld their first Turk. Near the Sphinx was a trench full of them.

About fifty men had reached the Top. With one leap they all ran forward—Margetts ahead, pulling out his revolver, in the hope of getting there first. The Turks scrambled over the back of their trench and fled. Colonel

[52] Lieut. P. J. Patterson; 12th Bn. Duntroon graduate; b. Swan Hill, Vic., 7 Aug., 1894. Killed in action 25 Apr., 1915.

[53] Lieut. E. W. D. Laing, M.C.; 12th Bn. Farmer; of Maddington, Perth, W. Aust.; b. La Perouse, Sydney, N.S.W., 19 Feb., 1892. Killed in action, 8 May, 1918.

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Clarke shouted from behind: "Steady, you fellows! Get into some sort of formation and clear the bush as you go." The men did so, forming a rough line with about three paces interval between them. Presently they reached the trench—a straight cut in the ground running across the Top like a neatly-opened drain, with the parapet carefully flattened and covered with dry bushes, which had faded to a shade of pinkish brown. Every trench seen in the hills at this date was constructed in the same manner, and men came gradually to know by bitter experience what was meant by a brown streak through the scrub in front of them. No Turks remained in the trench, and no communication trench led into it. Only a well-worn white track ran off up the narrow Top, winding to the right across a saddle between the valleys on either side, to a long hog-backed slope half a mile away. That slope they soon realised to be the "Baby 700" of their objective. The neck between it and the Top has become famous in Australian history as "The Nek." Over The Nek along this track were bowling the Turks—a string of thirty of them in brown khaki uniforms, their shins muffled in heavy wrappings. Two or three were shot as they ran. The rest presently sank into the scrub about 1,000 yards away on the seaward side of Baby 700 and there made a line. With them was an officer, and every Turk appeared to be jabbering.

Colonel Clarke and his men, making no stop in the trench, moved beyond it to a point near The Nek, where another small track, coming out of the valley on the right, crossed the Top and went steeply down to the valley on the left. The line lay down along this track, Margetts in charge on the left, and Patterson on the right. Across the head of the narrow valley to the right (the same into which the troops looked down from Plugge's Plateau) there were Turks in the scrub and in trenches firing on them at 350 yards. Colonel Clarke was anxious to send a message to Colonel MacLagan, in command of the covering force, telling him where the 12th Battalion was. He was standing by the track, writing in his message book, when he fell with the pencil in one hand and the book in the other. The Colonel's batman, who was ready to take the message, fell dead with another bullet. Major Elliott, second-in-command since Hawley had been hit, was called for

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and came up. He immediately fell shot through the shoulder. Margetts was sent for, but Elliott, lying on the ground, shouted to him: "Don't come here! It's too hot!"

Margetts and Patterson had only fifty men. They decided not to advance further at the moment. Presently the fire from the position which the Turks had taken up in the scrub ceased. Possibly Tulloch's party, seen working up Walker's Ridge, had scared them. Margetts sent two of his best scouts, Tilley[54] and Vaughan,[55] round over the neck to Baby 700 to see if the enemy had gone. The two men could be seen presently signalling back with their arms by "semaphore" that the way was clear. Meantime Lieutenant Burt, of the 12th, had come up with more men, and he decided, according to the rules learnt again and again at Mena, to reorganise those present into platoons and sections under officers or sergeants. They withdrew a little to a hollow on the Top, and there found Tulloch and his men. The two parties reorganised. Officers were told off to take charge of the platoons, and non-commissioned officers to take charge of the sections. The line then went forward at two paces interval.

Russell's Top narrowed after passing the point where Walker's Ridge joined it. The valley on the left, beyond Walker's Ridge (later known as Malone's Gully), came in very rough and steep; the valley on the inland side ran gently to a spoon-shaped head. Between the two, leading to the long back of Baby 700 which rose beyond,[56] the Top narrowed to The Nek. This was about twenty yards wide from slope to slope at the narrowest point. As they approached The Nek, after passing for the second time the cross track on which Colonel Clarke had been killed, Lieutenant Burt told Margetts to stop a little short of The Nek and entrench. At that moment there came up under Captain Lalor another party of the 12th Battalion, which also had climbed the cliffs not far from the Sphinx. They had now about three-quarters of Elliott's company of the 12th and half of Lalor's, besides a platoon of Tulloch's company of the 11th. The 12th was

[54] Pte. A. J. Tilley, (No. 311, 12th Bn.). Miner; b. Hobart, Tas., 17 Jan., 1871. Killed in action, 6/10 Apr., 1917.

[55] Lieut. G. Vaughan, M.C.; 12th Bn. School teacher; of Ulverstone, Tas.; b. Zeehan, Tas., 18 Jan., 1895.

[56] See plate at p. 285.

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supposed to be in reserve, and Lalor decided that the holding of this marked neck on the left flank of the covering force was too important to justify a further advance by the reserve troops at that moment. Tulloch with his handful of the 11th went on, while Lalor set his men of the 12th to dig a semicircular trench just short of The Nek, with its flanks looking down into the valleys on either side. Far behind them, down the valley on their right, they presently saw men who had crossed from Plugge's digging furiously along the opposite crest. It was about 7 o'clock. The sun had risen in a clear blue sky. Far out the transports, gliding in four by four, trailing the long threads of their wash over the silky lemon-coloured sea, had long since begun to land their troops.

Colonel MacLagan, the commander of the covering force, and Captain Ross, his staff-captain, had come ashore with the first tow of Jackson's company of the 9th from the destroyer *Colne*. Major Brand, the brigade-major, who was in another rowing-boat, saw them land on the beach a little north of him. Brand went to his chief and it was arranged that he should make straight inland towards the right front to take charge of the situation there, while MacLagan and Ross climbed the ridge above the beach—the southern shoulder of Plugge's. From that time onwards the ridge bore MacLagan's name. Brand hurried off, taking with him Lieutenant Boase of the 9th, who had landed with him, and his platoon. MacLagan and Ross toiled up an almost perpendicular gully to Plugge's.

As MacLagan reached the plateau, he realised that the landing had been made in the rough country a mile north of the proper place. The officers of the *Colne* had known it, but it was then too late to change. Half a mile to the right front, across the valley into which MacLagan looked from Plugge's, was the lump of the 400 Plateau where should have been his centre. Australians could be seen beginning to make their way through the scrub on the near side of that plateau. The 9th and 10th had already left Plugge's when MacLagan reached it, and their companies were working towards the right front, apparently trying to carry out the original plan. If it was to be achieved, that was the point where a commander was needed.

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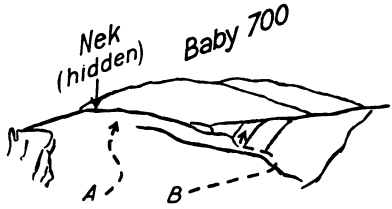
Brand had already gone in that direction. Before MacLagan himself moved across to grapple with the problem presented there, he gave a few swift orders to the 11th, which was organising close beside him on Plugge's and below it. The 11th was responsible for the left of his force. On that side was the valley in front of Plugge's reaching to the foot of Baby 700. There were already some troops in that direction, now under Lalor; but little was known of them. MacLagan decided to hold the far side of the valley and Baby 700 at the end of it. He gave rapid directions to the company commanders who were organising their troops on the plateau, pointing out to them various landmarks on the far side of the valley or at its head, and directing them towards these. In addition to the large portion of the 11th Battalion which was being organised by Major Drake Brockman, MacLagan had beside him Major Hilmer Smith's[57] company of the 12th, which had just scrambled up the hill on his right. He told Smith to take his company due-east—straight to the opposite side of the valley. Brockman he directed northwards, to occupy with the 11th the head of the valley and Baby 700.



A. Route to Baby 700
B. Route to head of valley

The first part of the latter order was fairly easy to carry out. The far side of the valley near its head was indented by four shallow gullies or landslides, like the flutings of a column, up which troops could probably work. MacLagan directed that detachments should occupy the summit of these indentations and so make sure the far side of the valley. But the despatch of other detachments to Baby 700 was far from being so simple as it appeared. The Nek and the branch of the valley which ran into it were not visible from where MacLagan stood, and were not shown on the maps. Russell's Top, which rose just north of Plugge's, appeared to be a continuous spur leading up to Baby 700 and the larger hills

[57] Lieut.-Colonel E. Hilmer Smith, C.B. Commanded 12th Bn. 1915; 11th Bn. 1916; 1st Aust. Div. School, 1917. Banker; of Hobart, Tas.; b. New Norfolk, Tas., 29 May, 1878.

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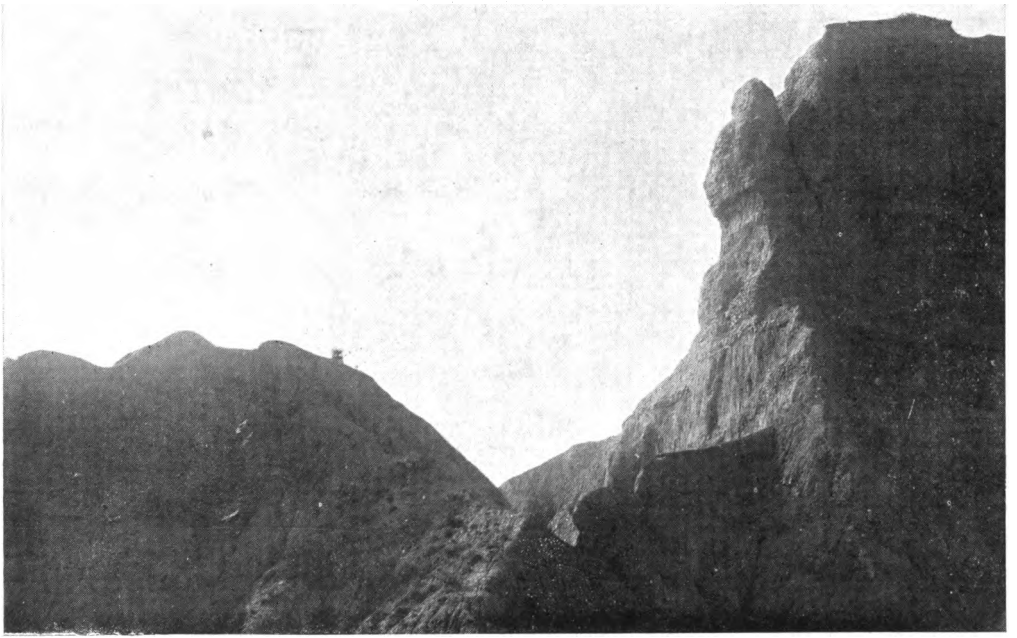

THE SPHINX, A GRAVEL CLIFF 400FT. IN HEIGHT, OVERLOOKING NORTH BEACH, ANZAC

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G2015. Taken in 1919. *To face p. 276.*

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W: Walker's Ridge. Sphinx. Russell's Top. X: Baby 700 (in distance) A: Bloody Angle.

Q: Quinn's

Monash Valley.

Rest Gully.

P: Plugge's Plateau. Reserve Gully. Razor Edge.

THE RAZOR EDGE CONNECTING PLUGGE'S PLATEAU WITH RUSSELL'S TOP. FROM THE POSITION ON PLUGGE'S WHERE MAJOR BROCKMAN REORGANISED HIS COMPANY ON 25TH APRIL, 1915

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1871. Taken in 1919.

To face p. 277.

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beyond it. To reach Baby 700 part of the 11th was to move up this spur, while other parts were to mount by the head of the valley.

When the first troops had reached Plugge's, some of them, hurrying after the Turks a hundred yards across its northern end, found themselves looking down sheer yellow slopes into two spoon-shaped valleys divided, immediately beneath where the men stood, by a yellow sandy ridge with an edge too sharp to allow a man to walk safely.[58] The ridge led like a causeway to Russell's Top, which rose gradually two hundred yards away. The valley on one side sloped between the Sphinx and Plugge's to the sea; that on the other side opened into the main valley inland of Plugge's. A month later, because of their security from shell-fire, these two gullies began to be used by troops in reserve, and were named, the seaward one "Reserve Gully," the inland one "Rest Gully."

A part of the 11th which, as has been mentioned, had arrived with a battleship tow rather later than the rest and had made inland with Colonel Clarke and Peck, had climbed straight over this razor-edge into Rest Gully and was collecting there. Peck, being adjutant, had left Rockliff and Macfarlane in charge of these men and had disappeared inland in search of the headquarters of the battalion. Presently Everett, with part of Brockman's company, of which he was second-in-command, also arrived in Rest Gully. Brockman had been organising the other half of the company on the top of Plugge's Plateau. As the men were under a scattered rifle-fire, and were separated from Everett's half, Brockman moved his half-company down into Rest Gully, so that it might reorganise with the other half in shelter on that side of the gully which led up to Russell's Top.

Like most of the other troops that day, they descended from Plugge's by the steep zigzag path beside the three tents. At the bottom, in the sand of the gully, was a fingerpost with a red sign and Turkish lettering in black. Near it was a pick handle, stuck into the sand. The post was almost certainly a direction stating that the path led to a company post of the 27th Turkish Regiment on Ari Burnu. But the suspicion that the enemy would leave his tracks and trenches mined led men

[58] See plate opposite.

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to avoid the spot. The red signpost was taken as an indication of a mine, and a sentry was put near the pick handle to warn men against touching it.

While Brockman's company was reorganising on the further slope of Rest Gully there was heard a sharp whine through the sky. A pinpoint flash high above the razor-back, from which a small cloud as of white wool unrolled itself; a report like that of a rocket; a scatter of dust on the bare side of the razor-back below—it was the first Turkish shrapnel shell that these men had seen. For the next ten minutes the Australians in the Turkish trenches on the plateau, and the men reorganising in the gully, were fascinated by this new wonder.

The shell was from Gaba Tepe, where the battery had already begun to fire at the boats and at the beach. As guns came up elsewhere during the day, salvoes of shrapnel began to burst continually in the valleys inland of Plugge's. Several of these consequently became known as "Shrapnel Gully," but within three days that name had fastened definitely upon the main valley into which the first troops looked from Plugge's.

The first Turkish gun had opened at 4.45 a.m., fifteen minutes after the landing. There was the flash of a gun on the inland neck of Gaba Tepe, and a shrapnel shell burst near the beach. The first destroyer tows had just landed. Two minutes later the guns of the battleships began to reply, but the Turkish battery near Gaba Tepe was not quelled by their fire. As the transports of the 2nd and 1st Brigades moved in, the small guns at Gaba Tepe sought to reach them, but the shrapnel pellets pattered into the water short of the ships. When the destroyers, after landing their original loads, came back to take the troops from the transports, the guns opened both upon the destroyers and upon the rowing-boats about them. The cruiser *Bacchante* was firing regularly at the flashes. Her shells were high explosive—that is to say, they hit the ground before they burst, and depended for their effect upon the powerful explosive, which scattered abroad deadly fragments of the shell-case and tore great clouds of dust and earth from the neck upon which were the Turkish guns. The Turks were firing shrapnel—a shell which is timed to burst in the air, and which, like a shot-gun, projects a number of ready-made

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pellets upon the ground below. Though the *Bacchante's* broadsides appeared to fall upon the Turkish battery, it continued to fire.

A little before 7 a.m. the *Bacchante* moved slowly shorewards, until she was poking her nose fairly into the bay opposite the guns, and thence she fired at them broadside after broadside. They became temporarily silent. Yet every time a destroyer ran in to discharge her troops, a salvo from the battery sang over them. It was immediately answered by the *Bacchante's* broadside, and again became silent. When the next destroyer ran in with her troops, it invariably opened again.

The men of the 2nd and 1st Brigades in the transports, which moved in between the battleships before the dawn, had been raised to a high state of excitement by the *Bacchante's* shooting. "By gum, that's pat!" shouted a private of the 1st Battalion on the *Minnewaska's* well-deck, as he rushed to the side waving his cap. The Turkish battery strove to reach the transports as soon as it sighted them—which was about 5.10 a.m. Several shrapnel shells sang fairly close, and the pellets pattered in the water short of the ships. "Look, mate," said another man of the 1st Battalion, "they're carrying this joke too far. They're using ball ammunition!" From the moment when they neared the first sight and sound of action, a marked change, noticed by every officer, came over these troops: they were straining like puppies on the leash, eager to be in the fight. Meanwhile, in the *Minnewaska's* saloon, the officers' breakfast was proceeding, the flashes of the warships' guns every now and then showing through the portholes. The oldest steward had swept the carpet as usual, and, napkin on arm, was placing the menu before his passengers and asking if they preferred eggs or fried fish after their porridge.

Until 7 a.m. those in the transports had no idea as to whether the landing had succeeded. The constant burst of shells on Plugge's, and the small boats far ahead returning singly and rather aimlessly from the beach, gave the impression that fighting was still heavy near the shore. About 7 o'clock, in the growing light, the anxious watchers along the ships' rails made out the forms of men digging, walking, and apparently talking together unconcernedly upon the high ridges ahead.

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There was no mistaking that casual gait—it was a sure sign throughout the war. They were Australians. Lines of them were digging in on the first and second ridges beyond the beach. The 3rd Brigade had established itself on the land. Between 5.30 and 7.30 the 2nd and 1st Brigades of the 1st Australian Division began to move ashore.[59]

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[59] The staffs of the A. and N.Z. Army Corps and its divisions were:—

A. & N.Z. ARMY CORPS.

Lieutenant-General Sir W. R. Birdwood, K.C.S.I., C.B., C.I.E., D.S.O., commanding.

Major J. G. MacConaghy, Lieutenants B. W. Onslow and R. G. Chirnside (*Aides-de-camp*); Brig.-General H. B. Walker, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel A. Skeen, p.s.c., Major C. M. Wagstaff (*Operations*); Major C. H. Villiers-Stuart, p.s.c. (*Intelligence*); Brig-General R. A. Carruthers, Colonel H. O. Knox, Lieut.-Colonel W. B. Lesslie, Major M. P. Hancock (*Administrative*); Brig.-General C. Cunliffe Owen (*Artillery*); Brig-General A. C. de L. Joly de Lotbinière, C.S.I., C.I.E. (*Engineers*); Captain W. T. Dodd (*Signals*); Colonel C. S. Ryan (*Medical*); Lieut.-Colonel E. R. Bowler (*Police*).

1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION.

Major-General W. T. Bridges, C.M.G., commanding.

Captain W. J. Foster, Lieutenant R. G. Casey (*Aides-de-camp*); Lieut.-Colonel C. B. B. White, p.s.c., Major D. J. Glasfurd, p.s.c. (*Operations*); Major T. A. Blamey, p.s.c. (*Intelligence*); Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Patterson, Major C. H. Foott, p.s.c., Major J. Gellibrand, p.s.c., Captain T. Griffiths (*Administrative*); Colonel J. J. T. Hobbs (*Artillery*); Lieut.-Colonel G. C. E. Elliott (*Engineers*); Major H. L. Mackworth (*Signals*); Lieut-Colonel J.-T. Marsh, Major D. P. Young (*Transport and Supplies*); Colonel N. R. Howse, V.C., Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Marshall (*Medical*); Major T. Matson (*Veterinary*); Lieut.-Colonel J. G. Austin (*Ordnance*); Captain W. Smith (*Police*).

N.Z. & A. DIVISION.

Major-General Sir A. J. Godley, K.C.M.G., C.B., p.s.c., commanding.

Major J. G. Hughes, D.S.O., 2nd-Lieutenant A. T. G. Rhodes (*Aides-de-camp*); Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Braithwaite, D.S.O., p.s.c., Major W. R. Pinwill, p.s.c. (*Operations*); Major C. Shawe, Captain R. E. Coningham, p.s.c (*Intelligence*); Colonel E. W. C. Chaytor, p.s.c., Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Esson, Major H. G. Reid, Captain N. W. B. B. Thoms (*Administrative*); Lieut.-Colonel G. N. Johnston (*Artillery*); Major G. R. Pridham (*Engineers*); Captain H. M. Edwards (*Signals*); Lieut.-Colonel N. C. Hamilton (*Transport and Supplies*); Colonel N. Manders, Lieut.-Colonel P. C. Fenwick (*Medical*); Lieut.-Colonel A. R. Young (*Veterinary*); Captain W. T. Beck (*Ordnance*); Major C. H. J. Brown (*Police*).

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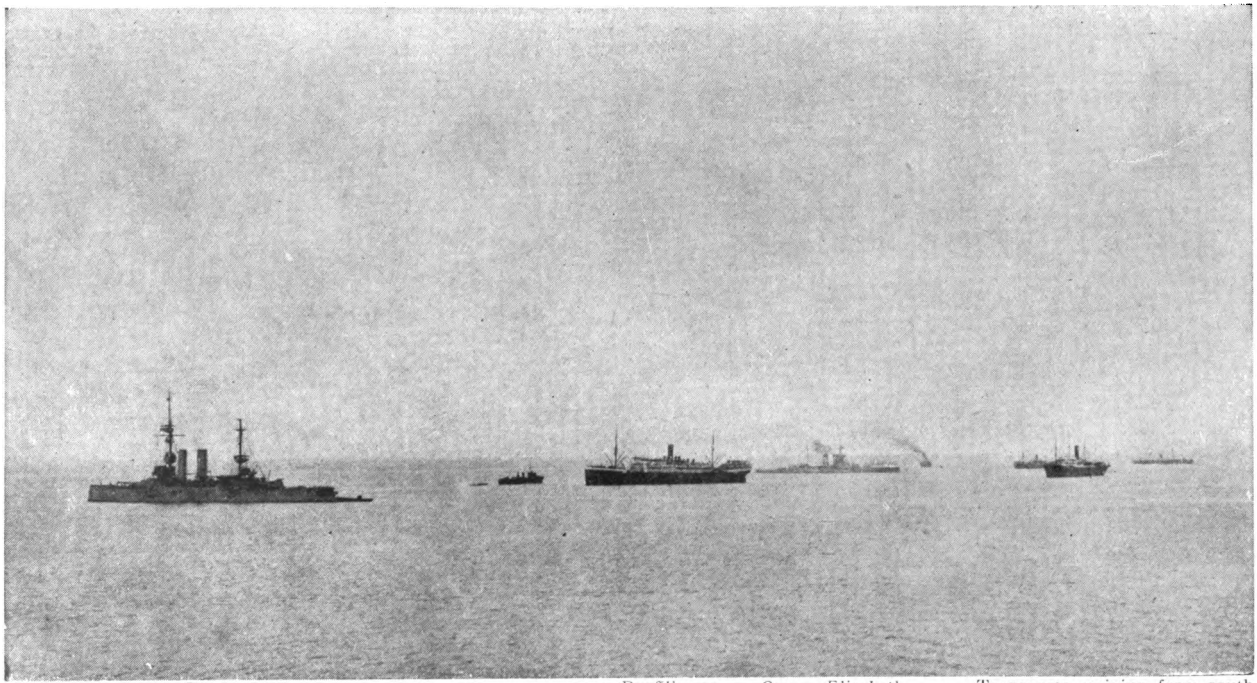

THE LANDING. TRANSPORTS MOVING BETWEEN THE BATTLESHIPS OFF GABA TEPE ABOUT 6 A.M., 25TH APRIL, 1915. H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth,* IN THE DISTANCE, RETURNING TO HELLES

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G893.

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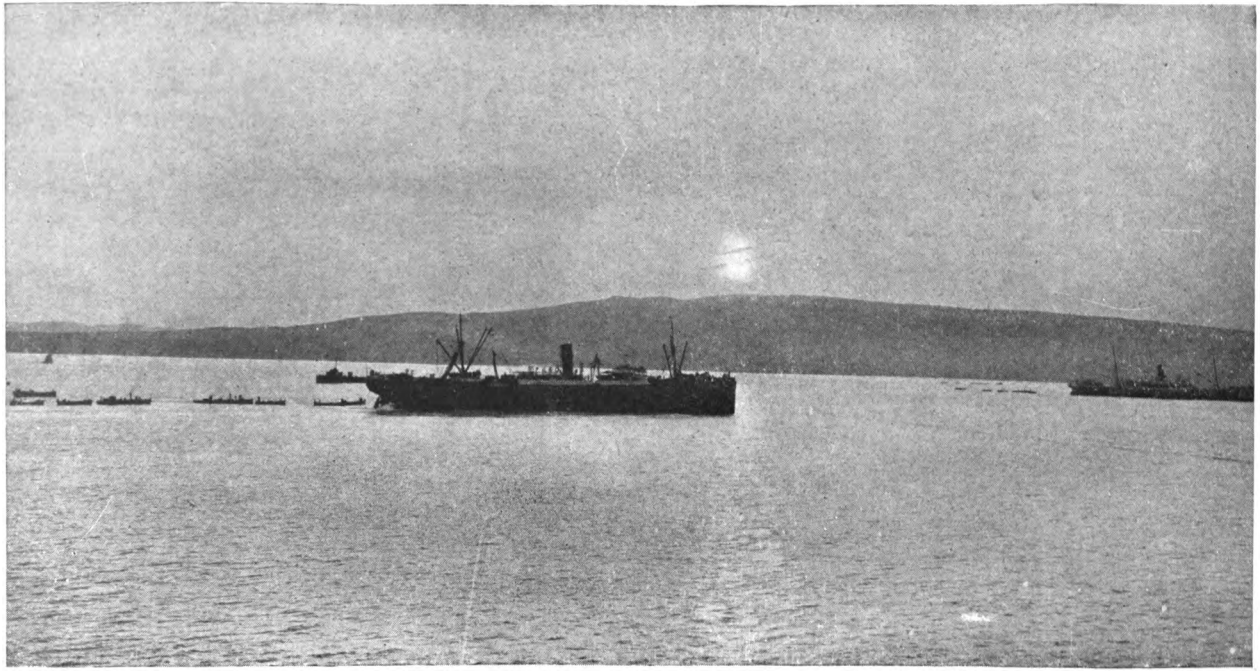
Lowland towards Suvla. Hill 971. Chunuk Bair. The Beach.



Novian. Boats going to Beach. *Galeka.*

THE LANDING. SUNRISE OVER CHUNUK BAIR, 25TH APRIL, 1915, SHOWING BOATS OF THE 6TH AND 7TH BNS. LEAVING THE *Galeka*, AND THE *Novian* ARRIVING WITH THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 2ND BRIGADE

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G894.

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LISTS OF UNITS AND DETAILS LANDED AT ANZAC, 25th APRIL TO 1st MAY, 1915.

1ST ANZAC CORPS TROOPS.

Unit.	Off.	O.R.
Corps H.Q. and Sig. Co.	25‡	100‡
Ceylon Planters' Rifle Corps	1‡	150‡
Zion Mule Corps..	6‡	240‡
Indian Mule Cart Transport	2§	227§
Beach Parties ..	8	272
Fatigue Parties ..	8	400
1st A. C. C. Stn. ..	5	58
1st Aust. Dépôt Unit of Supply	1	13
Total 1st Anzac Corps Troops ..	56	1460

1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION.

Unit.	Off.	O.R.
Div. H.Q.*	35	177
Artillery—†		
2nd Bde. H.Q. ..	5	20
4th Bty.	4	50
5th Bty.	3	57
2nd B.A. Col.	2	93
3rd Bde. H.Q. }		
7th Bty. .. }	11	105
8th Bty. .. }		
9th Bty. .. }		
3rd B.A. Col.	2	45
Infantry—		
1st Bde. H.Q. ..	4	7
1st Bn.	30	943
2nd Bn.	31	937
3rd Bn.	30	939
4th Bn.	32	935
3rd F.C. Eng. ..	6	142
1st Fld. Amb. ..	3	111
2nd Inf. Bde. H.Q.	4	7
5th Bn.	31	942
6th Bn.	31	942
7th Bn.	30	940
8th Bn.	31	938
2nd F.C. Eng.	6	150
2nd Fld. Amb.	3	112
3rd Inf. Bde. H.Q.	4	10
9th Bn.	32	937
10th Bn.	29	915
11th Bn.	30	940
12th Bn.	31	942
1st F.C. Eng. ..	7	158
3rd Fld. Amb. ..	3	114
Div. Train (less Trnspt. Sec.) ..	15	140
Total 1st Aus. Div.	485	12748

N.Z. & A. DIVISION.

Unit.	Off.	O.R.
Div. H.Q.*	20	135
Artillery—†		
N.Z. F.A. Bde. H.Q.	4	25
No. 1 Bty.	5	65
No. 2 Bty.	5	65
How. Bty. & Amm. Col.	5	93
N.Z. Inf. Bde. H.Q.	3	2
Auckland Bn. ..	25	912
Canterbury Bn. ..	25	912
Otago Bn.	25	912
Wellington Bn. ..	25	912
N.Z. F.C. Eng. ..	5	139
N.Z. Fld. Amb. ..	5	120
4th A. Inf. Bde. H.Q.	5	3
13th Bn.	25	934
14th Bn.	25	915
15th Bn.	25	934
16th Bn.	25	934
4th A. Fld. Amb	7	184
N.Z. & A. Div. Train.	14	69
Total, N.Z. & A Div.	278	8265

BRITISH AND INDIAN FORMATIONS.

Unit.	Off.	O.R.
Royal Naval Div.—		
Marine Bde. H.Q.	7	28
Chatham Bn. ..	13‖	550‖
Portsmouth Bn.	7‖	446‖
1st Nav. Bde. H.Q.	6	27
Nelson Bn. ..	21‖	713‖
Deal Bn. ..	23‖	843‖
No. 1 Fld. Amb.	3‡	110‡
No. 1 F.C. Eng.	6‡	150‡
No. 2 F.C. Eng.	6‡	150‡
7th Ind. Mtn. Art. Bde. H.Q. ..	2	7
21st (Kohat) Bty.	5	322
26th (Jacob's) Bty.	5	323
Sec. Ind. Fld. Amb.	1	62
Sect. Amm. Col.	—	49
Supply Details ..	—	5
Total, B. & I. Form.	105	3785

GRAND TOTAL .. Officers, 924. Other Ranks, 26,258.

* Includes also Sig. Co.; and Art. & Eng. H.Q. † The 1st A.F.A. Bde, 6th Bty. A.F.A., 3rd Bty. N.Z.F.A. landed at Cape Helles.
‡ Approximately. § Strength on 12/6/15, landed, 1-4/5/15. ‖ Apparently after having suffered casualties.
Bearer subdivisions only of Fld. Ambs., landed.

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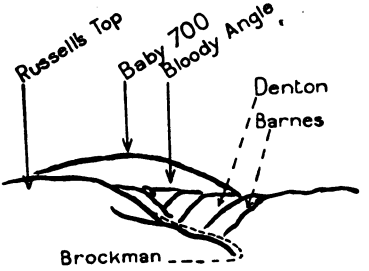
CHAPTER XIII

BABY 700

On being ordered by MacLagan to send detachments of the 11th Battalion to Baby 700 and the indentations which could be seen about the far northern end of Shrapnel Gully, Major Brockman told off companies or platoons to head for each of the points which MacLagan had indicated. He directed the two companies of the 11th under Captain Barnes[1] and Major Denton[2] to move along Shrapnel Gully to near its head and thence scramble up the scrub-covered indentations on its right (or inland) side. Brockman was under the impression that Hilmer Smith's company of the 12th was proceeding to the head of the right-hand branch of the gully (afterwards known as the "Bloody Angle").



Having thus provided for the right of the gully, he decided to take two companies, his own and Leane's, to Baby 700. He meant to make his approach, as instructed, up the apparently continuous ridge from Russell's Top. By this time, however, Major Roberts,[3] second-in-command of the 11th Battalion, had arrived on the top of the plateau and had decided to keep Leane's company there in reserve. Brockman left Plugge's to join his company in Rest Gully below and lead it up to Baby 700. But, before doing so, he climbed across the valley on to Russell's Top in order to see the country over which his company would have to advance. From the Top he

[1] Captain C. A. Barnes; 11th Bn. Chief Clerk, West. Aust. Trustees Executors and Agency Coy., Perth; of Guildford, W. Aust.; b. London, Eng., 29 Feb., 1880. Killed in action, 28 Apr., 1915.

[2] Lieut.-Colonel J. S. Denton, D.S.O. Commanded 10th Bn. 1916; 11th Bn. 1916; 49th Bn. 1917; b. Port Adelaide, S. Aust., 11 Dec., 1875.

[3] Lieut.-Colonel S. R. H. Roberts, D.S.O. Commanded 11th Bn. 1916/17. Supervisor in P.M.G.'s Dept., W. Aust.; b. Ararat, Vic., 15 Nov., 1874.

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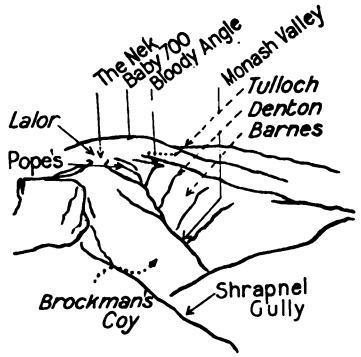
saw—what it was impossible to realise from Plugge's Plateau or from the map (which was completely wrong in these details)—that the head of Shrapnel Gully, which branched into two, penetrated far into what had seemed to be the continuous ridge from Russell's Top to Baby 700. The ridge connecting the two heights was pinched between the western branch of that valley-head and a gully leading to the sea, thus forming The Nek near which Colonel Clarke had been killed. On the Top Brockman found Captain Lalor and his company of the 12th reorganising. Tulloch had already gone ahead, but with Lalor was Major S. B. Robertson of the 9th Battalion. Having arranged that Lalor should move up the high land to Baby 700 while he himself should follow Robertson up the valley to the same place. Brockman returned to his own company in Rest Gully.



Landing in the dark in scattered boatloads, and having to rush the steep broken hillside above the beach, all the companies had become somewhat mixed; but in many cases and at many times during that day they were faithfully reorganised—officers and non-commissioned officers carrying out in letter and in spirit the training of Mena Camp. Brockman's company had reorganised in Rest Gully; as part of this proceeding its second-in-command, Captain R. W. Everett, had been put in charge of a provisional company composed of men of all battalions. Everett had for one of his officers Lieutenant Selby, a Duntroon cadet, but most of his platoon commanders were non-commissioned officers told off on the spot to provisional platoons. Brockman sent Everett's company to the indentations near the head of Shrapnel Gully to assist Denton and Barnes, who had already been despatched thither. His own company he divided into two. Half of it, under Lieutenants Rockliff and Macfarlane, was to climb the right of Shrapnel Gully near to Denton and Barnes, and then to work round the edge of the valley to Baby 700. Lieutenant

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Morgan, with the other half, was to work up the valley to the head of its left fork, and thence on to Baby 700. Having sent away these detachments, Brockman signalled across Rest Gully to Plugge's for another platoon. Captain Leane, who received the signal, sent him a platoon of his own company under Lieutenant Cooke.[4] When it arrived, coming down the steep zigzag path past the three tents, Brockman went off with it up Shrapnel Gully towards Baby 700.

Just above the point where Rest Gully joins it, Shrapnel Gully takes a sharp bend to the left, thence running for half a mile straight to the north-east towards the fork in which it ends. When the features of the locality came to be named during the weeks following the landing, this upper portion of Shrapnel Gully was called, after the brigadier whose head-quarters were situated in it, "Monash Valley." Monash Valley lay between Russell's Top on its left or western side, and the steep and much-indented ridge on the right, up which Denton's, Barnes's, and Everett's companies had been directed. At the top of this straight half-mile is the fork before mentioned. The branch to the left runs for another half-mile between steep sides, gradually becoming gentler till it ends in a spoon-shaped depression at The Nek. The branch to the right is shorter, narrower, and much steeper, and ends abruptly on a part of the inland slope of Baby 700, which came later to be known (from the trenches which afterwards gridironed it) as the "Chessboard." The head of this branch is the "Bloody Angle." Between the two branches lies a long razor-backed hill, fitting into the jaws of the valley as a stopper fits into a bottle. This was subsequently named (after the colonel of the 16th Battalion, which reached it towards the end of the first day) "Pope's Hill."

As each company of the 11th went off to its objective, it descended into Shrapnel Gully and made its way up the sandy creek-bed, which, with a thin trickle of water dribbling down it, formed the bottom of Monash Valley. Denton's company held on, finally turning to its right just before reaching the foot of Pope's Hill, and climbed the steep scrubby recess in the gully side which afterwards became known as "Courtney's

[4] Lieut. J. H. Cooke; 11th Bn. Accountant; of Wickepin, Swan, W. Aust.; b. Dinapur, India, 26 Oct., 1882. Killed in action, 25 April, 1915.

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Little Ari Burnu. Hell Spit. *Bacchante.*

Troops Landing.

Original Hdqrs. 1st Div. in this gully. Wireless mast. 1st Div. Hdqrs. landing.

HEADQUARTERS OF 1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION SETTLING ON THE BEACH, 10 A.M., 25TH APRIL, 1915. H.M.S. *Bacchante* STANDING IN TO SHELL GABA TEPE

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G905.

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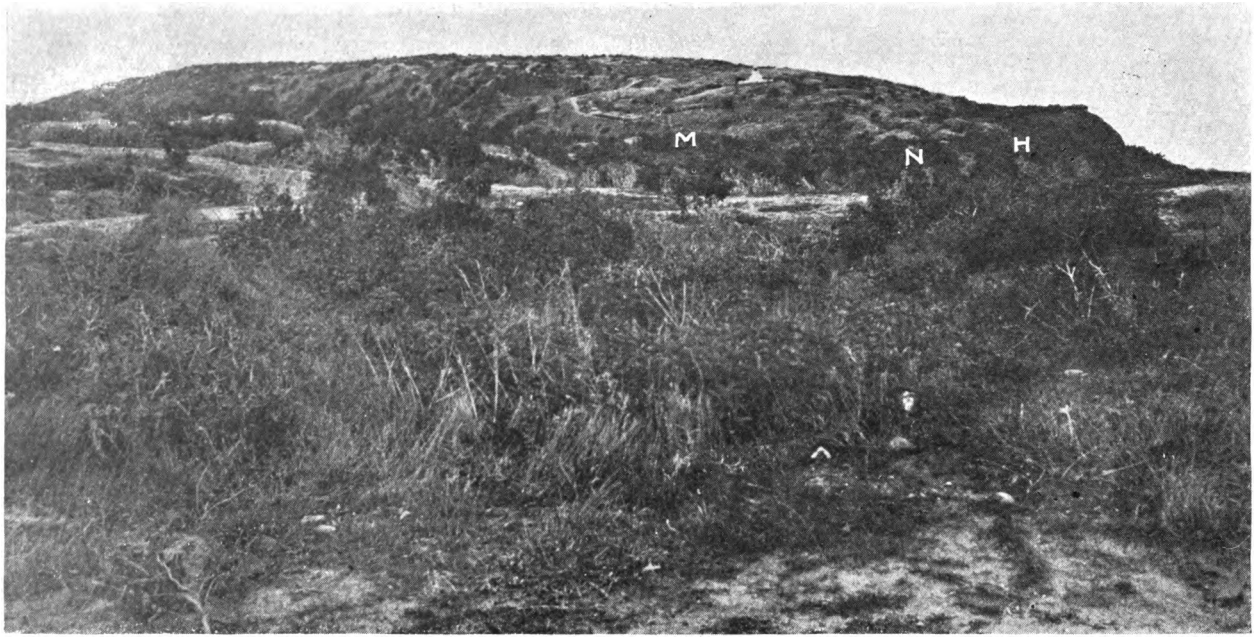
Russell's Top. Turkish Monument.



M: Head of Monash Valley. N: The Nek. H: Head of Malone's Gully.

RUSSELL'S TOP LOOKING BACKWARDS FROM BABY 700. THE AUSTRALIANS ADVANCED IN THE MORNING UP THE SLOPE OF BABY 700 IN THE FOREGROUND AND RETIRE ABOUT 4.30 P.M. (THE TURKISH MONUMENT WAS ERECTED AFTER THE EVACUATION.)

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1877. Taken in 1919.

To face p. 285.

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Post." Barnes's company turned up the recess immediately before it—a still steeper niche, of which the top was a sheer landslide of gravel where a man could scarcely climb on hands and knees. This was afterwards named "Steele's Post,"[5] Everett led his composite company up to the same recess as Denton.

The side of Monash Valley facing the enemy thus became at an early hour fringed with several strong posts. But the movement of troops up through the valley to Baby 700 was far more difficult. Companies or platoons, roughly organised, would move up the narrow stream-bed in single file, their officer leading. The officer may have been shown the spot to which they were being sent, but of the long string of men toiling behind few had any knowledge of a precise destination. A couple of men, for example, were told by some officer to carry a box of ammunition and follow Lieutenant Morgan. They plodded, perspiring, at the tail of Morgan's platoon to a point near the valley head, where heavy shrapnel fire came sweeping upon the party. The pellets swished like hail through the bushes, and in the rushes from shelter to shelter the party became split. The men with the ammunition went up the slope to the left; Lieutenant Morgan and others led up the slope to the right. When once the string was broken, the men behind had no direction to follow. Each could only push on as he thought best, until some other officer or non-commissioned officer gave him other orders. Such was the fate that day of many similar parties. Moreover as troops moved up Monash Valley, those lining its top were periodically calling for reinforcements. These orders were frequently given by senior officers in command on the valley side; and all day long troops who had been directed up the valley to Baby 700, tended, as they went, to be sucked into the fighting on the right-hand side of Monash Valley.

Of the troops originally directed to Baby 700, Leane's company had been held back. Half of Brockman's, under Lieutenants Rockliff and Macfarlane, after climbing, as instructed, a recess near Barnes's and Denton's companies, was retained there to hold part of the edge of the valley. The

[5] Although named after Major T. H. Steel, 14th Bn., this post was officially designated "Steele's Post."

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other half, under Lieutenant Morgan, continued up the valley according to orders and made along its left branch towards Baby 700. Near the head of the valley it became split up by heavy shrapnel fire; part moved onto Russell's Top on the left, while Morgan and others, following the directions, held on over the base of Pope's Hill towards Baby 700. Close beside him went the platoon under Lieutenant Cooke, which Brockman accompanied.

Thus not all the troops directed from Plugge's against Baby 700 were actually moving towards it. On the other hand there were already at The Nek or on Baby 700 fragments, mainly of the 12th and 11th under Lalor, Tulloch, and S. B. Robertson, which had gone there direct from the beach by climbing the heights near the Sphinx. Another small fragment of the 11th, under Lieutenants Jackson and Buttle[6] of Tulloch's company, after climbing near the Sphinx, had crossed Shrapnel Gully to some position ahead of Denton. Seeing other troops there pushed back, they retired, and met their own half-company commander, Captain Tulloch, near The Nek. The hour was still very early.

In the last chapter Captain Lalor, with his own company and several odd platoons of the 12th Battalion, was left on Russell's Top, just where the ridge began to narrow to The Nek. Colonel Clarke was dead, Colonel Hawley and Major Elliott had been wounded, and Lalor was the senior officer with the party. The Turks whom Clarke's men had chased from near the Sphinx had run off by the curving track over The Nek onto Baby 700, where they sank into the scrub.

Beyond The Nek, facing Lalor, rose the long back of Baby 700, a narrow ridge ascending gently for half a mile. The scrub on it was very open, part of the hill being almost bare. The retreating Turks had settled into the scrub slightly on the seaward slope, about 1,000 yards away.

Tulloch had pushed on early over Baby 700. Neither he nor Lalor had then any idea of what had happened to the rest of the landing force. Tulloch had tried to get into touch with Major Roberts, second-in-command of his battalion, but had failed. He knew that the 11th was to rendezvous on Battle-

[6] Lieut. C. F. Buttle; 11th Bn. Mechanical engineer; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Newcastle (now Toodyay), W. Aust., 13 Dec., 1893.

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ship Hill—"Big 700" as it was then called. Big 700 and the further crests of the main ridge must be behind the long slope of Baby 700 which faced him. The orders were to push on at all costs. Tulloch had therefore decided to advance across The Nek to Big 700, where he might meet the rest of the 11th Battalion. Lalor, as has been said, remained digging a semicircular trench on the Australian side of The Nek. The instincts of this fiery little officer were all for pushing ahead, and it was only his keen sense of the importance of the place, and the duty of the 12th as reserve battalion, that kept him there for a minute.

Tulloch decided to keep rather on the inland side of the crest of Baby 700. In order to make sure that Turks from the seaward side should not creep in behind him, he despatched Lieutenant Jackson with a party to that side of the hill to guard his left rear. At the same time, since the Turks were still firing across the head of Monash Valley, he sent forward a few men past the left of The Nek to work round and dislodge them. Presently the fire ceased, and Tulloch's party crossed The Nek.

Tulloch had about 60 men with him. They crossed The Nek in small groups, and having on the far side extended into line facing the direction in which Tulloch believed Big 700 to be (roughly north-east), advanced through the scrub slightly inland of the crest of Baby 700. The slope was crossed by several undulations —depressions which ran down into the deep inland gullies to the right of the party as it advanced. If the men had looked over their right shoulders, they could from this point have seen distinctly, beyond the nearer hills, a triangle of shining water which was the goal of all this campaign—the Narrows.

But few of them noticed it. They were intent on the ridges ahead. The line advanced over the shoulder of Baby 700, across a depression, and onto the shoulder of the next hill, still keeping a little on the inland side of the crest. The

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summit raised its head between them and the sea. Tulloch had with him Lieutenant E. Y. Butler, of the 12th Battalion, who had been with him from the start. At some stage of the advance over Baby 700 they were joined by Lieutenants Buttle and Mordaunt Reid[1] of the 11th, with about thirty men, who had left Lalor and had crossed The Nek and followed them.

The sun was bright, the sky clear. As the men pushed through the low scrub knee-deep, the fresh air of spring was full of the scent of wild thyme. On the dark, scrub-covered undulations about them there was no sign of life. The sound of firing came from the valleys on their right rear. Some bullets fired at long range lisped past them whenever they reached a crest or were on the downward slope. In the valleys not a shot came near them.

Tulloch's line was advancing with about seven paces between the men. On the top of the second shoulder it was fired upon from a position half-way up the next rise. The Turks —of whom, judging by the fire, there were about sixty—were in the scrub some 400 yards away. From somewhere behind the enemy's front a Turkish machine-gun opened. The Australians threw themselves down and began to fire. By this time about ten men in Tulloch's party had been hit. His line lay in the scrub, keeping up a carefully controlled fire, as it had been taught to do in the Mena training. It beat down the Turkish fire; the shots from in front slackened; and the Turks melted. Tulloch's line rose and advanced across the intervening dip and over the crest which the enemy had been defending.

To their left front there now rose another and still larger crest of the main ridge, its bare summit being about half a mile away. Between this and the shoulder on which Tulloch now was there lay a distinct depression. Bullets from somewhere on the opposite hillside began to "zipp" past the Australians, but the men could not see the Turks who were firing at them. The dark knuckles of the range, all covered with the same low scrub, sloped down to their right in longer and shorter ridges. Half-hidden by a knuckle ahead of them were

[1] Lieut. M. L. Reid; 11th Bn. Manager, W.A. Electrical Supply Coy., Coolgardie; b. Elmore, Vic., 22 Aug., 1881. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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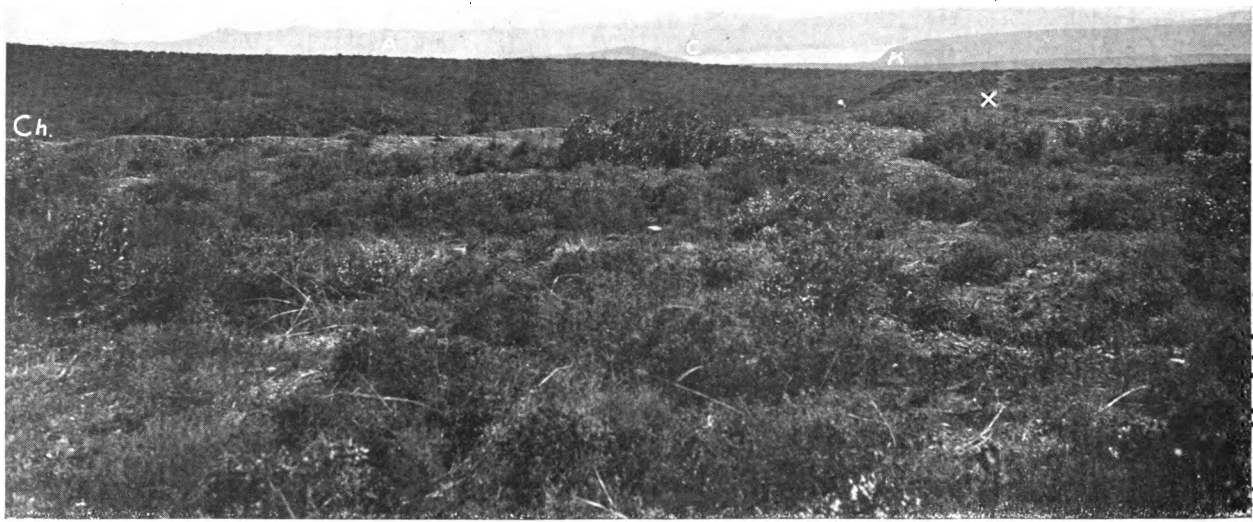
A: Asiatic Hills (Kilia Liman on near shore—hidden).

C: Chanak (Maidos on nearer shore—hidden).

MT: Mal Tepe here (hidden by Gun Ridge).

"Third" (Gun) Ridge.

Ch: Chatal Dere ("Forked Valley").



C-K: The Narrows.

K: Kilid Bahr.

X: Tulloch's farthest point.

Foreground: Inland slope of Battleship Hill.

THE POINT ON BATTLESHIP HILL REACHED BY CAPT. TULLOCH'S PARTY ON THE MORNING OF 25TH APRIL, 1915, SHOWING THE NARROWS IN THE DISTANCE

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1892. Taken in 1919.

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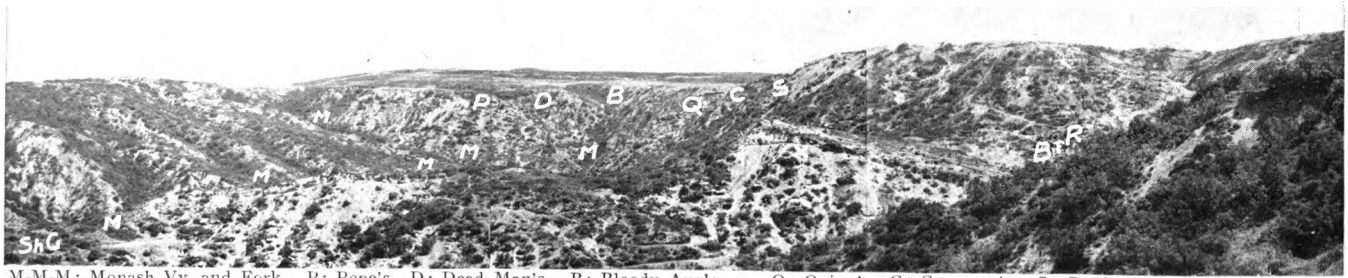
Shoulder of Chunuk Bair. Battleship Hill. Seaward slope of Baby 700. The Nek. Russell's Top.

Snipers' Nest. Four Seaward Fingers of Baby 700. Malone's Gully.

RUSSELL'S TOP, THE NEK, BABY 700 AND BATTLESHIP HILL FROM NO. 1 OUTPOST

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1137-8. Taken in November, 1915.

Russell's Top. Nek. Baby 700. Battleship Hill. MacLaurin's Hill. Wire Gully. Razorback.



M-M-M: Monash Vy. and Fork. P: Pope's D: Dead Man's. B: Bloody Angle. Q: Quinn's C: Courtney's. S: Steele's Br. R.: Bridges' Road.

MONASH VALLEY, SHOWING HOW BABY 700 COMPLETELY COMMANDED IT. THE SCRUB ON THE SHELTERED SLOPES OF THE HILLSIDES WAS WORN BARE BY THE AUSTRALIANS

X-X is Braund's Hill separating Monash Valley from Bridges' Road. Sh.G., near their junction, is Shrapnel Gully.

Photo taken by Printing Section, G.H.Q., about September, 1915. (Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1137-11.)

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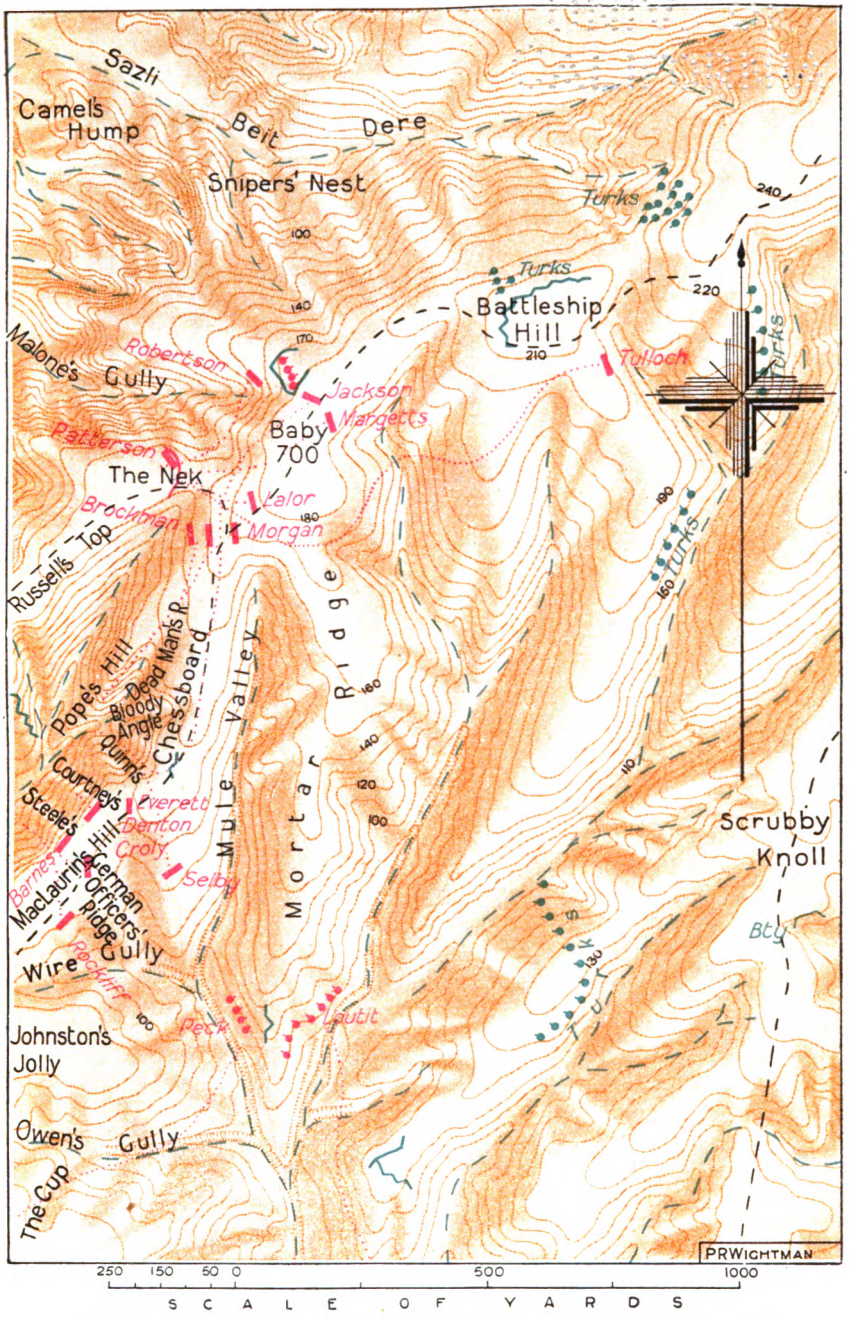

CAPTAIN TULLOCH'S ADVANCE AND THE POSITION ON BABY 700 AND MACLAURIN'S HILL, 9 TO 10 A.M., 25TH APRIL, 1915

There is some evidence that another advanced party of Australians was at this time to the right rear of Capt. Tulloch.

British troops, etc., red; Turkish, blue. Height contours, 10 metres.

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three large sandpits, quarries, or landslides, which broke the dark flank of the hill.

At this point the firing became very heavy. The bullets chipped the hard leaves of the holly scrub and scattered them in fitful showers on the Australians lying below, the prickly fragments filtering under their tunic collars and down their backs. The men went forward for 150 or 200 yards by rushes, and then crawled another 100 yards on their bellies; raw soldiers as they were, they were making as good use of cover as the Turks. The Turkish fire grew heavier upon the place which they had just left. So long as they lay still, the fire was desultory; it was only when they made a rush, or began to scrape themselves cover with their entrenching tools, that they brought down a storm of bullets.

The sun was high in the sky, and it must have been after 9 o'clock when the line crept down the last hundred yards of its advance. The men were doing everything they had been taught. Orders were repeated along the line by word of mouth. The fire was not haphazard, but the men were shooting carefully at the targets pointed out to them from time to time by their officers. During a lull Tulloch passed along an inquiry as to how far waterbottles had been kept intact in accordance with orders, and he found that they were practically untouched.

The point which they had reached was almost certainly the south-eastern shoulder of Battleship Hill, a few hundred yards inland from its crest.[8] The higher hill, of which the lower slopes faced them across the valley, was the shoulder of Chunuk Bair, a commanding height which, even more truly than Hill 971, was the key of the main ridge. On its skyline, which the men could see about 900 yards away on their left front as they lay in the scrub, was a solitary tree. By the tree stood the form of a man, to and from whom went messengers. Tulloch took him for the commander of a battalion and fired at him, but the flick of the bullets could not be seen in the scrub, and the officer did not move.

The enemy had a machine-gun or guns firing at very long

[8] The Australian Historical Mission, in February, 1919, found at this point undoubted traces of Australians. Zeki Bey, a Turkish officer who fought in this part of the action, on visiting the area picked this spot out as the place where he had first sighted Australian troops. See plate at p. 288.

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range. But few Turks could be seen ahead; they were lining the knuckle in front of the sandpits, 700 yards away,[9] where the sharp edge of the ridge gave them perfect cover. To the south--on his right—Tulloch could see another line of the enemy lying down and firing at a line of Australians which was busily digging itself cover in a depression about half a mile in the right rear of his own party. These Turks were almost in continuation of his line, and were intent upon the Australians to their front, while Tulloch's men were firing at them, from time to time, in direct enfilade.

The party fought here for about half an hour. Then bullets began to reach it from its left. This fire, at first at long range, became heavier and closer. Lieutenant Mordaunt Reid, on the right of Tulloch's line, was hit through the thigh as he knelt to examine the ground ahead. He refused assistance, crawled to the rear alone, and was never again seen. It will be remembered that Tulloch had sent Lieutenant Jackson with twenty men to guard the flank from which this enfilading fire came—the seaward slope of Baby 700. Hearing the rattle of heavy fire in that direction, he assumed that this must be Jackson's party, engaged with Turks in his left rear. He knew nothing of the bitter struggle which (as will presently be told) was in progress on the seaward slope of Baby 700. But it was obvious that the enemy were penetrating behind his left flank, between him and the party which he imagined to be Jackson's. An increasing fire at short range from the left showed that the Turks were collecting in the dead ground behind the crest of Battleship Hill and creeping round his flank. Tulloch's own party could not deal with them, being pinned down by heavy fire from in front.

He accordingly gave the order to withdraw. His line was organised in four sections. Two sections held on and fired, while the alternate sections doubled back through the scrub to a position from which they could cover the retirement of the other two. Thus by stages his party withdrew to Baby 700. Here half the party was left under an officer with orders to delay the Turks, while Tulloch and the other half came back to the seaward slope of Baby 700 near where it narrowed to The Nek. By that time shrapnel, low and well burst, was

[9] Their cartridge clips still lay there thickly in February, 1919.

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sweeping like an intermittent hailstorm down the heads of the gullies which dipped steeply to the sea. Australians were clustering in the head of the gully which formed the seaward slope of The Nek (afterwards called "Malone's Gully"), close under shelter of the next spur. On that spur could be seen Turks in numbers. On Baby 700 and on its seaward slope there had begun a struggle of whose intensity the advanced party had no conception.

When Tulloch had gone forward, the position at The Nek where Lalor was digging the horseshoe trench, was very quiet. Except for bullets, which continually sang over at long range, and the rattle of heavy rifle fire on the ridges inland, nothing stirred. Major S. B. Robertson of the 9th Battalion came up and halted for a time. Lalor had agreed to hold The Nek and not proceed further. But this fresh clear morning was wearing on and nothing was heard of Tulloch, who had gone far forward to the right front. The slope of Baby 700 ahead, quite unoccupied, shut out Lalor's view of the range which he knew was the objective. He was by nature the last officer in the force to sit still and do nothing in so critical a fight. The grandson of Peter Lalor, who led the only armed revolt that ever occurred in Australian history—the insurrection at the Eureka Stockade on the Victorian goldfields —and the son of a doctor, he enlisted as a boy in the British Navy; deserted from that service; joined the French Foreign Legion; fought through a South American revolution; and finally was appointed to the permanent forces in Australia. As an aide-de-camp in Western Australia he had more than one interesting meeting with naval officers, who little dreamed of his story. He carried with intense pride a family sword, from which he would not be parted. He had it with him—in spite of all regulations—on this morning at The Nek, its bright hilt wrapped in khaki cloth.

About 8.30 a.m. Robertson and Lalor ordered an advance up Baby 700. Lieutenant Margetts, with his platoon, worked his way up the middle of the ridge, making about the midpoint of the line. Where the Turkish line had been, several Turks were lying dead. Margetts moved straight over the summit of Baby 700 and some way down its further side. Far below on their left were the Gulf of Saros and the beach curv-

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ing away past the crinkled foothills to Suvla Bay. Out on the blue water lay the battleship *Majestic*. Margetts looked at his watch. It was 9 o'clock.

In front of Margetts's party, where it lay down in the low bushes, there rose, across a shallow depression, the rounded pate of the next summit—Battleship Hill. A sparse scrub grew from its stony surface. Around its western or seaward shoulder ran a trench. Behind the right shoulder of Battleship Hill, half-screened by its crest, could be seen two of the further summits of the range, from which long spurs ran down inland. It was towards the nearer of these spurs that Tulloch's party was then working, out on the right front. But there was no sign of these men, and those on Baby 700 had no knowledge that they were there.

The line lay down in the scrub on the northern slope of Baby 700. The men did not dig, and the enemy could probably see little of them. But from the first moment bullets were coming fairly thickly from somewhere on the inland slopes to the right, clipping the leaves and twigs from the bushes.

Lalor himself, true to his decision, retained a party in a supporting position immediately in advance of The Nek. On the seaward slope the firing line was under Major S. B. Robertson of the 9th Battalion. From the outset the fighting on this slope was heavy. Baby 700 itself was free of Turks, but the scrub-covered spur which sloped from it towards the sea contained a Turkish trench, with two communication trenches running back towards the valley behind the spur. These trenches and the far edge of the spur were manned by the enemy, and there swept across them, backwards and forwards for hours, one of the most stubborn fights of the day.

Scarcely had the forward line in this advance reached the summit of Baby 700 when there came from its left—the seaward slope—a call for reinforcements. Margetts turned his field-glasses upon the trench which ran down the seaward

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shoulder of Battleship Hill. About 9.15 a.m. he began to notice Turks coming down this trench into the valley on his left front, where they became hidden from sight. He judged the range at 900 yards, and gave the order to his platoon: "Communication trench, on left slope of far hill . . . 900 yards . . . three rounds . . . fire!" The difficulty in controlling fire at this point was that the men, extended at several paces from each other in the thick low scrub, were out of sight, and the line easily lost touch. It was impossible to speak to more than a few on either side. When the fire grew heavy and each soldier was forced to keep low, a man could scarcely notice the movements of the one next to him, much less of those fifteen or twenty paces away. At the end of an hour Margetts could find very few of his own men. Therein lay one of the great difficulties of the day.

Turks were undoubtedly creeping over the shoulder of Battleship Hill by the communication trench, and down into the gully on the seaward face between Battleship Hill and Baby 700. Here they could collect in cover on their side of the spur. The Australians on the seaward slope had similar cover in the head of Malone's Gully. The spur was shaped curiously like a hand with four fingers. Where it left Baby 700, the steep scrub-covered slope, 300 yards wide from the northern fork of Malone's Gully to the gully in which the Turks collected, resembled the back of a hand; a quarter of a mile down towards the sea it suddenly ended in sheer precipices of worn gravel; from these there ran down seawards four bare razor-backed ridges, resembling more the legs of a spider than the fingers of a hand, and ending near the beach in greater and lesser knolls, all very steep.

The fingers of this spur were far too precipitous to allow of movement; the struggle was entirely on the upper part of the scrub-covered slope, where it joined Baby 700, and on the side of Baby 700 itself. The Australians—a mixture of 11th and 12th Battalions with some of the 9th—crossed the head of Malone's Gully and the flank of Baby 700 above it, and rushed the Turkish trench on the scrubby spur beyond the gully. Shortly after they reached it, a machine-gun was turned upon them from a position higher up Baby 700 and almost directly to their right, from which it played down the length of the

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trench. The party was thus driven out, and withdrew to the edge of Malone's Gully for shelter.

The word went up the line: "The left are retiring." It reached Margetts and his party on the summit. The Turks had manifestly been creeping down over Battleship Hill to the left. Margetts and his men withdrew for about 150 yards down the back of Baby 700, and there pulled up. They could see the line on their left retiring. The crest and slopes of Baby 700 were again open to the enemy. Turks filtered back into the trenches on the scrubby spur: it was their movement round the seaward side of Battleship Hill which forced Tulloch to withdraw.

By this time the reinforcing detachments which had been sent by Brockman towards Baby 700 had arrived. Lalor was with the supporting line some distance behind Margetts on that hill. Brockman met Lalor there, and Lalor agreed to hold the hill and attempt no further forward movement.

It was urgent, however, to possess its summit. Losses had been heavy, and the Australian line was pitiably thin. The Turks had followed its withdrawal, and were reaching Baby 700.

Fortunately the driving in of the line on Baby 700 had been observed from another part of the front. Between 9 and 10 o'clock Colonel MacLagan, returning from his visit to the 400 Plateau, had seen in the distance the retirement of the Australians and the pressure of the Turks. He had just given up hope of further advance from the 400 Plateau against the objective ridge. He now realised that the Australians would have all that they could do to hold a defensive position where they were. Baby 700, looking straight down the valley which the Australians were lining, was clearly the key of the position.[10] Having placed his headquarters at the southern end of Monash Valley on the high shoulder of MacLaurin's Hill, he could see every movement of the line on Baby 700. From that hour onwards he endeavoured to send all reinforcements up to the struggle which he saw in progress there.

By the time MacLagan came to this decision, the 2nd Brigade and part of the 1st had already gone into the fighting on his other flank. Troops were being rushed into action as

[10] See plate at p. 289.

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soon as they landed, and of the 1st Brigade there were still to come one company of the 1st Battalion, two of the 3rd, and the whole of the 2nd and 4th.

MacLagan now made urgent requests for reinforcements for his left, and was at once given the two remaining companies of the 3rd Battalion, sent off by Colonel Owen, who was at this time on Plugge's. How they were drawn into the fight at the head of Monash Valley will be told in another chapter. On their way up Plugge's these two companies became sandwiched into a long file of the 1st Battalion, which had shortly before landed from the *Minnewaska*. The last company of the 1st, under Major Swannell, delayed by dumping its packs on the way up the hill, followed after the 3rd Battalion. The second-in-command of the 1st Battalion, Major Kindon, was, according to practice, at the tail of its last company. As he was passing through the 3rd Battalion on Plugge's, Colonel Owen told him that MacLagan was asking for reinforcements to be sent in the direction of Baby 700, and asked him to divert Swannell's company thither.

Kindon accordingly led Swannell's company of the 1st Battalion into Rest Gully and up Russell's Top, so as to reach Baby 700 by the shortest route. Swannell had with him Lieutenants Shout[11] and Street[12] and Captain Jacobs.[13]

It was after 10 o'clock when this company moved up Russell's Top. In the meantime MacLagan could see the remnant of Lalor's line being driven back almost to The Nek. The untried signallers of the 1st Australian Division had, nearly two hours before, completed the laying of wires from the divisional headquarters to both the advanced brigades, and MacLagan telegraphed to Bridges that the far end of Russell's Top was "seriously threatened." At 10.15 MacLagan told Glasfurd that it was doubtful if he could hold on.

If the Turks had reached Russell's Top, they would have been actually in rear of Denton and of the rest of MacLagan's

[11] Captain A. J. Shout, V.C., M.C.; 1st Bn. Carpenter and joiner; of Darlington, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. New Zealand, 8 Aug., 1882. Died of wounds, 11 Aug., 1915.

[12] Major G. A. Street, M.C.; 1st Bn. Bde.-Major 15th Inf. Bde. 1917/18. University student of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 21 Jan., 1894.

[13] Major H. Jacobs; 1st Bn. Area officer; b. Hornsby, N.S.W., 1 Oct., 1889.

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line in Monash Valley. Bridges therefore ordered MacLaurin, commanding the 1st Brigade—his sole reserve—to despatch two companies of the 2nd Battalion to the threatened point. Major Scobie,[14] second-in-command of the 2nd Battalion, was instructed to take Gordon's[15] and Richardson's[16] companies. Gordon led on immediately after Kindon.

It was nearly 11 when Kindon, with Swannell's company of the 1st Battalion, wound over The Nek, and, at the foot of Baby 700, ran upon the remnants of Robertson's and Lalor's line, which had been driven in from the forward slopes of that hill. There were probably about seventy of the 3rd Brigade at this place, but only a handful of ten or twelve was visible from the point at which Kindon and Swannell joined them.

Swannell's company at once deployed, and, together with the remnant of the 3rd Brigade, charged the Turks who were on the seaward slope in front of them. The Turks ran, one of them lumbering back over the shoulder of the hill with a machine-gun packed upon a mule. For the second time the line swept at the double over the summit of Baby 700, and Margetts reached the same point, on the same path, which he had been occupying before. On this line the men of the 1st Battalion began to dig as quickly as they could.

But on reaching the inland slope of the hill they came under heavy fire. The Turks had run off to a trench which showed as a brown line through the scrub ahead. Bullets whipped in among the Australians from the front and from the right flank. The only way to escape them was to lie still; and it was difficult, while so doing, to keep up an effective fire. On the right, where Swannell now was, the line looked into a gully

[14] Lieut.-Colonel R. Scobie; 2nd Bn. Farmer; of Maitland, N.S.W.; b. West Maitland, N.S.W., 31 March, 1871. Killed in action, 7 Aug., 1915.

[15] Major C. G. Gordon; 2nd Bn. Grazier and stock and station agent, also an area officer. Of Inverell, N.S.W.: b. Kingston, Ireland, 7 Nov., 1869. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[16] Major C. R. Richardson, M.C.; 2nd Bn. Merchant; b. Armidale, N.S.W., 21 June, 1890.

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beyond the Bloody Angle, and in this there were several Turkish tents and an abandoned bivouac. It was near this spot that some of Swannell's men were under a Turkish fire to which it was difficult to reply. Swannell had felt sure that he would be killed, and had said so on the *Minnewaska* before he landed, for he realised that he would play this game as he had played Rugby football—with his whole heart. Now, while kneeling in order to show his men how to take better aim at a Turk, he was shot dead.

The two companies of the 2nd Battalion, which followed immediately after Kindon and his portion of the 1st, moved partly through Monash Valley. Gordon led his company up the head of that valley on to The Nek. He took out his map, settled his position on it, and began to organise his troops for the advance. He was a fine, tall, square-shouldered man and without fear. He was speaking to his men, when he fell shot through the head. Most of his company attached itself to the left of Swannell's when it doubled over Baby 700. During the whole afternoon it was involved in the heavy fighting near the position of Margetts on the crest.

Richardson's company of the 2nd got upon the seaward slope of Baby 700—the left flank of the line. On climbing from Monash Valley, Richardson had crossed Russell's Top to its seaward side near The Nek. As the company emerged, it saw Kindon's and Gordon's men doubling up the long summit of Baby 700 to its right.

At the same time about sixty Turks near the head of Malone's Gully, on the seaward slope of Baby 700 and the scrubby spur beneath it, were apparently beginning to retire. Richardson gave his men the order to fix bayonets, and charged across the head of Malone's Gully. The Turks appeared to hesitate as the line approached; when it was within eighty yards, they bolted. The Australians, flinging themselves down, shot a score of them before the rest disappeared into the further gully.

The line on the left of Baby 700, whenever it went forward,

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was exposed to the fire, not only of the Turks behind the nearer spurs, but of others who were now filtering back upon the lower ends of those spurs, not far above the beach. Officers and men lying in the scrub were caught, one after another, by the scattered bullets. Major S. B. Robertson, thrice wounded, raised himself to look forward and was shot. "Carry on, Rigby," he said to a junior beside him, and died. Lieutenant J. W. Rigby "carried on" till he too was killed. Under this fire the left tended to withdraw to Malone's Gully, and the troops on Baby 700 fell back with it. Indeed, with the seaward slope open to the enemy, there was nothing else for them to do.

The strain on the men lying out upon the forward slope was becoming almost unbearable. Some of the original line which had charged so gaily with Margetts and Patterson and old Colonel Clarke in the morning, and had gone up the hill so lightheartedly when the day was young, were still there. "Close shaves" were so numerous that men ceased to reckon them. Thus Private R. L. Donkin,[17] of the 1st Battalion, had two bullets in his left leg; a third pierced the top of his hat and cut his hair; one ripped his left sleeve; three hit his ammunition pouches and exploded the bullets; another struck his entrenching tool. Most of the men of the 3rd Brigade who had fought there were dead or wounded. Yet Margetts and a few others hung on with these newer arrivals of the 1st Brigade. The blue sky and the bright sunlight on the sleeping hills, the fresh mountain air which they had drawn into their lungs after that first onrush, still surrounded them as with the evil treachery of a beautiful mirage. The sweet smell of the crushed thyme was never remembered in after days except with a shudder. As with most of the others, it was Margetts's first experience of war. So far as he knew, there was no one supporting him. He could only see two of his own men, but he knew that he had about twenty, because he could pass the word along the line to them. Major S. B. Robertson, of the 9th, was supposed to be on his left, but he was probably at this time dead. So far as Margetts knew, there was no one else; no one to assume authority; no one to inform him what had happened elsewhere.

[17] Pte R. L. Donkin, (No. 817, 1st Bn.). Of Maitland District, N.S.W.; b. Brisbane, Q'land, 20 June, 1892. Killed in action, 15 Aug., 1915.

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As hours went by the lines were greatly thinned and the torture of the fire increased. Further to the left, near the summit of the hill, where Gordon's company of the 2nd Battalion was mixed with remnants of the 11th and 12th, the line swept backwards and forwards over the summit of Baby 700 no less than five times. Each time, after holding for a while, it was driven back. Almost every officer was killed or wounded, but Margetts still remained.

On the right, down the inland slope of the hill where Kindon was engaged, the strain was becoming at least as great. The fire from the right continually increased. The line on Baby 700 was isolated, with both flanks in the air, and Turks were filtering in and accumulating somewhere on either side. Through this increasing torture Major Kindon lay in the line with his men, steadily puffing an old pipe. Beside him on his left a man of the 12th Battalion lay in the scrub firing. Presently a bullet zipped past from the right. The man's head fell forward on his rifle-butt; his spinal column had been severed. From the direction of the shot Kindon knew that the Turks must have outflanked him on his right. By the strength of their determination, and by that alone, officers and men were clinging to Baby 700.

Reinforcements for Baby 700 were asked for again and again, and although similar demands were received from every other part of the line, and especially from the right, it was realised by divisional headquarters on the beach that the position on the left was critical. General Bridges had suspected this immediately on landing, when he noticed the storm of rifle bullets still sweeping down Shrapnel Gully at 8 o'clock. This suggested a doubt as to whether the Turks had not worked in from the north along the sea border behind his left flank. After a hurried visit to the right, he strode directly back, with Colonel White and Lieutenant Casey, his aide-de-camp, to the top of Ari Burnu knoll, from which he could survey the long sweep of the beach as far as Suvla and the seaward foothills. Brigadier-General H. B. Walker, Chief of General Birdwood's Staff, was on Ari Burnu. From the parapet of the Turkish machine-gun position on the knoll they scanned the foothills to the north. Australians were moving on the beach north of Ari Burnu—the 3rd Field Ambulance

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was there at work. There was evidently no immediate danger in the foothills. The group of Staff Officers on Ari Burnu was probably seen by the Turks from some point near Baby 700, for bullets flicked the parapet close to Bridges. White suggested that his chief should move, but Bridges took no notice of the suggestion until it was further urged by Walker. He then moved to a safer position. Although there was no present pressure in the foothills, Bridges saw that troops would have to be sent to hold Walker's Ridge later in the day. For the present he despatched two platoons of the 2nd Battalion to form an outpost along the beach.

MacLagan's telegram that Russell's Top was in danger, and his anxious requests that all reinforcements for the left should go to that point, showed Bridges where lay the threat to his left flank. But the 1st Australian Division had been almost entirely used up. The 1st Brigade, which was the sole divisional reserve, had only the 4th Battalion and two companies of the 2nd now left in it. Bridges would have used them if necessary, but only as a last resort.

As soon, however, as the position was made good, the New Zealand and Australian Division was expected to land. Walker represented General Birdwood on the beach, and he and Bridges had already decided that the N.Z. & A. Division could best be used on Bridges' left, and had informed its Chief of Staff (Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Braithwaite)[18] to this effect, when, at 10.45, General Birdwood signalled from the *Queen* that he was continuing the landing by disembarking the New Zealanders.

It was then that General Walker obtained his dearest wish —a transfer from Staff work to a fighting command in the field. Colonel Johnston,[19] the British officer commanding the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, had fallen ill. Birdwood signalled that the brigade was to come under Bridges' orders on landing, and that Walker was to command it. Walker at once went off to the foot of the ridge, which from then onwards bore his name, in order to survey the country in which his troops were to be employed.

[18] Brig.-General W. G. Braithwaite, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Commanded 2nd New Zealand Inf. Bde. 1916/17; b. 21 Oct., 1870.

[19] Brig.-General F. E. Johnston, C.B.: North Staff. Regt. Commanded 1st N.Z. Inf. Bde., 1914-17; of Wellington, N.Z.; b. 1 Oct., 1871. Killed in action, Aug., 1917.

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The first part of the Auckland Battalion had already landed at 10.30, immediately after the last of the Australian Division, and had at once been directed to reinforce the left of the Australians on Russell's Top, where Walker's Ridge ran into it near The Nek. The Waikato and Hauraki companies had been sent northward along the beach with orders to reach this position by climbing up Walker's Ridge, and their leading men were already far up this steep spur. But Walker, on reaching the foot of that ridge, near the beach, and seeing how bare and razor-edged the spur was, became convinced that battalions which were sent up it would be split and disorganised. They could only climb its precipitous goat-tracks in single file, and therefore must enter the battle in driblets, whereas he desired that they should operate as whole units, well-organised. He, like others, inferred from the maps that there was a continuous broad ridge from Plugge's to Baby 700. The Auckland Battalion was therefore recalled; and later, as battalion after battalion was sent to him at Walker's Ridge, he ordered them back on their tracks, with instructions to climb the path, now prepared, to Plugge's, and move to the left up this supposed hill-slope to Baby 700.

MacLagan, on the other hand, from his headquarters on the far side of Shrapnel Gully opposite to Plugge's Plateau, could see exactly what happened on the narrow summit of Plugge's whenever reinforcements filed over it. Again and again he saw how, meeting shrapnel and rifle-fire there, they tended to lead on into Shrapnel Gully. The file being broken, and junior officers and men not having instructions as to the position, they were too often sucked into other parts of the line than those to which they were directed. MacLagan, for exactly the same reason which actuated Walker—to prevent disorganisation in impossible country—advised that all reinforcements should avoid the precipitous climb over Plugge's, and should come into Shrapnel Gully by a détour southwards along the beach. But Walker, far up at his own front near Walker's Ridge, did not know this. Battalion after battalion of New Zealanders was turned back with orders to go in over Plugge's.[20] Some of the earliest of the New Zealand rein-

[20] See plates at pp. 251 and 302.

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forcements were disorganised by the turning of Turkish fire upon Plugge's; and all of them, attempting to follow their instructions, became split up in the tangle of Rest Gully and Monash Valley.

It was past noon when the Waikato company of the Auckland Battalion, reaching the bottom of the zigzag path, found a string of Australian troops—the tail of the 2nd or 3rd Battalions—filing up the valley past them. The New Zealanders waited till it cleared their head, and then followed it round the valley bed. On reaching the turn into Monash Valley, they began to climb the hill in front of them towards the firing line. But they saw men waving to them from the top to go on up the gully. The figures on the hill-top were those of MacLagan and his staff. The New Zealanders turned and filed up to the head of Monash Valley and so to the lower slope of Baby 700 just beyond The Nek. In this depression they re-formed, advanced, and, 200 yards further on, came upon Major Kindon.

When the New Zealanders arrived, Kindon seemed to have only four or five effective men left with him. The others who could be seen were dead or wounded. Not another man was visible on either flank. To the left was the summit of Baby 700. It seemed a long endless slope, always gradually rising with little tracks running through it. The New Zealanders asked who was on the left, and were told that part of the 2nd Australian Infantry Battalion was there. Far behind, in the right rear on the distant 400 Plateau, could be seen Australian infantry with a battery of Indian mountain guns.

The Waikato company reinforced Kindon's line, and lay facing Battleship Hill under the same unceasing fire. The line was still over the crest, out of sight of the sea. Before it were the further summits and inland slopes; the three sandpits on the lower slopes of Chunuk Bair could be

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Men stepping over Turkish trench on near (West) side of Plugge's.

AUSTRALIANS GOING INTO ACTION OVER THE TOP OF PLUGGE'S PLATEAU ABOUT NOON, 25TH APRIL, 1915. THESE MEN, CARRYING PICKS AND SHOVELS, ARE UNDER FIRE.

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G907.

To face p. 302.

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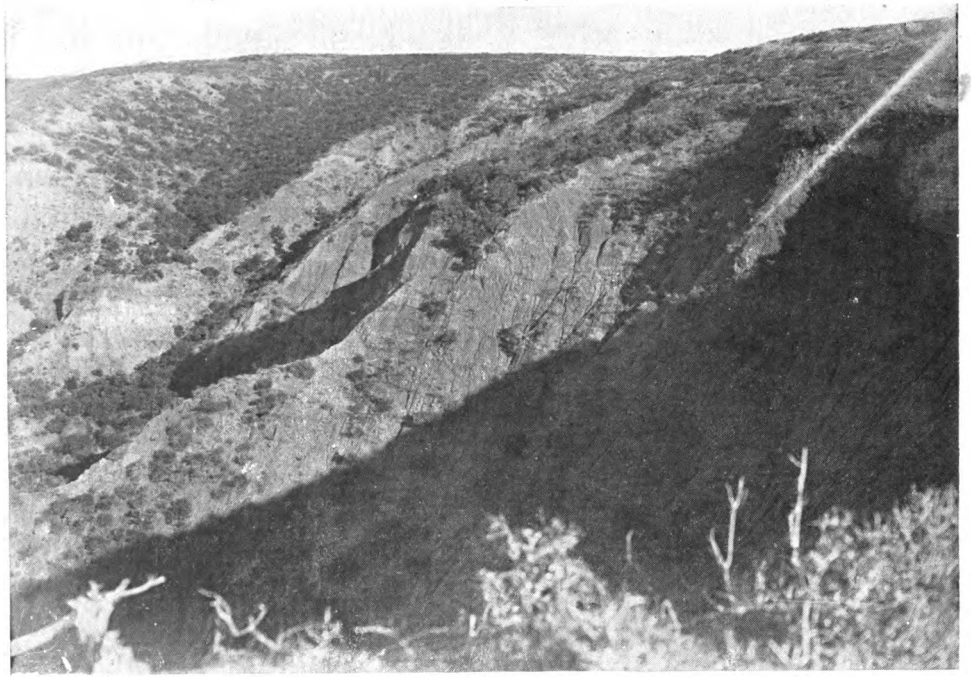
Seaward slope of Baby 700. Head of Malone's Gully. Nek. Russell's Top.



Malone's Gully.

MALONE'S GULLY ON THE SEAWARD SIDE OF THE NEK, ACROSS THE HEAD OF WHICH LALOR AND PATTERSON MADE THEIR LAST ADVANCE

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1879. Taken in 1919. *To face p.* 303.

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discerned peeping over some of the further spurs. Through the scrub on the nearer side of the sandpits ran a streak of brown. It was a Turkish trench, and Turks could be seen in it.

The captain of the Waikato company, after lying on the crest for half an hour, made his way back to Kindon on his right and advised him to retire and dig in by The Nek. But Kindon would not hear of leaving his wounded. Accordingly the line stayed on. As long as the troops were lying down, the fire was steady and sustained; whenever they got up to advance, it became intense.

This fire gradually increased. The Australians and New Zealanders, lying in the scrub, could not see the Turks reinforcing in front and to the right of them. But reinforcing they certainly were, and pushing in on Kindon's right.

At some time between 2.30 and 4 p.m. a Turkish battery suddenly opened from the direction of the further crests of the main ridge in front of Kindon's line. First one gun opened, and then a series of four. The first shell went singing over towards the beach; then the gunners gradually shortened their range, till the salvoes fell upon the slope of Baby 700 near The Nek and upon the heads of the two valleys between which The Nek ran—Malone's Gully on the side nearer the sea, and Monash Valley inland. Any movement on the forward slope of Baby 700 brought upon itself this shrapnel. At the same time the fire upon Kindon's line grew. "We were faced with a machine-gun on the flank," he said afterwards, "and with shrapnel in front and rifle fire. We were up against a trench and couldn't shoot much. We could simply lie there, and they couldn't come on while we were lying there."

The fire from Kindon's right showed that the Turks were penetrating past it towards Monash Valley. The struggle which was occurring in the Australian centre, on the folds east of the Bloody Angle, will be told in detail later. But inasmuch as it vitally affected the position on Baby 700, reference must be made to it here.

The eastern rim of Monash Valley was well-fringed with troops. But there was never any continuous line from the eastern head of the valley (the Bloody Angle) to Baby 700. A spur of that hill, known as the Chessboard, connected the two positions. But although parties under Captain Jacobs of

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the 1st Battalion, Lieutenant Campbell[21] and Sergeant-Major Jones[22] of the 2nd, and others moved over the Chessboard, it was not continuously held. There was no unbroken line of defence north of Captain Leer's[23] company of the 3rd Battalion, near the Bloody Angle, until the right of Kindon's position was reached. A few isolated parties between the two had to bear, with Kindon and Leer, the full force of the Turkish counter-attack.

On Kindon's right, helping to fill this gap, lay Lieutenant Baddeley[24] of the Waikato company, with his platoon. Baddeley was never seen or heard of again. Further down towards Leer was a party of Kindon's own battalion under Captain Jacobs. Before Kindon had arrived at Baby 700, two small parties of the 1st Battalion which were with him, under Jacobs and Lieutenant Shout respectively, were despatched to the flanks. Kindon sent Shout to guard his left rear. Jacobs, with a fragment of the battalion, had branched through the right fork of Monash Valley, up the steep scrubby recess of the Bloody Angle, and out upon the Chessboard—the spur which ran down from the inland side of Baby 700, and against which this branch of the valley ended. Crossing that spur, he found himself looking down into a steep valley, about 100 yards across, which ran down to the right just over the crest from the Bloody Angle. In this gully were the tents and huts which had been seen by Swannell. Jacobs led his men through this and another minor gully and over the crest of the next spur (the upper shoulder of Mortar Ridge). Here they occupied a line some distance down the forward slope. Ahead

[21] Captain I. F. Campbell; 2nd Bn. Shire clerk of Upper Hunter Shire, N.S.W.; of Scone, N.S.W.; b. Gosford, N.S.W., 12 Dec., 1877. Died of wounds, 2 June, 1915.

[22] Captain H. A. Jones; 2nd Bn. Employee of Public Works Dept., Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Horne, Devon., Eng., 22 Sept., 1878.

[23] Captain C. E. Leer; 3rd Bn. School teacher; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Araluen, N.S.W., 16 Oct., 1871. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[24] Lieut. W. S. Baddeley; Auckland Bn. Of Otorohanga, N.Z.; b. Greymouth, N.Z., 13 Nov., 1891. Killed in action, 25 April, 1915.

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of them, to their left front, were Australians. The latter were the line on Baby 700.

Jacobs was thus echeloned to the right rear of Kindon's line, and, as long as he was there, its right flank was fairly safe. His party was firing at Turks on a spur 600 yards in front. To the right Mortar Ridge ran down to the flats at the upper end of what were afterwards known as "Mule" and "Legge" Valleys.

As the party lay in that position, Turks began to be noticed crossing these distant flats. Jacobs, like Leer and all other officers who saw it, prayed for a chance that a machine-gun might arrive to check this movement. But no machine-gun was near. Lower down the Turks were driving through to the ridges and gullies behind Jacobs's party; there was an increase in the fire from the right; and at some time between 3 and 4 p.m. he, like Campbell of the 2nd and others, was driven in and was compelled to withdraw in the first instance to the shelter of the Bloody Angle and of the recesses on either side of it.

It was about 2.30 p.m., when the Turks were beginning to press Jacobs and penetrate to his right, that Kindon noticed that two New Zealand machine-guns had come up about seventy yards in his rear. In order to escape the heavy enfilade fire from his right, he withdrew his line upon these. This part of the line was now largely held by New Zealanders, of whom Major Grant,[25] who was killed at this spot, was either then or shortly afterwards in command. Kindon handed over the line to them and went to report the position to MacLagan.[26]

[25] Major D. Grant; Canterbury Bn. Of Timaru, N.Z.; b. Geraldine, N.Z., 22 Nov., 1873. Died of wounds, 25 Apr., 1915. Some portion of Canterbury appears to have joined Auckland in this line.

[26] In this and the following chapters, dealing with fighting of which barely any official record exists, the work of officers and N.C.O.'s such as Margetts, Jacobs, Laing, Howe, and others, must be regarded as typical of that of many equally deserving of remembrance, but whose story can now never be known.

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CHAPTER XIV

THE LOSS OF BABY 700

THE line on Baby 700 was subjected to an even greater danger than that of being outflanked upon its right. There was the constant risk that, while it lay upon the inland slope of the hill, the enemy might creep round its left, along the seaward spurs which were hidden from it, and appear behind it. When the Turks began to push past his right flank toward Monash Valley, Kindon had at least been aware of the fact. But the seaward slope in his left rear was hidden from him by the crest of Baby 700; and all day long the men holding the inland slope of that hill could only trust that the parties which had undertaken to hold the seaward slope were doing their work.

It has been already mentioned that the officer who, through most of this endless day, had the responsibility of seeing that the Turks did not penetrate behind the left of the landing force was Captain Lalor. His duty was to hold The Nek and the seaward side of the hill while others fought inland. But while Kindon had been doggedly holding the inland slope, the fighting on the summit and seaward slope had continued extremely bitter and critical.

All that the men and even the officers knew was that the great effort of the expedition had been launched, and that it was their duty to see that it did not fail. The attack had manifestly not gone as was intended. The high hopes of the morning advance had long faded. They were up against the fire of some Turkish force, a comparatively scattered fire at first, but now incessant and always growing. Each man could only keep touch with one or two others on either side of him in the scrub, and, as one after another was hit, the line was thinned to breaking point. But they knew that all the other parts of the line must be depending upon them to hold the flank. If the line gave, it meant failure. With an unknown and increasing force ahead of them—with the long hours passing, and the enemy showing no signs of exhaustion—yet the determination of each individual man and officer still held them to that hill.

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The ebb and flow of the struggle on the scrubby spur and the seaward flank of the hill caused, as has been said, several retirements. But whenever reinforcements came up, the line would sweep again over the summit of Baby 700. On the occasion of the third retirement from the hilltop, Margetts had been told by some senior officer to line the edge of Russell's Top in front of Walker's Ridge, in case the Turks came round that way. But presently he was sent up to the front line again. He gathered all the men he could—about ten in all—and for the third time went up Baby 700. He found that a line had been re-established there and was being held by an officer of the 2nd Battalion and a few men. So far as Margetts and this officer knew, they were the only officers on the hill. The ammunition of the small party was running out. Margetts ran down the hill to find Lalor or the company sergeant-major or some other who could communicate with headquarters and obtain ammunition. At The Nek he came across a platoon. They were in the little horseshoe system of coffin-shaped riflepits which Lalor's men had begun to dig after the dawn. With them was Lieutenant Patterson, who had climbed near the Sphinx with Margetts. The Turks had just opened with their battery from the hills ahead, and were feeling for the range of The Nek. Patterson, being a Duntroon boy, was greatly interested in their practice.

Margetts found that Lieutenant Burt had gone back for ammunition and support. He himself returned to the line with this news. He was nearly exhausted; his clothes were still heavy with the morning's soaking; again and again he stumbled and fell in the scrub. When he reached the line he found the officer of the 2nd Battalion and some of its men still there. His own men were gone. Margetts stumbled down the hill again to find them, and again reached Patterson.

The fire from the seaward spur of Baby 700 was now very severe, and shrapnel was increasing. Patterson and Margetts could see men moving on the seaward spur ahead of them, across Malone's Gully, but were prevented from firing by a message which had just arrived from the left and had reached them by word of mouth shouted along the line.

"Don't shoot if you see men on the left," it said. "They're Indians."

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It seemed to them possible that this was true. An Indian brigade might be landing on the left, and the men on the spur seemed to be dark men. That message had strange results at a later time in other parts of the line. No Indians had landed or were landing on the left. The men whom they saw may have been Turks, though Australians were seen on the same spur afterwards.

The position on Baby 700 was obviously critical. Margetts had told Patterson that he was nearly "done up." Patterson therefore went off with about thirty of his own men to reinforce the 2nd Battalion there. He made for a point on the seaward side to the left of where Margetts had been. Margetts watched him cross the head of Malone's Gully with his men. Patterson was never seen again.

In a support position on the seaward slope Margetts met Lalor. Lalor gave him a drink from his whiskey-flask—the drink of a lifetime—and let him lie down. Beside him was E. Y. Butler, who had been with Tulloch's party, worn-out and fast asleep. A moderate fire whipped over them, and the cry often went up for stretcher-bearers; but though bearers were at work further down the firing line, they had not reached this particular slope. Presently word came again that the line of the 2nd Battalion on the seaward slope needed reinforcements. Lalor turned to Margetts:

"Take your men up," he said—and then: "No. I'll go. You take your bugler and go down and see if you can bring some support and stretcher-bearers."

"I'll go forward, sir," said Margetts.

"You'll do as you're told," was the reply.

Lalor led his men off round the head of Malone's Gully towards the scrub-covered spur, where the fight was thickening fast. Margetts descended the deep gutter of Malone's Gully, putties trailing in the mud, to the flat far down at the bottom. Here were some stray wounded from the fight above, and some stretcher-bearers. He sent the latter towards the crest, while he himself went to Major Glasfurd, at Divisional Headquarters on the beach, with the news that Lalor on the left was in urgent need of reinforcements. But by that time the need which was pressing upon headquarters was for reinforcements for the right.

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It was about 3.15 p.m. when Margetts left Lalor. Lalor had moved across Malone's Gully onto the spur at the farther side. Here he took up a line under the fierce fire from the far edge of the spur and from the lower hills on the left. He was presently joined by a party of the 2nd Battalion under Lieutenant Morshead,[1] who had kept further to the left than most of the platoons of the 2nd Battalion. The responsibility of that long day had rested as heavily upon Lalor as upon any officer in the force and, as the hours drew on, the difficulties were becoming heavier.

"It's a ——!" he said, as Morshead came up to him. "Will you come in on my left?" Lalor had by this time dropped his sword—hours later it was found back at The Nek by Lance-Corporal Harry Freame,[2] of the 1st Battalion, who in his turn dropped it in the stress of the fighting at dusk. Lalor was excited and showing the strain. "The poor Colonel," he said to Morshead, "he was killed—dropped just like that! I don't know where Whitham is—hope he's all right. He and I were pals. . . . Oh, it's a ——!" he reiterated.

Morshead made his platoon left form and move across to Lalor's left. Lalor waved his hand, and moved his own line to join Morshead's. Fire was coming from the lower knolls down by the beach. Lalor stood up to see, and resolved to charge forward.

"Now then, 12th Battalion," he cried; and, as he said the words, a Turkish bullet killed him.

Most of the officers had fallen. The shrapnel fire on the head of Malone's Gully and The Nek was exceedingly heavy. The shells were burst well, ten or fifteen feet above the ground. The pellets swished through the low scrub and down the valley head like hail. At the head of Malone's Gully one shell burst over Lieutenant G. W. Brown,[3] of the 2nd Battalion, wounding six men, but leaving Brown unharmed. Captain Tulloch, sheltering with some men under the edge of the same gully, had crept up onto the spur to reconnoitre, when

[1] Lieut.-Colonel L. J. Morshead, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 33rd Bn. 1916/19. Schoolmaster; of Armidale, N.S.W.; b. Ballarat, Vic., 18 Sept., 1889.

[2] Sgt. W. H. Freame, D.C.M. (No. 764, 1st Bn.). Horsebreaker; b. Canada, 28 Feb., 1885.

[3] Captain G. W. Brown; 2nd Bn. Accountant in Tamworth branch, City Bank of Sydney; of Randwick, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Ashfield, Sydney, N.S.W., 2 June, 1890. Killed in action, 6/8 Aug., 1915.

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he was wounded. Lieutenant Butler was wounded about the same time. Reid, of the 11th, had been hit early. Major Scobie, of the 2nd, walking along the line in the morning, had been hit on the bridge of the nose. Morgan of the 11th, Fogden[4] of the 1st, and Richardson of the 2nd, had been wounded. Cooke of the 11th, Lalor and Patterson of the 12th, Gordon of the 2nd, S. B. Robertson of the 9th, Grant of the Canterburys, and many other officers, were dead.

On the left of the line there were now practically no officers surviving. A remnant of the 12th, on the seaward slope near the head of Malone's Gully, was being led by a corporal, E. W. D. Laing, the senior among about sixty men of all units who were around him. Five times between 7.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. the line on this flank had charged over the 400 yards of scrubby slope in front of it, and each time it had been driven back. Towards the end it was difficult to prevent the exhausted nerve-racked men from retiring too far, but their leaders held them. In the last two advances there was only one officer within reach. When the fifth charge was made and the Turks withdrew into cover, Laing ran three times to this officer and begged to be allowed to take his men further and "get at the beggars with the bayonet." He had just run across the third time and dropped beside the officer, when he was hit through the thigh. The word was given to retire, and the line withdrew. Laing crawled after it and reached shelter.

On the extreme left, sheltering in the head of Malone's Gully,[5] were now about fifty men of all units without any officer at all. Possibly they came under Laing's command, but they had been fighting mainly without leaders. In the scrubby slope, a short distance in front of the bank under which they lay, was the Turkish trench—the one with communication trenches running back from either end—which had been taken and lost earlier in the day.

At some time during the morning this party, without officers, had decided to rush the Turkish trench a second time. They waved to a few Australians, whom they could see firing from The Nek, to cross Malone's Gully and join them. This they

[4] Lieut. F. Fogden; 1st Bn.; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. London, Eng., 19 Aug., 1885.

[5] See plate at p. 303.

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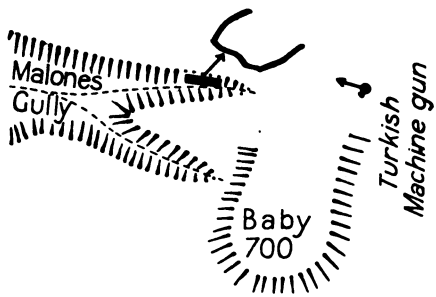
did, mostly in search of their battalions. Here as elsewhere in this bewildering fight, most of the men, and many officers, supposed that the firing line of their battalion was somewhere ahead, and they had come forward looking for it.

Having thus added to its number, the party in Malone's Gully, by a sort of general consent, jumped over the edge of the gully, began to double across the spur, and ran suddenly into the trench. The Turks in it defended themselves. Some were shot, others bayoneted. Twelve lay dead in the trench.

The trench was almost straight, and no sooner had the Australians jumped into it, than a Turkish machine-gun somewhere on the slope of Baby 700 above to their right began to fire directly along it. The men took shelter by getting into the two communication trenches which ran from either end towards the gully beyond. From these trenches they could look out over the crest of the spur towards the summit of Battleship Hill and the shoulder of Chunuk Bair. Part of the seaward slope between these heights was gentle, and across it, about 500 yards away, there were Turks advancing.



The position in the communication trenches seemed useless. Australians had been there before, and their dead lay thickly in the scrub around. In order better to discuss what to do, the party withdrew to the head of Malone's Gully from which it started. It was decided to remain under the edge of the gully and wait for something to be done. On the far side of the gully Turkish shrapnel was raining, well burst and low, but the side against which the party lay was sheltered.

Later in the afternoon there came up the steep gutter of Malone's Gully from the sea a company of New Zealand infantry. It climbed to the men sheltering at the valley head, and its officer asked what the position was. Lance-Corporal Howe and others told him that the Turks were by

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this time back in their trench on the spur; that the trench was enfiladed and could not be held when taken; and that an advance would be useless. But from men under so great a strain such reasons for doing nothing could scarcely be trusted. Like a brave man, the New Zealand officer decided that he must attack the trench again. He ordered the whole party to charge it.

When for the third time the trench was rushed, the Turks did not defend it, but ran back. The men who had been in the place before passed the word to get into the communication trenches and so avoid the machine-gun; those who knew made straight for these trenches. As the party reached the trench, the same machine-gun opened from the right. The first to fall was the New Zealand officer. The gun killed or wounded most of the men in the straight trench. Those in the communication trenches held on until the gust of rifle fire which the charge had aroused should subside.

This time, waiting in the communication trenches, the survivors perceived that there were Turks advancing not only over the seaward slopes of Battleship Hill, where they had seen them before, but also from the depression between Battleship Hill and Baby 700. This betokened no mere filtering back of isolated groups, but an attack on some considerable scale. The Australians and New Zealanders began to lose heavily under their rifle fire, and, with an attack of this character advancing, there was no small chance of their being cut off. Before, when they had sheltered in Malone's Gully, a few wounded Australians had come in to them from some party out in the direction of Baby 700 on their right front; but the only Australians they now saw were in a line which they noticed to their right rear where the hill narrowed towards The Nek. They decided to join these.

As a matter of fact, shortly after Major Kindon had handed over the control of his line on the inland slope of Baby 700 to the New Zealanders, and after Lalor had made his last gallant advance and had fallen, a further reinforcement of New Zealand infantry had arrived. This consisted of two companies of the Canterbury Battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart.[6] After the two companies of the Auckland

[6] Lieut.-Colonel D. McB. Stewart; commanded Canterbury Bn. Of Christchurch, N.Z.; b. Ashburton, N.Z., 25 May, 1877. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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Battalion (Waikato and Hauraki) had moved up Monash Valley, the two leading companies of Canterbury had climbed over Plugge's up Monash Valley onto Russell's Top near The Nek. Lieutenant Morshead, of the 2nd Battalion, still holding on to the position where Lalor had been killed, received a message from his rear to say that a line of New Zealanders had been established there. Colonel Stewart seems to have placed his men at about 4 p.m. on a line across Russell's Top a little short of The Nek. On his left front, beyond Malone's Gully, there were the remnants of Morshead's and Lalor's men. On the summit and seaward slope of Baby 700 were still a few of the 2nd Battalion and 3rd Brigade. On its inland slope, on Stewart's right front, was the remainder of Kindon's line, composed of Aucklanders and of remnants mainly of the 1st, 2nd, 11th, and 12th Battalions.

Stewart evidently saw the line of Morshead's men near Malone's Gully, for Morshead received from him three messages at short intervals. The first was an order to retire upon the Canterbury line; the next—"Stay where you are. We will come up to you." A little later came a message to retire. In the interval between the last two the shrapnel fire upon The Nek had been tremendously heavy. A few minutes later Stewart was killed.

All parts of the Australian and New Zealand line on the left realised that a heavy attack was at this moment coming down upon Baby 700 and the slopes round it. Turks were moving in rough formations of attack from the direction of the main ridge. Even on the 400 Plateau, a mile to the south, where another heavy struggle was in progress, some found time to notice the great numbers of troops who came in company column to the main ridge, deployed into line as they topped the summit, disappeared for a time behind Baby 700, and then at about 4 p.m. attacked. The attack advanced across the slope and spurs of the range both on the seaward and inland side.

The only thing which could have saved Baby 700 was the support of guns and fresh troops. But, except for the 4th Battalion, which Bridges was keeping for use in the last resort and which he presently had to throw in on the right,

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the last reserve had been used. Colonel Braund, with the two remaining companies of the 2nd Battalion, had been despatched at about 1.30 p.m. with orders to reach the top of Walker's Ridge by working up from the beach. MacLaurin, his brigadier, had reconnoitred the route and decided to send him that way and not by Plugge's. Braund climbed up the steep goat-tracks under a harassing fire, and about 4 p.m. reached the junction of Walker's Ridge with Russell's Top. He pushed a short distance into the scrub, and lay where his orders directed. Not far to his right front must have been Colonel Stewart and his two companies of the Canterbury Battalion.

There were no other troops to send. The transports of the N.Z. and A. Division had not yet come up. The New Zealanders who had so far been landed were those from General Godley's transport, the *Lützow*, which arrived about dawn. The rest of the division—half of the Canterbury Battalion, the Wellington and Otago Battalions, and the whole of the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade—was still in its ships. The transports of the New Zealand infantry were due to arrive at midday, but were not brought to their anchorage until late in the afternoon. The 4th Australian Brigade was not due to reach the anchorage until the evening. During the hours of the afternoon lighters and steamboats were used in clearing from the shore to the transports the great accumulation of wounded. From 12.30 to about 4 p.m. not an infantryman arrived on the beach.

Nor was any additional artillery brought into action during these hours. The 21st (Kohat) Mountain Battery, which should have landed at 8.30 a.m., waited in its transport through the long day for lighters to arrive and land its guns. But till 3 p.m. none came, and no steam tug till 5.30 p.m. No position for field-guns could at first be found in this precipitous country, and when two guns of the 4th Australian Battery were eventually brought to the beach, they were temporarily ordered away again. The naval artillery, being of little use against such targets as that day offered, could not support the troops, and almost ceased to fire. The battery of Indian mountain guns, which had been landed early and

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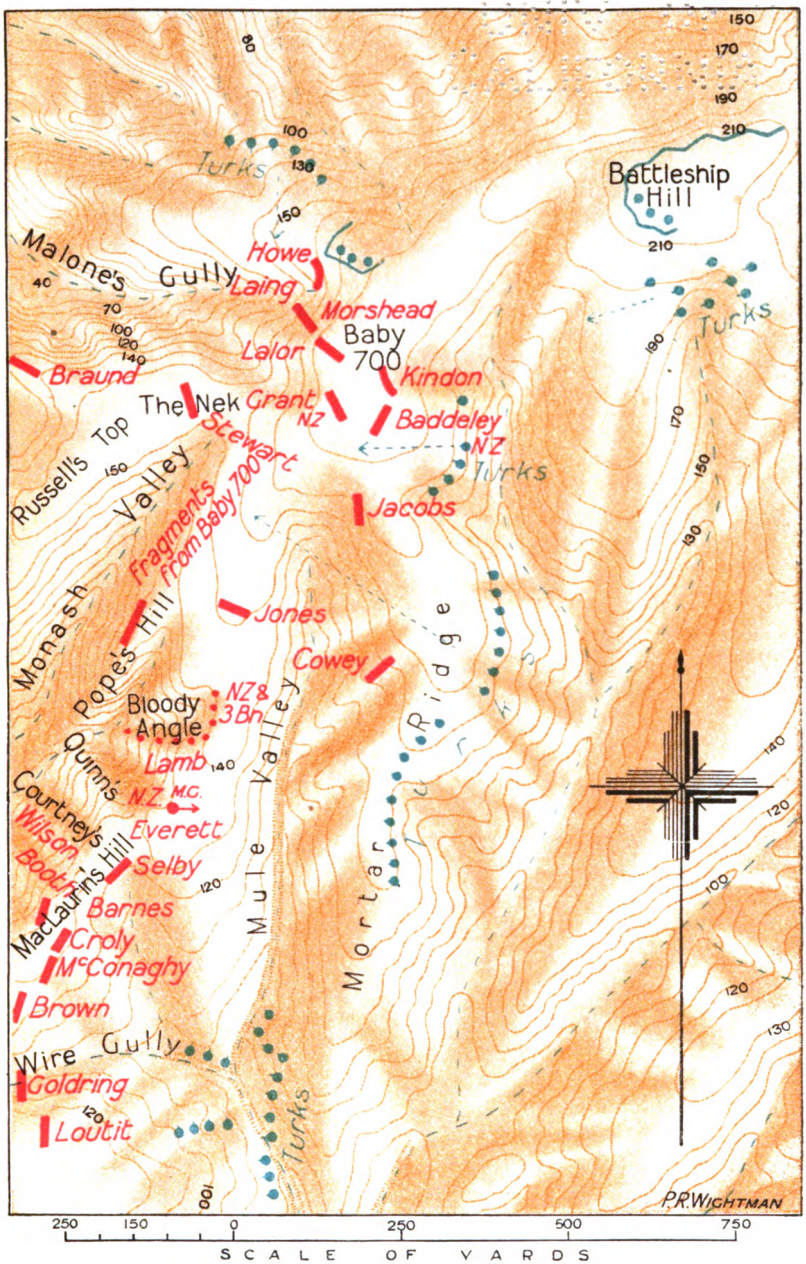

THE TURKISH COUNTER-ATTACK AT THE TIME OF THE LOSS OF BABY 700 FROM 3.30 TO 5 P.M., 25TH APRIL, 1915

British troops and trenches, red; Turkish, blue. Height contours, 10 metres.

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at whose mere sound the spirits of the tired men began to rise, had been driven out of action by a hail of shellfire. The bark of the supporting artillery had ceased. The enemy's salvoes alone could now be heard. Such were the conditions under which Baby 700 and its flanks were held by a worn remnant of the landing force when the Turks swarmed down to the attack.

It was about 4.30 p.m. when the brave line which had held Baby 700 through the long day finally broke. Lieutenants Shout of the 1st and Morshead of the 2nd Battalion were two of the few officers still surviving on the seaward side. On the centre and inland slope Aucklanders, with a few of Major Grant's Canterburys and stray Australians, were lying in a scattered line about a hundred yards behind the front line, which still consisted mainly of Australian remnants. Suddenly the front line came running back on them.

"Get to b——!" it said. "The Turks are coming on—thousands of them!"

The Aucklanders rose with them, and the whole line trekked back down the hill which it had fought all day to keep. The slopes of Baby 700 were left bare. The remnants from Malone's Gully were some of the last to retire. The Turks were very close upon this party, and it could hear them shouting on the other side of the spur. Its leaders, now two corporals—Howe of the 11th and a New Zealander—waited to see who were the men to whom these voices belonged. Presently several figures came over the skyline 150 yards away. One of them, a Turkish officer, stood out at full height and looked through his glasses. Howe rested his rifle on a bush, took steady aim, and shot him. Then the two, having lost their party, ran across the narrow head of Malone's Gully, looking for the line of men whom they had seen near the foot of Baby 700.

The slope was empty. The line had gone. Fragments of it, and of the other troops on Baby 700, had drawn back to each branch of Monash Valley. At this moment they were lining its edges at Pope's Hill on the western branch, and at the Bloody Angle and the next recess south of it on the eastern branch. A few from Baby 700 wandered down a

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valley leading southward, which they thought they had passed that morning. Bugler Ashton,[7] of the 11th, was one of these. He had been in the act of bandaging a New Zealander on Baby 700, when the man was hit again and terribly wounded. He cried to Ashton to kill him. Ashton rose to go for a stretcher, and then realised that the line had retired without his remarking it; he was alone. Making for a gully which he thought was Monash Valley, he found there a wounded man of the 1st Brigade, whom he helped till the man could go no further. Then Ashton went on.

The valley was in reality Mule Valley, at the head of which Jacobs of the 1st and Leer of the 3rd had been fighting. It opened into a green flat. As Ashton was crossing this, he heard a shout, and found himself covered by the rifles of ten Turks. Major Scobie of the 2nd, when wounded in the fight on Baby 700, wandered down the same valley. Although it was by then behind the Turkish front, he somehow reached the Australian line. But Ashton was seen by the Turks, who hit him on the head with a rifle-butt and captured him. Beyond doubt a few other Australians lost themselves in the same way, and in some places many of the wounded had to be left behind. Except for two officers and a private, who later mistook the Turks for Indians and were captured, Ashton was the only Australian who survived this battle after being in the hands of the Turks. Other fragments from Baby 700, that with Morshead for example, withdrew down some gully or other to the beach; others retired onto the upper end of Walker's Ridge.

It will be remembered that Kindon had placed Lieutenant Shout to watch the slopes in his left rear. Shout had with him Lance-Corporal Harry Freame, a skilled scout, half Japanese by birth, who had fought in the Mexican Wars. Shout had placed Freame by The Nek with fourteen men to hold it at all costs. Freame numbered his party off at intervals. At the second numbering there were nine. At the last only one replied. Shout had been with Lalor and held on till the line retired. Then, taking Freame with him as he passed, he withdrew towards the beach.

Probably the last party to leave Baby 700 was that of

[7] Pte. F. Ashton (No. 743, 11th Bn.). Clerk; of Geraldton, W. Aust.; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 16 Apr., 1893.

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Howe and the New Zealand corporal from Malone's Gully. When they found that the line was gone, they made across The Nek. Their party had been scattered and had suffered heavily; only five were together. As they passed over The Nek they stumbled, before seeing them, into two or three shallow scratched rifle-pits with three machine-guns set up in them. These were two guns of the Auckland Battalion and one of the Canterburys, in shallow shelters within a distance of ten yards from one another—part of a semicircular system of riflepits which crossed The Nek and overlooked the gullies on either side. This was the line which Lalor had been digging in the early morning. A voice in the scrub cried "Snowy Howe!" It came from a man named Ferguson,[8] of the 11th, who had been with the party in Malone's Gully and had been heavily hit as he crossed The Nek.

No officer was there; the New Zealanders were under a sergeant. But it was a good position. They had sixteen belts of ammunition for the machine-guns and plenty for the rifles. The crews of the machine-guns had all been killed or wounded, and the sergeant wanted men who knew how to work them. Howe's party stayed with the New Zealanders, and helped them to dig in as the evening closed. There were about fifty stragglers of all battalions in this last party on The Nek. Solitary men who had been left on Baby 700 still occasionally strayed back to them. But the Turks in front had machine-guns, and were sniping fairly heavily from the trench on the spur beyond Malone's Gully.

Those same Turkish machine-guns were noticed by Colonel Braund, whose two companies of the 2nd Battalion, unknown to the party on The Nek, were lying out in the scrub some

[8] Pte. E. L. Ferguson (No. 37, 11th Bn.). b. Carlton, Melbourne, Vic., 6 March, 1883.

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way to their left rear near the head of Walker's Ridge. Braund knew that there were troops ahead of his line, and he held on blindly in the scrub against a heavy fire mainly in order to protect them. Lieutenant Shout of the 1st, on his retirement across The Nek, found Braund near the top of Walker's, and at 5 p.m. Braund sent him to the beach with a message for MacLaurin: "Am holding rear left flank. Against us are two concealed machine-guns—cannot locate them. In our front are New Zealand troops (and) portions of 3rd Battalion (probably he meant Brigade). Have held position (in order to) prevent machine-guns swinging upon troops in front. If reinforced can advance."

Urgent messages reaching Bridges about the same hour told him that the position on the left was critical: "Heavily attacked on left"—from MacLagan at 5.37; "3rd Brigade being driven back"—from the 3rd Battalion at 6.15; "4th Brigade urgently required"—from MacLagan at 7.15. Shout was sent back to Braund with 200 stray men of all battalions who had been collected on the beach, and, as the New Zealanders and 4th Brigade were now landing, the divisional staff sent Braund a message by Shout that he would be reinforced by two battalions, so that he might dig in where he was that night.

But the small party on The Nek itself was never reinforced. Dusk fell at about 7 o'clock. The New Zealand sergeant commanding the party had been wounded, and limped back with a message for reinforcements. Howe and the New Zealand corporal were now in charge of the trench. Howe, with a stretcher-bearer, went back for reinforcements along the white track down Russell's Top, and presently came upon a party of New Zealanders in a trench which had been partly finished across the track. They were probably what remained of Colonel Stewart's companies, but a sergeant-major now commanded them. Howe brought some of them back, with their picks and shovels, to the horseshoe trench at The Nek.

By dark the horseshoe trench was about two feet deep. There had been a steady run of casualties in it all the afternoon. As the dusk fell and the trench deepened the party began to feel comfortable. They knew of no one on their left,

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but at least in Monash Valley there were Australians, and what remained of Stewart's line was close behind them.

As darkness fell, the Turks crossed The Nek and also the head of Malone's Gully and attempted to occupy Russell's Top. The men in the horsehoe trench could hear them, long before they came, shouting "Allah! Mohammed!" They let them come close, and then opened fire and drove them back. This sort of fighting was easy after the strain of the day. The moment darkness fell, the Turkish fire became inaccurate, and though plenty of bullets flew past, few men were hit. They drove the enemy back and went on digging.

The whole party signed a note asking for reinforcements and sent it to the rear. They said that the bearer of the note would guide the reinforcements up. No one, so far as they knew, was near them except the line of New Zealanders close behind. A note came back to them: "Hang on at all costs," it said. "Reinforcements are on their way."

But the reinforcements never arrived. At 8 p.m. a New Zealander who had been to the rear returned to the trench. "Hey, Corp!" he said, "that mob behind us has gone." Howe and the New Zealand corporal went back and found that it was so. Someone had come up and ordered the supporting line back. The trench was empty. But on either side of them—on the side of Monash Valley and in the scrubby slope towards the beach—they could hear voices. At first they thought these were Australians, until a clamour of "Allah! Mohammed!" began. These Turks were well behind the horseshoe trench. Some of them came at it, and were shot at close range.

The party in the horseshoe trench, after holding a discussion, decided that the only course was to retire and get in touch with their own side. Some of the men knew that the white track along the Top led to the heart of the Australian position. They had no fear; they knew where they were, and how to get touch.

They picked up the three machine-guns, the belts of ammunition, and a dozen badly wounded men. One man would not allow them to lift him. He and three others were too badly wounded to be moved. As no one knew how to dismantle the machine-guns, they picked them up, tripods and

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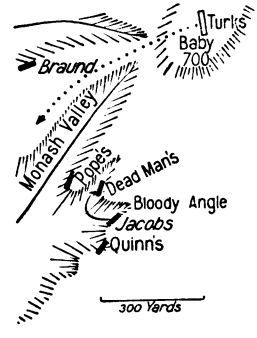
all, as they stood, and retired along the path. When they had gone 200 yards, the Turks, who perceived the retirement, caught them up and attacked. It was an anxious moment. The party set down its machine-guns and opened fire with them. Then it retired again. Near the Sphinx it tumbled over the trench which Clarke's party had first charged that morning. Near by still lay the pack which Laing had carried for the old Colonel. The party held on down the white path and presently reached an old Turkish communication trench running into the top of Rest Gully.

Here they stopped. Rest Gully and Plugge's Plateau were in sight of them. They knew where they were. The Turks followed them up and tried to dig in about 150 yards in front of them. The party on the edge of Rest Gully opened a heavy fire. The Turks replied, and the fire was kept up all night.

Small parties of Turks had thus penetrated far into the Australian positon on Russell's Top—but only on its inland side. Colonel Braund, with half the 2nd Battalion and New Zealanders, lay out in the scrub at the top of Walker's Ridge; and, on the inland side, the fork of Monash Valley and a small length of each of its branches were held by remnants of the men who had been fighting all day on Baby 700. A few men of the 1st and 3rd Brigades lined Pope's Hill and Dead Man's Ridge. Captain Jacobs and some of his men, who from supporting Kindon's right had fallen back on the Bloody Angle, now joined them. The Bloody Angle never at any time afforded cover against an enemy who held The Nek. Its rear lay completely open in that direction. About dusk Jacobs had ordered his party, worn-out with the interminable strain, to withdraw further down the gully. As it began to drop down the slope, a figure appeared on the skyline behind. "Set of cowardly bastards," it said. "I never thought Australians were such a lot of curs!" It was a youngster of the 3rd Battalion. He was sobbing, half-crying with rage.



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"What's the matter, son?" asked Jacobs.

"My officer's out there wounded, and you are leaving him," he said.

Jacobs with several men went out where the youngster led them, and found an officer badly wounded. The boy had been carrying him over his shoulder. They brought him in.

Jacobs's party, as has been mentioned, withdrew from the Bloody Angle to a recess on the opposite side of the gully. This indentation, which lay in front of Pope's Hill, was precipitous at its foot, but a climb up a dry, gravelly cataract—which gave it the name of Waterfall Gully—led to a shallow spoon-shaped depression at its upper end. Jacobs's party lined the forward shoulder above this valley, between it and the Bloody Angle (later, "Dead Man's Ridge"). There they lay, at dusk, facing the Chessboard, with Pope's Hill just behind them.[9]

Others who had retired towards the Bloody Angle found their way into the next recess south of it. This indentation, although it was on the same side of Monash Valley as the Bloody Angle and had its back turned almost directly towards The Nek, was nevertheless partly protected by the shoulder which formed its extreme left. The 3rd Battalion had used the place as a track for men and ammunition to reach the fighting on Mortar Ridge. Here, in the afternoon, in the green arbutus scrub on top of the recess, a New Zealand machine-gun crew had set up their gun. As the fight ebbed, fragments of the troops, chiefly Aucklanders, who were the last to move through Monash Valley, had eddied there, and stray men from the front made it their stopping-place. Probably a few also stayed in the Bloody Angle till next morning, when, with the Turks directly behind them, they were either killed or driven out.

But the post in the southern recess of the two was never withdrawn. From that day until the evacuation, with its rear open to The Nek and its flank completely in the air, it remained, the most critical position in Gallipoli. The New Zealanders with their machine-gun and the stray Australians who held the green scrub on its lip became the original garrison of Quinn's Post.

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[9] See plates at pp. 289 and 587.

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CHAPTER XV

THE EXTREME LEFT

THE northernmost tows from the battleships had landed only a few hundred yards north of Ari Burnu Knoll. A few minutes later the northernmost destroyer had sent her men ashore about a quarter of a mile still further to the left. The most northerly landing party was Tulloch's, which had climbed up Walker's Ridge. Any Turkish outposts, therefore, further north than Walker's Ridge had been left intact by the first landing.

The country north of Walker's Ridge consists entirely of other steep ridges, similar to Walker's, which descend from the main ridge to the sea. These ridges follow one another like the bones which spread from the spine of a fish, each one being longer and steeper than the last. The scrub-covered valleys between them—scored out by four small mountain streams—are almost impenetrable even in peace time. Before reaching the shore, these valleys open into small comparatively level flats, some of which had been cultivated with patches of poppy or cotton or used as pasture. In several instances the spurs end in a knoll rather higher than the portion of the spur immediately inland of them, their appearance thus being that of a dragon's foreleg ending in a heavy claw. The knolls in question rise above the small flats in curious isolated hills. The southern side of most of the ridges has by some natural agency been worn and scored into precipices of gravel. The northern slope, which is not actually precipitous, is generally covered with low scrub.

Immediately north of Walker's Ridge is one such knoll, 150 feet in height, which, when it was afterwards held by the New Zealanders as an outpost, became known as "No. 1 Post." It is in reality the end of the first spur which leaves the main ridge beyond The Nek—the very spur on the higher part of which, far up against the skyline, Lalor, Patterson, and the parties upon the seaward slope of Baby 700 began later in the morning their bitter struggle. Detached from No. 1 Post, 300 yards north of it, is an isolated hillock only sixty

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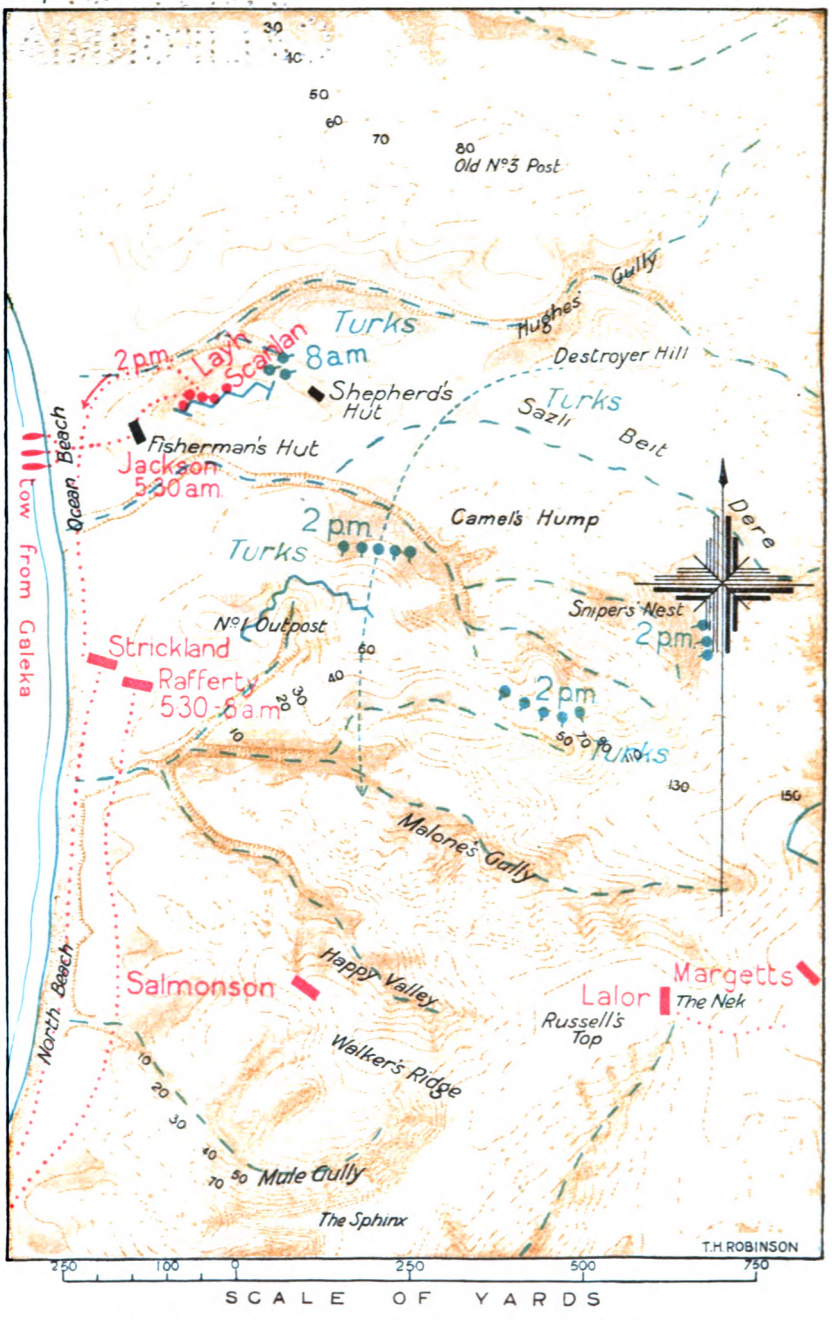

THE FIGHTING AT FISHERMAN'S HUT, 25TH APRIL, 1915

British works and troops, red; Turkish, blue. Height contours, 10 metres.

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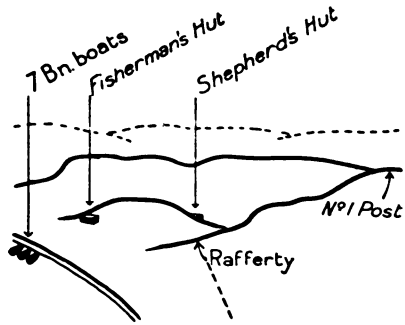
feet high, a miniature of the other knolls, but standing by itself from the level which fringes the beach. On its seaward side was a long low hut of rough stones cemented with mud—a shelter for fishermen who at some time had worked upon this beach. This was known as "Fisherman's Hut."[1] On the inland slope of the same knoll was a smaller hut, facing upon a narrow flat interposed between the mountains and two enclosing spurs. Not many of those who fought at Anzac were aware of the existence of this second hut. As it looked out over a small paddock, and was on the inland side of the knoll, it was eventually named the "Shepherd's Hut." Between these knolls and the beach —which gradually receded from the foothills as it swept northward— there were small rectangular patches of open pasture or cultivation.



When the battleship tows landed, they were fired on from the direction of No. 1 Post and Fisherman's Hut. But the darkness, the surprise, and the fact that the tows landed half a mile distant from the Turkish posts, diminished the effect of this fire. The northernmost destroyer tows, coming in to land only 500 yards away, with the light growing and the Turkish outposts thoroughly awakened, had suffered more heavily. More southerly tows, moving in at the same time, had watched the 12th Battalion, as they said, "getting a hell of a time of it." One of the first steps taken by Colonel Clarke of the 12th, when he landed under that fire, was to send Lieutenant Rafferty and his platoon straight to the north with orders to do his best to subdue it. Lieutenant Strickland with a platoon of the 11th worked along the beach itself; Rafferty made his way across the flats beside the beach.

Rafferty had with him twenty-three men of his own platoon and twenty stray men from other tows. His party

[1] See plate at p. 338.

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opened into extended order and moved northwards through the scrub until they struck the mouth of a creek which had scored its channel about six feet deep through the sand to the beach. In front of them was a patch of pasture with a solitary olive tree. To their right front rose the high knoll of No. 1 Post. Ahead, about 300 yards distant across the open, was the smaller sandy knoll, with the Fisherman's Hut low down on its seaward slope.

It was impossible to remain in the creek. Bullets whipped down it from some height on the inland side, and men began to fall. Rafferty, scrambling up the creek side, endeavoured to use his field-glasses and find the enemy against whom he had been sent. But the glasses had been drenched in the landing, and both his handkerchief and his shirt were soaked. He scanned the beach, but could see no one. The fire which swept the creek was probably coming from the top of No. 1 Post high on the right front, where, as daylight grew, trenches could be discerned. Ahead there were certainly Turks in trenches on the small knoll above Fisherman's Hut. Rafferty was wondering what he ought to do next, when he noticed four white boats full of troops rowing across the sea on his left. They were coming directly towards Fisherman's Hut. He decided to push on to the next rise—the foot of No. 1 Post—in order to assist their landing.

To do this he had to cross the field before mentioned. His men, and also Strickland's from the beach, began to double over the level. A very heavy fire was opened on them. Of Rafferty's party twenty fell in crossing it; twelve lay there dead. But Rafferty, Sergeant Skinner,[2] and six others reached the low rise on the far side. Here they were fairly sheltered. If any Turks remained in the trenches on top of No. 1 Post, the hill was too steep for them to see this party at its foot. The rise obscured the boats from Rafferty, and he moved to the crest in order to obtain a view of them.

On climbing the rise, he found that the boats had reached the shore, and were aground on the beach. In front of them, lying down on the sand in a rough line, were the men who had landed in them. But not one of these moved. Anxious

[2] Sgt. A. A. Skinner (No. 319, 12th Bn.). Of Ulverstone, Tas.; b. Inverloch, Vic., 13 May, 1890.

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to know what they were doing and what were their intentions, Rafferty sought to attract their attention, but could get no response.

A Hobart man, Private Stubbings,[3] who was beside him, said: "I'll go, sir." He put down his rifle and equipment and ran across the open to the nearest boat. He discovered that all the men round him were either dead or so grievously wounded that they made no reply. Eventually he found, sheltering behind the boat, four who were able to speak to him. These could tell him no more than he could see for himself—that most of the men from the boats were dead. He ran back to Rafferty with his information.

What had happened was this. As dawn was breaking, the four transports carrying the greater part of the 2nd Brigade had crept in abreast of one another between the battleships to their berths opposite the landing-place. The plan was for the 2nd Brigade to land immediately after the 3rd Brigade, and to extend the line along the main ridge for two miles northwards to the summit of Hill 971. It had also to fling back a left flank from that point to the sea.

As the 2nd Brigade was to move to the left of the 3rd, its point of landing was to be immediately north of that of the latter; and its troops were therefore carried on the two northernmost transports of the four which moved inside the battleships and anchored at 4.45 a.m.[4]

In the northernmost ship, the *Galeka*, were the 6th and 7th Battalions. The commander of the *Galeka*, Captain Bernard Burt, was typical of the merchant-captains whom Great Britain has continually produced since the days of Drake. His appearance and speech were those of the "Captain Kettle" of current romance. His one desire in the war was to strike a blow at the Germans. The irony of circumstance afterwards placed him in charge of the hospital ship *Glenart Castle*, in which he was sunk and drowned by a German submarine. On the morning of the landing his ship was to have been met at dawn by tows which, after setting ashore the 3rd Brigade, were to return and take the infantry from the transports of the 2nd.

[3] Warrant-Officer A. H. Stubbings; 12th Bn. Miner; b. Hobart, Tas., 28 Feb., 1882.

[4] See Map 10, p. 251.

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The officers in these boats would know where the 3rd had landed, and would transport the 2nd to a suitable landing-place presumably to the north of it. As they came ashore, the battalions were to be met by Staff officers and guided to a rendezvous.

The *Galeka* arrived punctually. There being no sign of the tows, Captain Burt held on his course and took the ship close in to the shore, 600 yards ahead of any other. There he anchored. Still no boats approached. The Gaba Tepe guns opened, and five minutes later shrapnel began to burst very close to the *Galeka*. It appeared dangerous for the ship to stay in that position indefinitely; one of her boats was hit by a shell as it lay beside her. The 6th and 7th Battalions of infantry were crowded on her decks, and Commander Somerville, the naval officer on board responsible for the safety of the men and the ship, decided that the troops must land themselves at once, as best they could, in the ship's own boats. Colonel Elliott of the 7th, who commanded the troops, was strongly opposed to this course, inasmuch as his men had been told off in numbers suitable for the tows. If they used the ship's boats, which were smaller, the arrangements would be disorganised from the start. Moreover the landing-place was to have been communicated to them by the tows returning from the shore. Elliott and Somerville could only tell the companies to land "on the left of the 3rd Brigade." Neither they nor anyone else knew where the left of the 3rd Brigade was.

Commander Somerville, however, decided that a start must be made. Accordingly, at 5 a.m., Elliott told off three platoons of the leading company of the 7th Battalion. These were sent off in four of the ship's boats under their company commander, Major Jackson,[5] and were told to land about a mile north of the 3rd Brigade. As they moved away in the dim light, they could see the flashes of shells or rifles on their left front, apparently about half-way along the skyline of the mountain. This was the only sign of "the left of the 3rd Brigade" by which Jackson and the officers in the other boats could at first guide themselves.

The four boats moved together, carrying 140 men.

[5] Lieut.-Colonel A. Jackson, O.B.E. Commanded 7th Bn. (temply.) 1915; 60th Bn. 1916; 58th Bn. 1916; b. 25 Oct., 1887.

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Captain Layh,[6] second-in-command of Jackson's company, was with them. As they neared the land, they saw ahead of them, immediately north of Ari Burnu Knoll, the Red Cross flag of the ambulance which had landed with the 3rd Brigade. They therefore headed to the north of this. The officers knew from the written orders that the 7th Battalion was to guard the flank about the Fisherman's Hut. Before them as they came in was a low sandy knoll, towards which they made, since it appeared likely to give them cover. They did not know that at the foot of it stood the Fisherman's Hut itself.

Approaching the shore, the men in the boats caught the sound of rifle firing. Away on their right were other boats, bringing troops of their battalion to land, and over these they could see shrapnel bursting. Jackson's own boats were not advancing into shrapnel but into rifle fire. They saw it cutting up the water ahead. There appeared to be two machine-guns and many rifles at work. After what seemed an endless time in approaching it, they gradually rowed into the field of fire. In the boat with Captain Layh were Lieutenant Heighway[7] and part of his platoon. Five out of six of their rowers were shot, but others took the oars, and the boat did not stop. Layh was in the bows trying to cheer the men, Heighway at the tiller. The boat was scraping on the shingle when Heighway slid forward, wounded. The boat grounded, and, as Layh threw himself into the water beside it, he was shot through the hip. He turned to see if the men had landed, and was again shot through the leg. With the survivors he scrambled towards the little grass-tufted sand hummocks which here fringed the beach, and lay low behind them.

From where he crouched Layh could see others of his men lying under cover. He called to them. Only six answered. Heavy fire was sweeping over their heads. They guessed that it came from the Fisherman's Hut, which they had seen as they landed. They answered it with as heavy a fusilade as they could, Layh believing that the Turks would almost certainly come down and attack them. He ordered his men

[6] Lieut.-Colonel H. T. C. Layh, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 59th Bn. 1916/17; 57th Bn. 1918; 60th Bn. 1918. Officer in Commonwealth Bank; b. 3 Apr., 1885.

[7] Lieut. A. R. Heighway; 7th Bn. Of Woorinen, near Swan Hill, Vic.; b. Nathalia, Vic., 21 July, 1894.

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to fix bayonets, and to show them above the sand hummocks as if they were about to charge. Hardly was this done when the fire ceased, and at last they were able to move freely. It was found that, of the 140 souls in the boats, there were left Major Jackson, Captain Layh, Lieutenant Scanlan,[8] and about thirty-five unhurt or lightly-wounded men. The rest lay in the boats or on the beach dead, dying, or grievously wounded.

Immediately before landing they had seen a line of men trying to advance towards them across a large open patch of green grass. They had seen these men shot down, and never realised that any had crossed the green. It was Rafferty's and Strickland's party coming to help them.

When Private Stubbings returned to him, Rafferty noticed that the fire from the knoll in front suddenly died away. Rafferty had by this time received three messages from the rear ordering him to retire. These messages had been shouted and signalled to him. He could not tell who sent them, and, acting on a sound rule which all officers had been warned to observe, he had stayed where he was. Now, looking to the skyline of the main ridge far above him on the right, he saw Australians advancing there. Some slipped or lay down or were shot—it was impossible to say which. But at any rate they were there, and others could be seen on Walker's Ridge and the spurs to his right rear. There thus appeared to be plenty of troops now on the left of the landing. Rafferty therefore decided to go off with the survivors of his party and carry out the work which had been allotted to them in the plan of the landing—to escort the Indian Mountain Battery. About the same time at which the survivors with Jackson mustered below Fisherman's Hut, Rafferty with his remnant withdrew. Neither knew that the other party had survived.

Major Jackson proceeded towards the ambulance which he had seen when approaching the land. Layh and Scanlan, with their party, moved up past the Fisherman's Hut onto the small knoll behind the hut. Overlooking the beach, on top of the knoll, was a deserted trench. Probably it had been dug there

[8] Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Scanlan, D.S.O. Commanded 59th Bn. 1918/19. Customs clerk; of South Melbourne, Vic.; b. Albert Park, Melbourne, Vic., 19 Oct., 1890.

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in the Balkan Wars, for bushes had since sprung up on its parapet. The party occupied this trench, and also a trench which they found at the inland end of the knoll overlooking the Shepherd's Hut and the small cultivation between that and the mountains.

Meanwhile Jackson had reached the 3rd Field Ambulance, and asked it to send stretcher-bearers to carry the wounded from the boats and the beach. This was done. The ambulance asked that the party on the knoll should hold the position until the wounded were cleared. Layh and Scanlan promised to do so. In order to let Colonel Elliott know why this part of his battalion did not join him, Layh scribbled a message:

7th Battalion,

2 officers and 30 men are holding knoll above landing-place until wounded removed. Will then join battalion.

H. T. C. Layh, Captain,
B Company.

This message eventually reached his battalion.

For most of the day the party held on. Two of the boats being able to float, wounded were put into them, and a trawler came in and towed them away. Meanwhile the Turks had been strangely quiet in the foothills. About 2.30 p.m., however, before the work of removing the wounded was completed, Turkish troops began to reappear in the spurs northward and inland of the knoll, and a formidable attack was developing from the spurs between the main ridge and the beach.

There is some evidence that fragments of Tulloch's and other companies, which had been fighting on Baby 700, found their way from The Nek down Malone's Gully to the beach; and that some of these men, or possibly of Rafferty's party, at one time held No. 1 Post. If that be so, when this Turkish counter-attack developed towards the end of the afternoon, these parties were driven back to the lower slopes of Walker's Ridge.

It was this advance of the Turks from the north-east which was beginning to be felt all over the northern half of the battlefield at this juncture. Here, on the extreme left, Layh and Scanlan and the thirty survivors above Fisherman's Hut

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found that the enemy was driving towards the sea between them and Walker's Ridge, threatening to cut them off. Since the Turks were in the rear of him, Layh withdrew his men to the beach through the gully bed—the mouth of the Sazli Beit—north of his position. A Turkish machine-gun kept them pinned down among the sand hummocks as they endeavoured to slip back along the shore; but the Turks could never by day come to the shore itself on account of the guns of the warships, and the party gradually crept along the beach. By dark it reached the dressing station, and thence reported to General Bridges' headquarters. It was now eighteen strong. At once it was sent up to another part of the line by Major Glasfurd as reinforcement for the 3rd Brigade.

Watchers on the warships could see three boats lying upon the beach where Jackson's party had landed. Two of these were boats of the 7th Battalion, and a third had landed part of the 12th a certain distance to the south. They lay there idly, as if some fishermen had beached them at their work. Men had been moving near them for most of the day, and to all appearance this beach was as much part of the Australian position as the Ari Burnu Knoll itself. In the ships nothing was known of the real position. But here the Navy witnessed a brave deed of which much has been written.

On Monday, April 26th, when the landing was well established, and when, so far as those in the ships knew, the beach was firmly occupied, two men carrying a stretcher were seen to start out from the left of the Australian lines. They went along the beach to the boats. Here they picked up a man and began to carry him back. Presently they started to run. Fire had evidently been opened on them. They were observed to put down the stretcher, change ends, and start to run again. Suddenly both fell. They were not seen to move again. Men and officers of the *Canopus*, watching at intervals through the day, saw another party, which they took to be a burial party, go out armed to the figures which lay bunched in front of the boats. Behind the party rose the white sandy knoll and the Fisherman's Hut, with its three empty silent windows staring at them. In front of them were the boats with their freight of dead, the naval coxswain still sitting at the tiller. The rest of the

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dead lay grouped upon the beach. No sooner had the burial party begun to work than fire was opened upon it, not from the hut, but apparently from the top of the knoll. Two men with a stretcher managed to return along the shore.

Exactly how many efforts were made to save these wounded will never be known. Such tasks, undertaken as a matter of course all over the Australian and New Zealand line, were never recorded. Only a few disconnected details have been preserved. Of the rescue of these men from the boats, where they had lain for thirty hours, the following details only are clear.

On the afternoon of the landing a party of New Zealanders and Australians was holding a trench on the edge of Walker's Ridge looking out over the long sweep of the beach far below. One of the party, Lance-Corporal Noel Ross,[9] a son of the official War Correspondent for New Zealand, had a range-finder which contained a powerful telescope. He was watching the deserted boats. In the nearer one a dead man sat with an arm thrown over the gunwale. In the other boat, half a mile from Ross, were a number of men—Australians. Ross counted about thirty. One man, a sailor, was lying in a lifelike attitude, his chin on his hand, gazing up at Walker's Ridge. Ross thought no more of it until about 3 p.m. the following day, when he happened to look at them again. Then he noticed that the sailor had changed his position, and was lying with his white cap still on his head but with his face turned up to the sky. As Ross watched, he was astonished to see a figure detach itself from the dreadful heap and begin to hobble along the beach. After a few yards it collapsed. A Turkish sniper had opened. The splash of his bullets could be seen in the water just beyond the man.

Ross went out with four men along the beach to bring him in. When they had gone a hundred yards, the sand and stones about them began to be whipped by Turkish bullets. They dropped behind the bank of the beach, and, dodging from shelter to shelter, reached a point within hail of the wounded man. He was lying out in the open, but, little by

[9] This description is taken almost verbatim from a wonderful account given by this brillant young journalist to his father. Noel Ross died in England in January, 1918.

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little, crawled to cover. He had been shot through both knees and nearly collapsed, but his spirit was high, and they brought him back. There were four others in the heap, he said, still alive. There had been eight, but four had died before the dawn.

The remaining survivors appear to have been rescued by stretcher-bearers of the 2nd Battalion. From his position on Walker's Ridge Lieutenant Westbrook[10] of this battalion had noticed, like Ross, some movement of one of the figures lying before Fisherman's Hut. He asked two stretcher-bearers of his battalion, by name Carpenter[11] and Roberts,[12] if they would try to bring this man in. The two men went at once, taking their stretcher. As they neared the boats, fire was opened upon them. They found several of the men still alive, and made the journey four times, each time bringing in a wounded man. Some New Zealanders then went out with an improvised stretcher and picked up a fifth, but the task of carrying him on the makeshift bed was almost impossible. The two Australians with their stretcher therefore went out again and helped them to finish the journey. So far as is known, the last of the wounded from the boats were removed on Monday evening after dark. It is said that nine were saved who had lain there since the dawn of Sunday.

About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of April 25th the Turks who forced Layh to leave the Fisherman's Hut began to work over or around the four seaward fingers of Baby 700 towards Walker's Ridge itself. General Bridges was aware of the importance of this Ridge—the only possible position for his left flank—and he had decided to reinforce it with the remaining New Zealand battalions. But the landing of the New Zealanders had been interrupted, and the Turkish attack which developed against Walker's Ridge about nightfall was faced by a few scattered handfuls of men.

The slender garrison may be thus enumerated. The beach at the foot of the ridge was empty until Lieutenant Shout of the 1st Battalion, after taking reinforcements up to

[10] Captain T. K. Westbrook; 2nd Bn. Clerk; of Randwick, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Waverley, Sydney, 9 July, 1895. Killed in action, 7 May, 1917.

[11] Sgt. S. F. Carpenter, D.C.M. (No. 607, Aust. Provost Corps). Trimmer; of Newcastle, N.S.W.; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 2 Aug., 1885.

[12] L/Cpl. E. A. Roberts, M.M. (No. 1413, 2nd Bn.). Sugar worker; of Kogarah, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. St. Peters, Dorset, Eng., 25 Apr., 1893.

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Braund on the Top, garrisoned it with a few men collected by himself and Lance-Corporal Freame. Above them the razorback crest of the spur was occupied by a party of Australians and New Zealanders under Captain Critchley-Salmonson[13] of the Canterbury Battalion. Salmonson, with some of the Canterburys, had been in reserve on Plugge's at about 2 p.m., when a note reached him from Major Stuckey[14] of the Auckland Battalion, who was near The Nek, to the effect that the Turks were moving round the left and that ammunition was running out. Salmonson took his platoon of New Zealanders and reached a point about half-way up Walker's Ridge, below the knoll and the gap, which were then its chief features. He had with him here a few men of the 9th, 11th, and 12th Australian Battalions, who had retired towards the beach from the fighting on Baby 700. His party did not amount to fifty.

It has been related how, during the earlier hours of the afternoon, Colonel Braund—taking with him Burke's[15] and Concanon's[16] companies of the 2nd Battalion—climbed up Walker's Ridge past the gap onto Russell's Top. The gap, which was then passable at the cost of many casualties, became almost impassable at a later stage. When the remnants of the two companies of the Auckland Battalion which had been holding the support line on Baby 700 retired over Russell's Top to the head of Walker's Ridge, they found the Turkish fire upon this gap so heavy that they were checked. Two scouts were sent ahead to find the way, but they never returned. The party therefore stayed on Walker's Ridge above the gap. With the Aucklanders were some survivors of the 1st and 3rd Australian Brigades under Lieutenant Jackson of the 11th and other officers. During the night there reached these Australians a message—based on a countermanded order—stating that the 3rd Australian Brigade was to be relieved, and that its men were to concentrate on the beach.

[13] Major A. C. B. Critchley-Salmonson, D.S.O. Royal Munster Fusiliers; b. Southport, Lancs., Eng., 27 Apr., 1886.

[14] Major F. Stuckey; commanded 6th (Hauraki) Coy., Auckland Bn. 1914/15. Of Auckland, N.Z.; b. Christchurch, N.Z., 8 Apr., 1879. Died of wounds, 25 Apr., 1915.

[15] Major H. E. U. Burke; 2nd Bn. Area officer; b. Monk Bretton, Yorks., Eng., 15 Feb., 1881.

[16] Captain G. L. B. Concanon; 2nd Bn. Of Wahroonga, Kuringai, N.S.W.; b. Brisbane, Q'land, 4 Feb., 1881. Killed in action, 27 Apr., 1915.

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But so heavy was the fire at this point in the ridge, that Jackson's party remained on the spot all night with the Aucklanders.

In the expanse of scrub beyond the head of Walker's Ridge, on Russell's Top, was Colonel Braund with his two companies of the 2nd Battalion. Near him in the scrub lay the remnants of Colonel Stewart's two companies of the Canterbury's. Lieutenant Shout had brought to him from the beach some 200 stray men of all battalions. And with Braund, weary to death, was also a handful of the mixed remnants of the Australian and New Zealand companies which had been fighting on Baby 700.

Such was the position at nightfall on Walker's Ridge and the part of Russell's Top immediately above it. Braund's right ended in the scrub on the Top, and of what troops or country were beyond it, or of what was passing there, he had no idea. The scrub in which his right lay was swept by Turkish machine-guns. Braund knew that Australians and New Zealanders had been holding ground on his right front before dusk. But they had retired—some upon his line, others elsewhere. Never at any time was he in touch with troops on his right. Whether friend or enemy held the head of Monash Valley and Pope's Hill, was unknown to him. There was a gap to his right, and no one could stir upon Russell's Top to find how wide that gap was. The line along Walker's Ridge was thus an isolated flank, disconnected from the main front of the Australian position which faced inland along the other side of Monash Valley. Actually, whether Braund knew it or not, a party of Turks, following Howe, had penetrated far along the inland edge of Russell's Top between the two sections of the Australian and New Zealand line.

In headquarters, on the beach, Braund's difficulties were well realised. Notions as to the nature of the gap between the

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head of Monash Valley and Walker's Ridge were very vague. But it was known that the left of the line had been driven in, and that the main danger was that the Turks would penetrate from Baby 700 behind the back of the line which was holding the edge of Monash Valley. As has been related, a promise was sent to Braund that he would be strengthened with two battalions of New Zealanders to help him dig in and hold his position. Into the other side of the gap, at the head of Monash Valley, were hurried the first troops, now landing, of the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE 3RD BRIGADE ON THE "400 PLATEAU"

THE long hours of the flanking battle on the main ridge saw a struggle just as fierce in the centre. Here the duty of the covering force was to reach the second ridge inland and seize certain batteries in front of it. In consequence of the error in landing too far north, another height had been interposed, and the ridge which the 3rd Brigade had now to reach was the third from its landing-place.

When the 9th and 10th Battalions scrambled out upon the first height above the beach—Plugge's Plateau and MacLagan's Ridge—they looked down in the now growing light upon the ridge next ahead of them. Across the deep scrub-covered valley (Shrapnel Gully) at their feet was the Second ridge, 500 yards distant. Except to the north, where Baby 700 could be seen at the end of Monash Valley, the Second ridge shut out all view of what was beyond. The Third ridge they knew to be hidden behind it.

There was one feature in the Second ridge which many officers were able immediately to recognise from their study of the plans. Half a mile to their right front, beyond where Shrapnel Gully reached the sea, was a lump of high land which widened out from the Second ridge much as a bulb widens from the stem of a plant. This level-topped hill was the mass which, by the set plans of the day, ought to have been on the left centre of their landing-place. Its summit was not noticeably higher than the rest of the Second ridge, just topping the 400 feet contour. But its wide level plateau, shaped—to use another comparison—like a heart with its point to the sea and its two large lobes inland, formed such a marked upland that there was no difficulty in recognising it as the "400 Plateau."

According to the written orders, anxiously studied for many days, the 11th Battalion ought at this moment to have been advancing across this plateau northward towards the main range;[1] the 10th should have been skirting the south of

[1] See Map 7, p. 227.

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it to reach the Turkish batteries and a trench on the Third ridge; the 9th should have been far south of it hurrying for the battery on Gaba Tepe; the Indian Mountain Battery was due presently to come into action on the 400 Plateau itself; the 12th should already be clustering in reserve behind it; and the 2nd Brigade on its way to land at its foot.

In one instant, through the error in the landing and the mixing up of boatloads in that precipitous scramble, all the fine details of the plans had been blown to the winds. But the officers with the various fragments mostly possessed a map; and, inaccurate guesswork though the map was, many of them were able to find from it the general direction of their objective. The fragments of the 11th for the most part realised that they had to make for the summits in the north. The officers of the 10th knew that somewhere hidden behind the Second ridge, whose dark slope rose 500 yards away across the valley, must be the Turkish batteries and the Third ridge which it was their first duty to reach. The officers of the 9th, looking over their right shoulders, could see the low black promontory of Gaba Tepe—which should have been only 1,000 yards away—jutting out into the sea two miles south of them. The task of the 9th—to seize the promontory, its battery, and the southern portion of the Third ridge—was almost hopeless, but its four companies, landing at different points, all made towards the 400 Plateau, which they had to cross in order to start upon their work. While they did so, and while most of the 11th was being organised under Major Drake Brockman before being turned northward towards Baby 700, the leading men of the 10th passed into Shrapnel Gully almost due-east towards the heights opposite.

Talbot Smith, with his scouts of the 10th Battalion, had the duty of hurrying ahead of their battalion to find the Turkish batteries in the folds opposite the landing-place. As the last Turks, who had been firing from the trench on the far side of Plugge's, bolted out, the first Australians followed them across the hilltop and stood looking down the sheer gravel slope into Shrapnel Gully. The light was not yet full. Gazing down from the plateau, they could see the Turks, who had stampeded ahead of them, running back in single file through the valley and up its far side. A worn track wound across

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Shrapnel Gully over a minor hill in the valley to a nick in the ridge opposite. Though in the grey light it was not possible to notice anyone standing motionless in the scrub, the eye caught at once the figures moving up this path. The scouts and some of the more eager officers and men of the 9th and 10th Battalions plunged almost at once down the precipitous slope and along the path taken by these fugitives.

The duty of Talbot Smith was to find the guns. He had looked at his map on top of Plugge's. The guns ought to be behind the mass of the 400 Plateau. He therefore dived down the zigzag path past the three tents. Behind them lingered two or three Turks, trying to hide in the bushes; these were shot. Smith's men went through the tents, but there was nothing to report, and he hurried his scouts on.

Meanwhile the portion of the 10th which had landed from the destroyers was coming over the southern shoulder of Plugge's (known as MacLagan's Ridge). Their foremost party, under Lieutenant Loutit, had driven Turks in front of it from the beach. As it reached the top of MacLagan's the file of fugitives could be seen running up the pad in Shrapnel Gully, and Loutit's party pressed onward across the valley to overtake them before they climbed the other side. As the Australians got in among them, the Turks threw down their rifles; but they were too many to capture, and were consequently shot. The party then proceeded along the pad over the minor heights in the valley, in which there was a good deal of rifle fire, now all coming from the Second ridge. As they hastened up the steep hillside which made the northern end of the 400 Plateau, they were joined by Major Brand (the brigade-major), who, it will be remembered, had made in that direction from the beach. He clambered up the scrubby side of the plateau with them, past a small Turkish trench, and out upon the top of the Second ridge.

They were on the northern edge of the 400 Plateau. The plateau, covered with scrub-like gorse, extended about 600 yards both in length and breadth. Beyond it there faced them, about two-thirds of a mile distant, running from north to south across the whole front, the Third ridge; and on the same plateau on which they stood, only a few hundred yards to the south, was a battery of Turkish guns.

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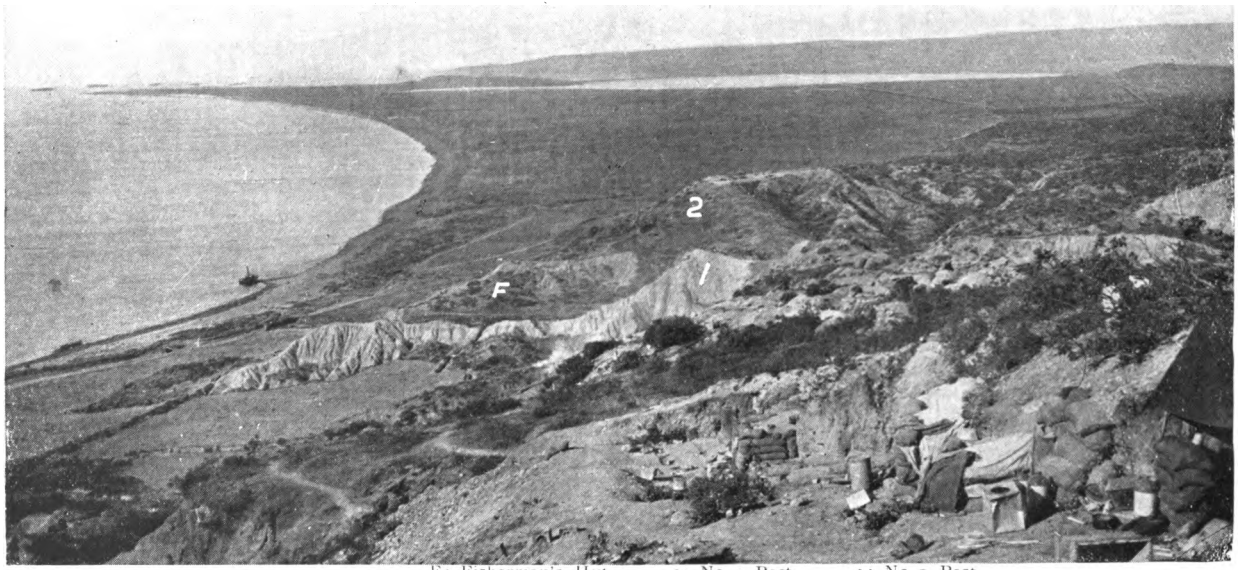

F: Fisherman's Hut. 2: No. 2 Post. 1: No. 1 Post.

NIBRUNESI POINT FROM WALKER'S RIDGE, SHOWING NO. 1 OUTPOST AND THE FISHERMAN'S HUT

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1145. Taken in December, 1915. *To face p. 338.*

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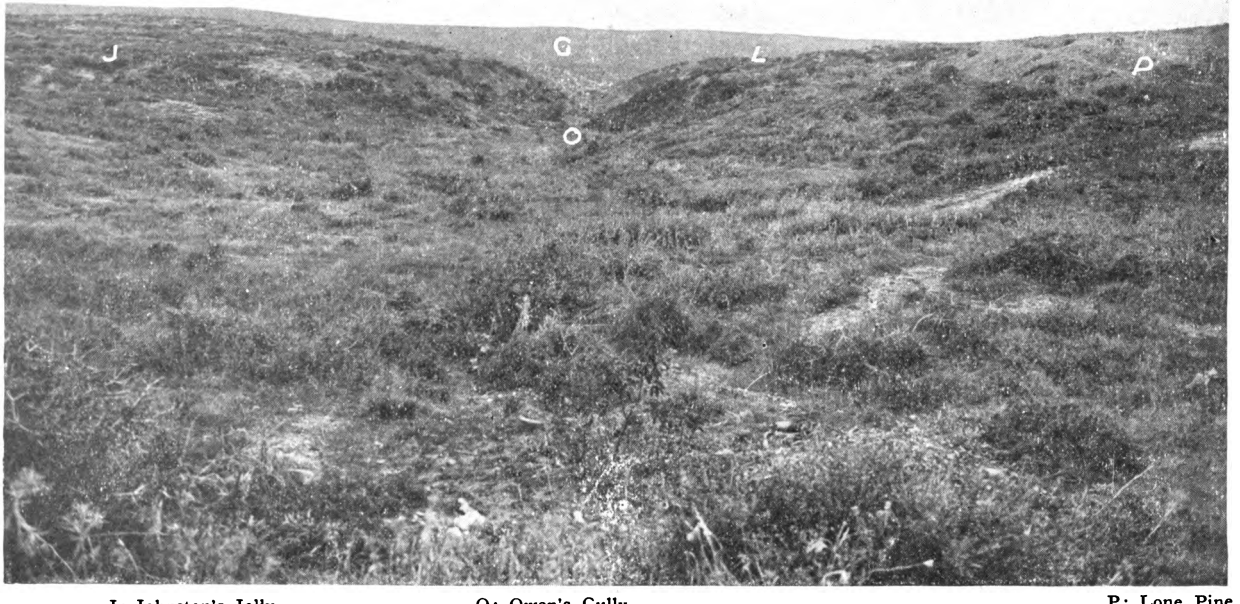
S: Scrubby Knoll. G: "Third" (Gun) Ridge. L: Legge Valley.



J: Johnston's Jolly. O: Owen's Gully. P: Lone Pine.

HEAD OF OWEN'S GULLY (LOOKING FROM THE AUSTRALIAN LINES) SHOWING THE TWO LOBES OF 400 PLATEAU (JOHNSTON'S JOLLY AND LONE PINE). A TURKISH BATTERY WAS NEAR SCRUBBY KNOLL

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1938. Taken in 1919. *To face p.* 339.

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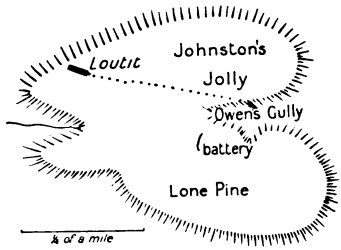
The crown of the 400 Plateau over which they looked was nearly level, except that a valley ("Owen's Gully"), biting into its inland side, divided it into the two heart-like lobes before mentioned.[2] The narrower and northern lobe on which they stood was in later weeks opposite the muzzles of Colonel G. J. Johnston's[3] field-guns, and became known as "Johnston's Jolly."[4] The summit of the southern lobe was much wider. In the scrub which clothed it breast-high there stood a solitary stunted pine-tree. Trees of any sort, even scrub pine, were rare in Gallipoli; and in the following weeks, when landmarks were being sought, this pine-tree, dwarf though it was, gave its name to the position. Artillery officers and observers referred to the tree as the "Lonesome Pine" (from the title of a popular song then current), and the name was gradually applied to the southern lobe of the plateau. Behind the plateau ran a long valley (later known as "Legge Valley"), of which the bottom was hidden from where Brand and Loutit stood. Beyond this valley rose the Third ridge.



The Turkish battery was on the Lone Pine (or southern) lobe of the plateau, not far from its centre. Brand and Loutit could see the Turks hurrying about the guns; some of the mule teams were already standing by, and others were being hastily brought up. Loutit's men fired some rapid shots at them, but the range was too great for such snap shooting. The guns limbered up, and, being only a few yards from Owen's Gully, they rapidly disappeared into it. Major Brand told Loutit to keep going, and promised to send other parties to follow him. Loutit hurried on with his men.

The Turkish battery had apparently escaped down Owen's Gully between the two lobes of the plateau. Loutit therefore headed for the gully, which he struck about half-way down its

[2] See plate opposite.

[3] Brig.-General G. J. Johnston, C.B., C.M.G., V.D. Commanded 2nd Div. Arty., 1915/17. Furniture manufacturer and warehouseman of Melbourne, Vic.; b. Melbourne, 24 Oct., 1869.

[4] Johnston's guns, in the current slang of the troops, used to "jolly up" the Turks there.

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course. Near the bottom was a camp with a number of tents, for which Loutit made. Small eastern lamps were still burning inside them, but no Turks were to be seen. Some of the Australians persisted in probing through the tents, bringing out odd articles—watches and leather pouches. Loutit dragged the men away and pushed on down the valley. No track led through it. There was no sign of the guns.

As a matter of fact, though Loutit did not know it, he had passed beyond the guns. The battery and a number of Turks with it were still up near the head of Owen's Gully behind him. Near the head of Owen's Gully there branched from its southern side a spoon-shaped depression very difficult to see unless the observer were actually on the edge of it. This hollow lay just beyond the summit of Lone Pine, within twenty yards of the line held during the later months of the campaign by the Australians. But it was not marked on the original maps and barely hinted at in the later ones; and during the whole campaign the Australian Staff was unaware of its existence. Its cup-shaped sides could, and in later times often did, give cover to a battalion. For the want of a better name, it is referred to in this narrative as "The Cup."[5]

It was in The Cup that the Turkish battery had been camped. The gun-emplacements were immediately in rear of the inland lip of the recess. Like most emplacements dug by the Turks, they were connected by trenches which ran into them through the epaulements, the trench at this point being covered over with brushwood and heaped-up earth. At the bottom of The Cup, about seventy yards down it, were a few tents.

For some reason—possibly in order to obtain a field of fire against the attack which was coming from a direction entirely unexpected—the Turks had at first run their guns forward onto the summit of the plateau. But before they could open fire, the leading Australians appeared in the scrub a few hundred yards away, and the guns seem to have been hurriedly run back towards their pits on the further edge of The Cup. About this moment Talbot Smith and his scout corporal were approaching the place, hunting for these very guns. "It is about here that they should be," remarked Smith,

[5] See plate at p. 346.

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as they reached the plateau. Smith hurried on to Johnston's Jolly. The corporal, pushing further south, found himself looking into Owen's Gully; and there at the edge of The Cup were the guns. About a score of Turks were around them, apparently endeavouring to hurry one of them away.

At the same moment Lieutenant Thomas[6] and his platoon of the 9th Battalion, who had landed from the destroyer *Colne* at the southern point of the beach, had reached the 400 Plateau and were reorganising in the scrub on its edge. Thomas, who had lost a section of his platoon under Corporal Harrison,[7] pushed on again across the plateau, his fifty men advancing in a loose line, about 300 yards from flank to flank. Owen's Gully opened out before them, and about 200 yards further on Thomas saw, near its edge, a low line of newly-turned earth which he took to be machine-gun emplacements. He also saw a party of Australians in the scrub on his right making straight for the place. After trying by signalling again and again to warn them of the danger, he recognised the party. It was Corporal Harrison with the missing section of his own platoon.

Harrison had reached the plateau at a point 300 yards south of Thomas. After acting for a short space under the orders of Captain Milne on M'Cay's Hill, he led his section north-eastwards across the summit of Lone Pine in order to join Thomas, who by this time was lost to view going down Owen's Gully. Harrison, making north-eastwards through the scrub, had just sighted a cup-shaped depression in front of him, when his party was fired upon suddenly by either two or three machine-guns in the scrub beyond it. They thereupon dropped flat among the bushes and crawled to the edge of the depression. Immediately below were a few tents with others visible further down the valley.[8] Between these the smoke of camp fires curled lazily upwards.

It was when Harrison was moving down towards these tents that Thomas tried to warn him of the trenches ahead of him. The turned earth of the parapet could be seen on the edge of The Cup above Harrison's head. But every time

[6] Captain G. Thomas; 41st Bn. Area officer; b. Gympie, Q'land, 29 July, 1889.
[7] Lieut. P. W. Harrison; 41st Bn. Locomotive fireman; b. Lismore, N.S.W., 29 March, 1891.
[8] It was probably the lower part of this camp which Loutit had passed.

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Thomas's signaller stood up to "semaphore" the message with his arms, one of the Turkish machine-guns fired at him. Harrison could only make out the last word—"guns." He looked up towards the edge of The Cup. At the same moment two field-guns, invisible to him, were discharged close above his head.

Harrison called together his men—about nine in all. They crawled up the steep bank and found themselves almost under the muzzles of two Turkish field pieces. Round the guns were seven Turks; fifty yards beyond were others, hurriedly loading upon mules the machine-guns which had been firing on the advancing Australians. Harrison's party in The Cup had not been noticed. He made his men each pick a member of the gun's crew, fire together, and rush the guns. The whole of the gun's crew fell. A Turkish officer appeared at the entrance of the gun-pit, and raised his revolver; but Harrison fired first, with his rifle from the hip, and the officer fell dead. The Australians at once picked off the Turks who were hurrying away with the machine-guns; one driver fell beside his dead mules with the reins still in his hands; only a single member of the Turkish party seems to have escaped. Thomas joined Harrison at the guns. For the moment the resistance of the enemy on this part of the field entirely ceased.

There were either two or three guns—Krupp field pieces. To one of them the mules had already been harnessed. The small roofed shelter was a quartermaster's store, containing books, papers, bags with spare parts of machine-guns, leather equipment, and quantities of tobacco and cigarettes. The ground was littered with the battery's ammunition. Some of the Australians wheeled one gun around in the hope of being able to fire it, but the breechblocks had been thrown away by the Turks. Bugler Maxwell[9]—who was never seen after that day—knocked off the sights; others, including some of the 10th who had come up, tried to burr the screw inside the breech in order temporarily to destroy the guns.

Thomas ordered his men forward past the hollow, and placed them out upon a line in the scrub on the plateau, about fifty yards beyond The Cup. They were exhausted, and he

[9] Pte H. F. Maxwell (No. 740, 9th Bn.). Farrier; b. Woolgoolga, N.S.W., 1892. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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therefore allowed them to light their pipes and to rest for ten minutes. The fighting had ceased; except for an occasional burst of distant firing, the countryside was quiet. Only hurrying northward up Legge Valley over the Third ridge could be seen a string of Turks with mules. They were fugitives from this or other batteries. At this juncture Major Brand came up, glanced through some handfuls of papers taken from the dead officer and from the quartermaster's store, and forbade the men to fire at the string of fugitives on the Third ridge. The range was too long for useful effect.

Brand had come straight from the southern end of the beach. He had been accompanied most of the way by a platoon of the 9th Battalion under Lieutenant Boase,[10] a Duntroon boy. Boase crossed the 400 Plateau immediately south of Owen's Gully. At the head of the gully, skirting its southern edge, was a patch—perhaps 100 yards square—of green grass and poppies, on either side of which the gorse-like scrub formed a high border. The patch itself was as clear and almost as level as a tennis-court, and subsequently came to be known as the "Daisy Patch." As Boase and his platoon passed it, they noticed the newly-turned earth of the Turkish trenches near the emplacements. They also saw two of the battery ponies with their legs broken, as well as the heaps of ammunition and certain sticks set upright in the ground, with bits of rag upon them, which were the aiming posts of the guns. But so completely was The Cup in the plateau hidden from those who were not actually on top of it that Boase and his platoon passed by on the south (as Loutit had done on the north) without suspecting its existence or the presence of the guns. He pushed along the southern edge of Owen's Gully, and found Thomas's line in the scrub immediately beyond The Cup.

It was then that were given the first definite orders for new tactics on the part of the covering force. The main portions of the 9th and 10th Battalions were then arriving at the 400 Plateau, not far behind the advanced parties. The brigadier, Colonel MacLagan, followed them. As the troops reached the plateau, an order was received from him that,

[10] Major A. J. Boase; Bde.-Major 5th Inf. Bde. and 7th Inf. Bde. 1917. Duntroon Graduate; of Brisbane, Q'land; b. Gympie, Q'land, 19 Feb., 1894.

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instead of immediately advancing to the Third ridge, they should dig in and reorganise where they were—on the Second ridge. Major Brand, who was ahead with the advance parties near the captured guns, could see the main part of the 9th—about two companies under Major Salisbury—digging in temporarily a few hundred yards behind him. He saw for himself that, if the small advanced parties pushed on to the long, silent slopes of the Third ridge, they would run a great risk of being cut off. There were then about 200 men in various bodies on the forward part of the plateau. Brand decided that the best rôle for the advanced parties would be to act as a screen, covering the main portion of the 9th and 10th from attack while it was digging in. He signalled back this suggestion to MacLagan. In the meantime he told Boase and Thomas to go forward to the far edge of the plateau, where they could command a better view of the Third ridge, but to go cautiously and not too far. They were to hold on until Major Salisbury had finished his trench, but if heavily attacked they were to fall back. Brand's suggestion was temporarily adopted by MacLagan. "Keep advanced companies forward," he replied. "Second Brigade coming in on our right."

A definite plan was therefore for the time being given to this part of the covering force. The new orders reached a considerable portion of the advanced parties. But there were others ahead of Brand who knew nothing of them; they only knew that certain parts of the Third ridge were their objective. They had had the instruction dinned into them for a month before by every authority from General Birdwood downwards: "Go as fast as you can—at all costs keep going." Lieutenant Loutit had been directed by Brand, when first they sighted the Turkish guns, to keep going, and that other parties would be sent on after him.

It has been told how Loutit hurried down Owen's Gully, passing through a camp of tents, but missing the guns. On his way Lieutenant Haig[11] of the 10th Battalion, with a few men of the 9th and 10th, joined him. The two young officers and their men worked down the gully until the two high lobes

[11] Lieut. J. L. Haig; 50th Bn. Commanded Cyclist Training Bn., 1916/17; b. 3 Dec., 1886.

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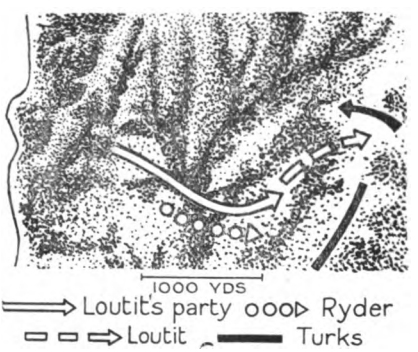
of the plateau, which had shut them in, opened out into Legge Valley.

The sides of that valley, winding far away to the south towards Gaba Tepe, allowed room for a narrow grassy flat, once cultivated, and still sprinkled with a few olive trees. Down it ran a sandy shallow creek, beyond which was a small knoll, the end of one of the spurs from the main heights to the north. Behind it, facing Loutit and Haig across the valley, were the scrub-covered folds and indentations of the Third ridge.[12] A line of field telephone on posts crossed the bottom of Owen's Gully. Further down on the flat was a small paddock, recently used as the horse-lines of a battery. A horse was still running in it.

No enemy could be seen. The sound of desultory and spasmodic shooting came from all sides. Odd bullets were flying both from front and rear from scattered Turks who had settled in the scrub. The scrub-covered slopes of the Third ridge ahead were lifeless under the morning sun.



The Third ridge being the one which the 10th Battalion had to reach, Loutit took his men across the valley and climbed it. He and Haig had with them thirty-two all told. Every party ashore was now a mixed one, and in this were men of the 9th, 10th, and 11th Battalions. They climbed the spur immediately facing them at a point a mile and a quarter east and slightly south of the landing-place. It rose about 200 feet above the valley which they had crossed.

As they came over the top of the hill, they found that they had not climbed the backbone of the Third ridge, but a spur of it not shown on the original maps, known later by the Turks as Adana Bair. Facing them, 400 yards away, was another hill, covered with similar scrub and of about the same

[12] See plate at p. 347.

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height, which still shut out all their view. This was the backbone of the Third ridge. On its summit were Turks in large numbers.

Loutit's line flung itself flat in the scrub and opened fire on these. The Australians had come slightly over the crest of their spur. They could not dig—the Turkish rifle and machine-gun fire was from the first too hot. They could only lie there firing. The spur on which they lay was much higher to the north in the direction of the main ridge; and about 500 yards to their left, where it joined the Third ridge, it was hunched into a scrub-covered swelling or knoll. This was one of the main features of the Third ridge, and came to be known as "Scrubby Knoll." It was one of the points in the Third ridge which had been laid down as an objective for the 10th Battalion.

It seemed to Loutit that from this high shoulder north of him he might be able to obtain a view over the country ahead. He therefore left Haig, and taking two men, a Canadian named Fairburn and an Australian, Roy Fordham,[13] made his way under shelter of the spur to Scrubby Knoll. As the three worked out onto the summit, they looked over the saddle of the next spur upon the country beyond. Through the gap shone the water of the Narrows. The point which Loutit and his companions had reached was about three miles from Kilia Harbour in the Dardanelles.

The fire which met the small party on the crest of Scrubby Knoll was too heavy to allow them to stay there. Within a few moments one of Loutit's companions was heavily hit. Loutit and the other, carrying the wounded man as best they could, made their way back towards their party.

The handful with Loutit and Haig seemed to be the only Australians upon the Third ridge. Behind them, on the opposite slope of Legge Valley south of where they had traversed it, they could see Australians on the lobes of the 400 Plateau. Some of these were the advanced parties whom Brand at about this time ordered to cover the digging of the main line. Many figures could be seen, some digging in,

[13] Lieut. R. O. Fordham; 10th Bn. Accountant; b. Adelaide, S. Aust. Killed in action, 8 Apr., 1917.

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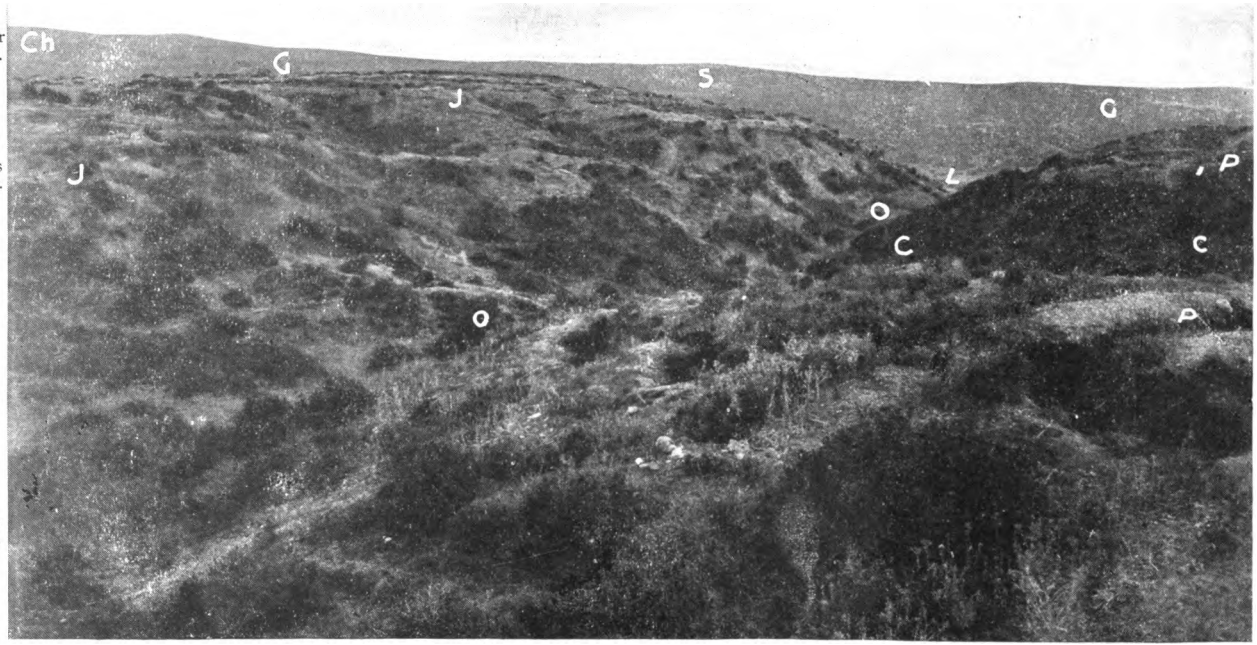
G-G: Gun Ridge. S: Scrubby Knoll. L: Legge Valley.

Ch: Shoulder of Chunuk Bair.

J-J: Johnston's Jolly.

O-O: Owen's Gully.



G-G: "Third" (Gun) Ridge.

P-P: Lone Pine

C-C: "The Cup."

P-P: Lone Pine.

OWEN'S GULLY (LOOKING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE AUSTRALIAN LINES) SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO "THE CUP." THE JUNCTION OF "THIRD" RIDGE WITH THE MAIN RIDGE IS ON THE LEFT (AT CHUNUK BAIR)

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1937. Taken in 1919.

To face p. 345.

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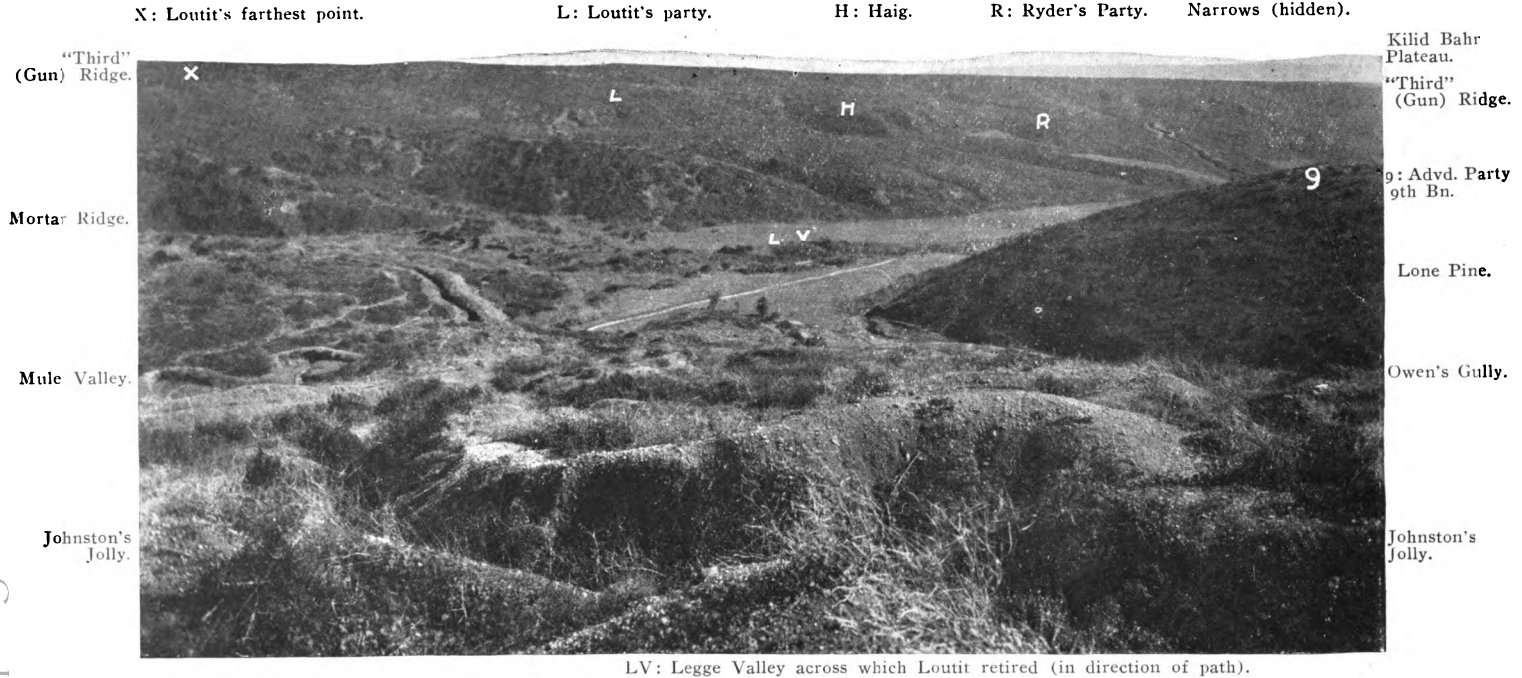

LV: Legge Valley across which Loutit retired (in direction of path).

THE THIRD RIDGE (GUN RIDGE) LOOKING FROM JOHNSTON'S JOLLY TOWARDS THE TURKISH POSITIONS, SHOWING THE POINTS REACHED BY LOUTIT AND RYDER. ADVANCED PARTIES OF THE 9TH BN. WERE ON THE SLOPE OF LONE PINE

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1900. Taken in 1919.

To face p. 347.

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others cruising around through the scrub and shooting from the shoulder at snipers. Far away on the ridges behind Loutit's left were others, where Tulloch's fight and the battle for Baby 700 had begun. All of these seemed to be in small parties, only loosely organised. Far to the south the promontory of Gaba Tepe could be dimly discerned by Loutit's party through the clouds of smoke and the dust which was being torn from it by the *Bacchante's* shells.

Loutit had Haig's men extended along the spur in continuation of his own line. But even combined they were no more than a handful. The rifle and machine-gun fire from the next ridge at a range of only 400 yards kept them pinned in the scrub; and with no one on either flank they were in great danger of the Turks working round them. Loutit therefore sent back across the valley to one of the parties which he could see on the inland slope of Lone Pine, and asked the officer in charge to bring his men over and continue the line on his right so as to protect his southern flank.

The party on Lone Pine proved to be a portion of the 9th under Captain Ryder, who had hurried from Plugge's with the right half of Salisbury's company. Hunting up his scattered men through the scrub, he had re-organised on the 400 Plateau a little north of Thomas and Boase. Brand's decision that the advanced parties were to hold on and cover the main line had not yet been made, and Ryder, on receiving Loutit's message, at once crossed with his men and lined up on his right.

It was now between 8 and 9 o'clock. The small party on the Third ridge had thus been increased and its right flank strengthened; but its position was still precarious. It was carrying out to the letter the plans of the day, so far as it knew them. But the Turkish fire was so hot that Loutit's men could only lie behind the bushes, firing through them. The height of Scrubby Knoll on their immediate left and all the range to the north were unoccupied. The ridge from which the Turks were firing connected at Scrubby Knoll with Adana Spur (on which Loutit lay). Presently fire coming from the knoll and from parts of Adana Spur 400 yards to their left showed that either these Turks or others were working round the flank of

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the party. Many men had been shot. Clearly the Third ridge could not be held by this isolated party. Ryder, whose men were receiving this fire in their backs, sent urgent messages asking for support. One of his sergeants reached the main line on a Turkish horse found grazing in the valley. Some of Ryder's messengers, or wounded men making their way back to the 400 Plateau, met on the northern slope of it Captain Peck, the adjutant of the 11th Battalion.

Peck, it will be remembered, after landing at Ari Burnu, had hastened inland to find the headquarters of his battalion. He had pushed on without finding them, and was coming down the steep gully (Wire Gully) between the 400 Plateau and the knuckle north of it (German Officers' Ridge) when Ryder's messengers met him. They said that Ryder was in imminent danger of being cut off. Peck, with Lieutenant Newman[14] of the 11th Battalion, collected the men immediately around him, and pushed at once down Wire Gully and across the flat at its foot in order to reinforce the advanced party.

But it was by then nearly 9.30 a.m., and the retirement from the Third ridge had already begun. Ryder, who could see the Turks pushing rapidly past the left rear in a direction in which they would cut off the party, informed Loutit of his intention to withdraw. His men were shortly afterwards seen doubling back across the valley in the direction of the 400 Plateau from which they had come. The position of Loutit and Haig became exceedingly difficult, since they had to retire with the Turks close upon their left rear. The party was accordingly divided into sections and the withdrawal carried out by stages—alternate sections firing while the others retired. Loutit chose a line of retreat which crossed the end of all the spurs leading down from the north. It led his party half-northwards across the front of the Turks, but it gave them successive positions from which they could hold them up.

The enemy saw them retire and followed close on their heels. The last stage of the retreat was to a low spur opposite the end of the 400 Plateau. Behind this lay the flat of Mule Valley (a branch of Legge Valley). As Loutit and his party reached this spur Peck and the men with him came up across

[14] Major J. Newman, D.S.O. Temporarily commanded 9th, 10th and 11th Bns. for short periods in 1918. Of Kalgoorlie, W. Aust.; b. Port Pirie, S. Aust., 1 March, 1880.

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the flat. At the same moment the Turks reached the position which Loutit had just vacated. The Turks had a machine-gun and fire became very heavy. Peck was hit and was taken back by one of his men. For half an hour the combined parties held off the Turks from this knoll.

The withdrawal across the final flat shortly after 10 a.m. was a race between the Turks and the Australians. By the time the Australians were half-way over the open the Turks were reaching the spur which they had just quitted. The fire was intense. With the bullets raining about them the Australians raced into Wire Gully, which bounded the northern side of the 400 Plateau. The gully was scrubby, broken, and narrow, and gave them shelter as they made up it. Near its upper end they climbed a steep gutter on their left onto Johnston's Jolly. And there, on the northern edge of the plateau, near the top of Wire Gully, Haig and Loutit turned and dug in.

Of those who had been with them there remained eleven —the rest were killed, wounded, or scattered. It was now 11 a.m., and they noticed that a definite line was being dug about fifty yards behind them. But they did not retire upon it. They chose to stay out in front as an outpost overlooking Wire Gully and German Officers' Ridge. They had reached the nearest point to the Narrows that any troops in Gallipoli ever attained. They had carried out to the letter the plan of the day, and had come back through very heavy fighting. Yet for them, as for others, the long battle had scarcely begun.

The main line which Loutit perceived behind him at the northern edge of the 400 Plateau was an extension of that which Brand had seen in his own rear near the head of Owen's Gully. It had been formed by the main portions of the 9th and 10th Battalions. When the battleship companies of the 9th and 10th moved down from Plugge's in the early light, only a little after the most advanced parties, they had been fairly well in hand. Although they were split into boatloads at the landing, shuffled together in the scramble up the first height, and re-shuffled in the scrub of the valley, they were not at this stage so mixed that they could not be re-formed. The battalions of the several Australian brigades had trained closely together at Mena; in any one brigade many of the officers were fairly well known to the men of all its battalions; and

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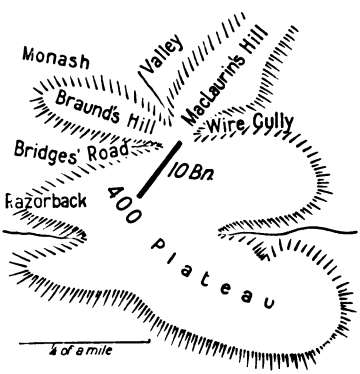
now, wherever it was hopeless for men to attempt to find their own officers, they attached themselves to whatever officer was nearest, or were rounded up by him. The officers and N.C.O.'s had been carefully trained by Colonel MacLagan in leading their platoons, and to reorganise at every opportunity was part of the battle training of the British Army.

The main body of the 10th had made its way across Shrapnel Gully a little to the north of Salisbury's portion of the 9th and slightly ahead of him. The 10th was the centre battalion; and since the two centre destroyers—and they alone—had landed their men immediately behind the battleship tows at Ari Burnu, the whole four companies of the battalion happened to be together. Captain Herbert's[15] company from the destroyer *Scourge* re-formed in Shrapnel Gully behind the battleship companies; and the 10th Battalion, more or less complete, headed across the valley, over the foot of a minor spur (Braund's Hill) and into the steep branch of the valley through which the Turks had mostly made off.



The valley up which the 10th laboured was steep, and quite sheltered, except from a few snipers. It was shut in on the right by the side of the 400 Plateau (here formed by a narrow spur known as the "Razorback.")[16] From the Razorback the side of the plateau curved northward in front of the 10th to the point where it joined the Second ridge. Braund's Hill, a minor back-jutting spur of the Second ridge, shut in the valley on the north. Along this valley ran a path, which had evidently been used by the Turks from inland for reaching the shore. The path wound very steeply up to a curious nick in

[15] Major M. J. Herbert; 50th Bn. Subsequently President of Courts Martial, A.I.F. Dépôts in the United Kingdom. Area officer; of Moorook, River Murray, S. Aust.; b. Melbourne, Vic., 15 Sept., 1887.

[16] Not to be confused with "Razor Edge" between Plugge's Plateau and Russell's Top.

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the skyline at the northern corner of the valley-head. Here the pad disappeared over the top, evidently into a gully on the other side. This Turkish track, as afterwards improved by the Australians, came to be known as "Bridges' Road," and that name was applied to the valley also. As it was found that the narrow saddle which spanned the nick would not admit of a good trench, it was barred with barbed wire and left unoccupied. The nick and the steep gully on the Turkish side of it became known as "Wire Gully." The nick occurred exactly at the point where the Second Ridge (here called MacLaurin's Hill) joined the 400 Plateau. It was the few hundred yards of MacLaurin's Hill north of the nick which separated the fighting on the 400 Plateau from that on Baby 700 and at the head of Monash Valley. Monash Valley was separated from Bridges' Road only by the minor spur of Braund's Hill.[17] The name Shrapnel Gully came to be applied only to the lower course of the valley where Monash Valley and Bridges' Road joined.

It was between 6 and 7 a.m. when the 10th Battalion, uninterrupted by more than a few stray shots, climbed the steep slope at the head of Bridges' Road. There, on the edge of the 400 Plateau, it was organised by Colonel Weir in preparation for the advance upon the Third Ridge. Turks could be seen less than a mile away straight ahead on the skyline of the Third ridge. These were the same by whom the advance of Loutit's party was presently barred.

But there was little firing during this time. The eager parties under Loutit and Ryder were acting as a screen, which gave a quiet hour to the remainder to reorganise. Once during this lull a movement of the Turks, probably against Loutit, evoked an outburst of rifle fire. During the rest of the time the 10th began to dig in—Major Oldham's company on the right; north of that Major Beevor's;[18] then Captain Jacob's; and, northernmost, with its left flank on Wire Gully, Captain Herbert's company.

Major Salisbury of the 9th, with his own company and part of Major S. B. Robertson's, moved across Shrapnel Gully a

[17] See plate at p. 289.

[18] Lieut.-Colonel M. F. Beevor. Commanded 10th Bn. 1915 and 52nd Bn 1916. Area officer; b. Adelaide, S. Aust., 27 Feb., 1883.

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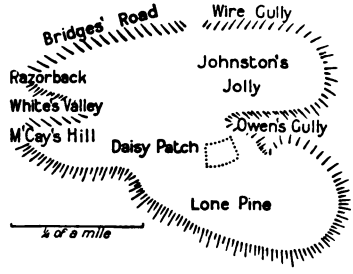
little to the south of the 10th and a few hundred yards in rear of them. He was following Turks who could be seen retreating on his right front. Only a scattered fire reached Salisbury's party as it moved up the steep scrubby spur of the Razorback onto the 400 Plateau. There were two seaward spurs of the 400 Plateau, exactly corresponding to its two inland lobes, except that the seaward spurs were steep, narrow, and angular, whereas the inland lobes were round, wide, and level-topped. The Razorback was the smaller and more northerly of the two seaward spurs, the southernmost and larger one receiving the name of "M'Cay's Hill." The steep valley ("White's Valley") which separated them corresponded to the more spoon-shaped depression of Owen's Gully on the inland side.



Salisbury's course brought him out over the summit of the 400 Plateau a little north of the head of Owen's Gully. Moving forward towards the top of the gully, he halted his men and collected such fragments of the 9th Battalion as came up. At this point an officer of the 9th reached him with instructions from Colonel MacLagan that the 9th was to dig in there, on the Second ridge, beside the 10th. Salisbury had his own company and a platoon of Major S. B. Robertson's, fairly well organised. Leaving this platoon under Lieutenant Fortescue as an outpost lining the northern side of Owen's Gully, he withdrew the rest of his troops a short distance towards the crest, where he found himself in touch on his left with Major Beevor and Captain Lorenzo[19] of the 10th. He ordered his men to take off their packs and dig in, and gradually collected a large part of Captain Milne's company as well as his own. As the 9th was the right of the covering force, Salisbury formed his line facing half-southwards—the direction from which interference might be expected to come. Fortescue's party was ahead protecting him; across Owen's Gully

[19] Lieut.-Colonel F. M. deF Lorenzo, D.S.O. Commanded 49th Bn. 1916/17. Officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; b. Rozelle, Sydney, N.S.W., 7 March, 1880.

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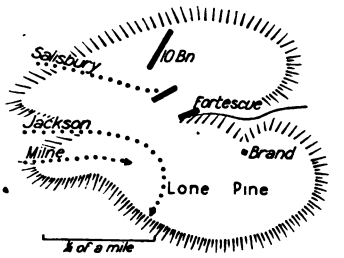
on the forward portion of Lone Pine were the advanced parties with Major Brand near the captured Turkish guns.

The line formed by Salisbury's two companies of the 9th and the four companies of the 10th was not continuous. There were wide openings between its various parts. According to the plans the companies of the 12th were to be in close support, to fill in gaps in the front line.



Hilmer Smith's company of the 12th, which MacLagan had sent forward from Plugge's, was reorganising behind the 10th in the Bridges' Road valley. This company was now put into the various openings mainly between Beevor's and Oldham's companies of the 10th, and to some extent served to fill them.

Towards the end of the lull in the firing, there came in from the front, toiling up Wire Gully, messengers and wounded men, who said that the advanced parties ahead were being hard pressed. Next came word that Lieutenant Heming[20] of the 10th and Captain Ryder were retiring. Though the line of the 10th, digging in beside Wire Gully, could not see the advancing Turks, they knew that these must be close upon Ryder's party. Peck, who went to help Ryder, had just passed through the line on which the 10th were digging. Presently officers from the advanced parties began to come in with such of their men as were left. Heming brought news that it was doubtful if Ryder could get back, but a little later he arrived safely. Next came Peck, wounded; then Lieutenant Newman of the 11th, with a machine-gun of that battalion, which was set up beside the gap at the head of Wire Gully. Lieutenant Booth[21] of the 12th—a well-known artist on London *Punch*, who had been for three years farming in Western Australia—came in to MacLaurin's Hill a little north of

[20] Captain H. R. Heming; 10th Bn. Of Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. 28 Oct., 1888.

[21] Lieut. J. L. C. Booth; 12 Bn. After serving as artist-correspondent throughout the South African War and in 1904 and 1909 representing the *Graphic* in Bulgaria and Turkey, he took up farming at Gnowangerup, W. Aust.; b. Catterick, Yorks., Eng., 28 Aug., 1876. Died of wounds, 28 Apr., 1915.

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Wire Gully, where Major Denton, Captain Croly,[22] and other officers of the 11th with their men were now lining the recesses. Finally, as has been told, Loutit and Haig, with their eleven survivors from the Third ridge, clambered up near the head of Wire Gully and established their small outpost fifty yards ahead of the line.[23]

As far as the 10th was concerned, the lull in the fighting was now over. The advanced parties north of Lone Pine had all been driven in, and the Turks were following them. The firing line of Major Denton, Captain Everett, Captain Croly, and others of the 11th Battalion on the Second ridge (MacLaurin's Hill) and of the 10th Battalion on the northern edge of the 400 Plateau, had now become the established front line in this part of the position.

It has been said that Salisbury, digging in south of the 10th near the head of Owen's Gully, had to his right front south of the gully the advanced parties with Major Brand near the captured Turkish guns. These consisted mainly of the leading officers and men from the destroyer tows of the 9th Battalion who had landed south of the rest and were slightly ahead of Salisbury in the advance inland. These two destroyer loads of the 9th, with Captain Whitham's company of the 12th, were the southernmost of the landing force. It will be remembered that Captain Milne, landing at the foot of the 400 Plateau, took his company from the beach straight up the southernmost spur of the plateau—M'Cay's Hill—which rose immediately above him. Captain Jackson, landing 400 yards further north at Little Ari Burnu ("Hell Spit"), began to move his company southwards across the mouth of Shrapnel Gully to the same spur. Above the beach Jackson was hit, and Captain Dougall[24] took his place. Moving up the slope of M'Cay's Hill, the two companies met.

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[22] Major A. E. J. Croly, 11th Bn. Late Captain (retired) Royal Irish Fusiliers; agent; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Dublin, Ireland, 1 Jan., 1882.

[23] Long after these parties had retired, and after the "battle outposts" of the 3rd Battalion had been established in Wire Gully, a tall Australian officer, bareheaded, his face caked with blood, was seen wandering close in front of Lieut. McDonald's post. The stranger was, by some chance, unmolested by the Turks, whose fire there was deadly. He fainted in the scrub and was pulled, half delirious, into McDonald's post. It was Major Scobie, of the 2nd Battalion, who had been wounded on Baby 700.

[24] Major J. M. Dougall; 9th Bn. Late Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. 23 Nov., 1880

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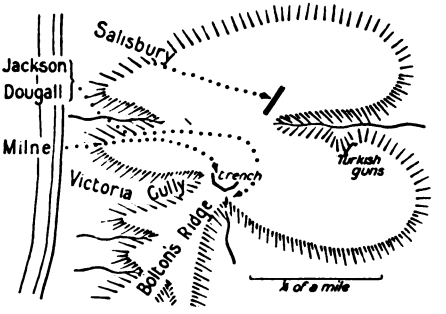
As they reached the plateau, these companies for the most part strove to carry out their instructions by changing direction so as to face Gaba Tepe, which, together with a hump in the Third ridge towards the south-east (known as Anderson Knoll), was their objective in the plans. Milne's company was slightly ahead. As it swung southward, it found itself looking out from the southern edge of the plateau over a very steep valley ("Victoria Gully"). This valley, leading up from the sea, ended a few hundred yards to the left of Milne in a spoon-shaped depression (later known as "Brown's Dip"). At the head of this depression the ridge which has been called in this narrative the "Second" left the plateau and continued south-westerly to the sea. It was this ridge (at this point known as "Bolton's") which faced them across the valley. Near the top of its slope, which was steep but not precipitous, were two small green fields. Above them on the skyline of Bolton's Ridge was a Turkish trench, from which, as Milne's company reached the top of the plateau, some of the enemy opened fire.



When the main part of the two companies changed direction towards Gaba Tepe, Milne's on the right was held by the fire from the same trench. The left of Dougall's company swung out far across the 400 Plateau. Its platoons, under Thomas and Boase, made straight over the plateau to The Cup, where Thomas (as has been told) came upon the Turkish battery. This company was ahead of Salisbury's, and only a few of its men became included in his line.

While Milne was held up by the Turkish trench on Bolton's Ridge, across Victoria Gully, a shot from it wounded him. Corporal Harrison—the same who afterwards attacked the Turkish guns—happened to be with Milne here, 300 yards south of his own platoon. Milne sent Harrison's section to

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work to the left behind the trench, and the position was presently taken by this party and by the scouts, the few Turks who were left in it being killed or captured. Milne, though wounded, moved on into this trench, which faced southward and could be used against troops advancing either from north or from south. Some of those who saw it were of opinion that it had been planned to resist an advance from Gaba Tepe towards Hill 971.

The fragments of the 9th which had swung southward were by this time scattered and short of officers. Lieutenant Plant,[25] with a party, was making his way south-eastwards to his objective on the Third ridge across endless minor spurs which run out of the southern edge of Lone Pine. Milne, whose second-in-command, Captain Fisher,[26] had already been wounded, was himself hit several times; but he left the Turkish trench and pushed eastwards across Lone Pine till he reached the Turkish guns near The Cup. Dougall had already headed southwards. He had now with him only Lieutenants Chambers[27] and Ross,[28] of Milne's company, and a handful of men. Nevertheless they pushed down Bolton's Ridge towards Gaba Tepe with what men the three could collect. About Bolton's Hill, the high shoulder in which Bolton's Ridge ended, not far from the sea, they reached an empty Turkish trench. By that time Chambers had been hit. The men had mostly been lost or scattered. Dougall's party occupied the trench.

Staying here at the southern extremity of the position, they first noticed heavy Turkish reinforcements coming out upon the summit of the Third ridge. Near its southern end, where it stooped towards the plain half a mile inland of Gaba Tepe, there began to appear a column of the enemy ascending by some road from the plain behind and marching steadily northward up the backbone of the ridge. As they reached a certain point, the foremost troops deployed and continued mov-

[25] Lieut.-Colonel E. C. P. Plant, D.S.O., O.B.E.; 49th Bn. G.S.O. (2) 3rd Aust. Div. 1918. Officer of Aust Permanent Forces; of Brisbane, Q'land; b. Charters Towers, Q'land, 23 Apr., 1890.

[26] Major J. L. Fisher; Aust Provost Corps. A.P.M. 3rd Aust Div. 1918; 2nd Aust. Div. 1918/19. Station manager; b. England, 18 Dec,. 1881.

[27] Captain R. W. L. Chambers; 9th Bn. Draughtsman; of New Farm, Brisbane, Q'land; b. Brisbane, 5 Apr., 1893. Killed in action, 21 Aug., 1916.

[28] Lieut.-Colonel C. F. St. P. Ross, M.C. Commanded 9th Bn. 1918/19. Fruit-grower; b. 4 April, 1887.

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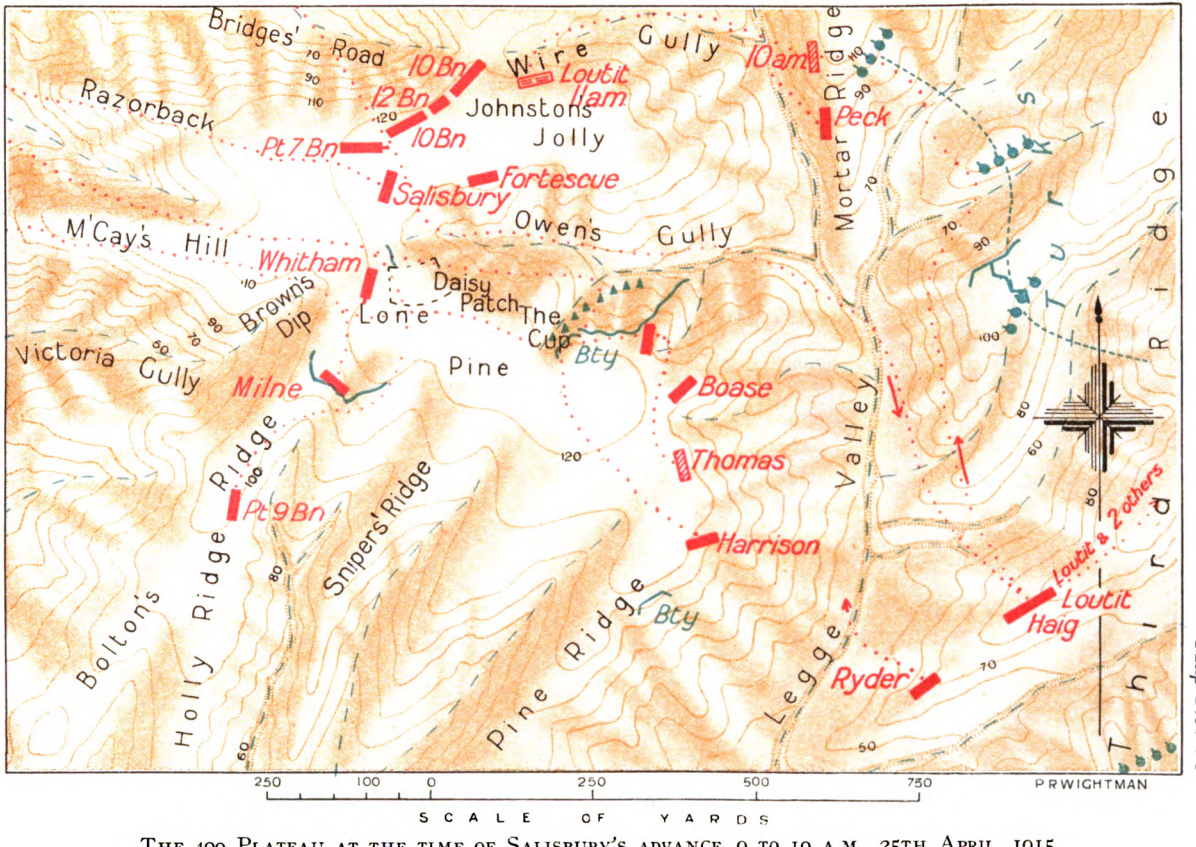

Map No. 16

THE 400 PLATEAU AT THE TIME OF SALISBURY'S ADVANCE, 9 TO 10 A.M., 25TH APRIL, 1915

British troops and trenches, red; Turkish, blue. Height contours, 10 metres.

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ing. So orderly and excellent was the deployment that Dougall, who had been in the British Regular Army, was greatly impressed. These must be well-trained and regular troops.

No reinforcements were reaching this small southern post of the 9th Battalion on Bolton's Hill. Dougall therefore went back up the ridge to the place where Salisbury was digging in. The brigadier, Colonel MacLagan, and Captain Ross, his staff-captain, were there. Dougall arrived full of the news of the Turks whom he had seen approaching. Presently the Turkish column making northwards up the Third ridge was seen by all the advanced troops on the 400 Plateau.

MacLagan, after despatching the 11th Battalion to the north, had left his first headquarters on Plugge's Plateau and, taking Ross with him, had followed the 9th and 10th across Shrapnel Gully to the Razorback. About twenty minutes after Salisbury—having received MacLagan's order—began to dig in, MacLagan and Ross came up to him. The brigadier found the young major acting in command of the battalion, with the orderly-room sergeant, by name Wilder,[29] doing the work of an adjutant. Wilder was an Englishman who had arrived some years before in Queensland. An educated man, and possessed of a London house in Park Lane, he had enlisted in the ranks of the 9th Battalion. For the moment Salisbury and he were working the battalion. MacLagan, on asking what they had done in the way of reorganisation, found that Salisbury had now collected about half the battalion. Salisbury's impression was that this line was being definitely taken up. The 10th and part of the 12th were in loose touch to the north of him; and parties of Milne's and Dougall's companies, with Whitham's company of the 12th, roughly continued the line to the south. Brand was still out ahead on Lone Pine, his advanced parties acting as covering troops to this part of the main line.

At this juncture—about 9 a.m.—there was formed the second decision which largely affected the battle on this part of the front. Very heavy firing broke out in front of the 10th Battalion on the left. The leading troops of the 2nd Brigade could be seen coming from the far side of Shrapnel Gully to

[29] Lieut.-Colonel M. Wilder-Neligan, C.M.G., D.S.O., D.C.M.; commanded 10th Bn. 1917/18; b. Tavistock, Devon. Eng., 2 Oct., 1882.

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support the line on the 400 Plateau. MacLagan came to Salisbury. He told him that a serious counter-attack was developing, and that he must send his men forward by sections to meet it.

The men had been allowed to take off their equipment in order to dig. Salisbury at once instructed the section commanders to get the men's equipment on again, and to advance by sections as soon as possible. One section after another, as it fastened on its kit, hurried forward across the plateau. No one was left on the line which the 9th Battalion had been digging, nor during most of the day was any settled line formed there again. As section after section was seen moving through the scrub, there descended on them from unseen rifles and machine-guns a whirlwind of fire. They became mixed and scattered beyond repair. Till the end of the battle the 9th Battalion was never together again.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE 2ND BRIGADE ON THE "400 PLATEAU"

WHEN the order was given which sent forward Salisbury's line, no one could have had any conception of the chain of events which was to follow it. MacLagan had long since had it in mind that, when the 2nd Brigade arrived, the advance of the 3rd could be resumed without undue risk. After advancing his headquarters across Shrapnel Gully, he had not been long in getting the strings of the situation into his hands. Reports, excellently lucid, were coming in from both officers and men in charge of advanced parties. Even he who had trained them was surprised at the regularity with which this information arrived. He could see Turks on the Third ridge, and they presently appeared there in numbers—judged to be between 2,000 and 3,000. To MacLagan it had seemed obviously unsafe to continue the advance against the Third ridge while such slender numbers were reaching the Second, and with no troops at all on his right. His first decision, therefore, had been that the 3rd Brigade should dig in temporarily, and reorganise on the Second ridge until the 2nd Brigade arrived; and that, when the 2nd Brigade came up, the 3rd should resume the advance against the Third ridge.

Now, at 9 a.m., when the advanced parties reported that the Turks were pushing forward and trying to outflank them on the north, the 2nd Australian Brigade was already coming up in strength behind MacLagan's right. He had therefore found it possible to order the further advance of Salisbury's line.

Scarcely had that line gone forward, when MacLagan made the third important decision affecting this portion of the front. From the time he left Plugge's it had been his intention to fix his headquarters eventually on MacLaurin's Hill, north of Wire Gully. The signallers with the headquarters telephone had been sent there direct from Plugge's while MacLagan and Ross moved across to the 400 Plateau. After ordering Salisbury forward, MacLagan made his way to the third position. Colonel Weir of the 10th informed him, on

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the strength of the reports from his advanced parties, that there was no hope of the 10th Battalion seizing the guns on the Third ridge which were part of its objective. MacLagan was still more impressed by observing that, in consequence of the difficulties of the route and the fire upon Plugge's, barely a quarter of the men who left Plugge's arrived on his side of the valley. The parties appeared to him to be split up and drawn into other parts of the line than those where he most needed them.

From that moment MacLagan gave up all idea of reaching the objective on that day. But the Second ridge, on which the line was then situated, formed a tenable position. He therefore ordered it to dig in there, and sent word to Major Brand, out on Lone Pine, informing him of this, and instructing him to withdraw all advanced parties to the main firing line.

This was MacLagan's final decision concerning the line on the 400 Plateau. Having given it, he turned all his attention to what from that moment he realised to be the key of the position—Baby 700. From his third headquarters, on MacLaurin's Hill, he could see Baby 700 three-quarters of a mile to his left spanning the head of Monash Valley. It directly overlooked that gully, behind the Second ridge on which his line lay. Along the bottom of Monash Valley was the only possible route for communications to the troops lining its edge, and unless Baby 700 were taken and held, the Turks would look straight down upon those communications at a few hundred yards' range. MacLagan henceforth concentrated all his efforts upon sending reinforcements up to the battle which he could see sweeping to and fro over the summit of Baby 700. The position on the 400 Plateau had been settled, so far as he was concerned, by his decision that the troops there could penetrate no further than the Second ridge, and by his order to dig in upon it.

But this order, so simple in its terms, was far from simple in fulfilment. The carrying out of an operation in battle depends upon the existence of an organised line or body of troops to which the command can be communicated, and which can be controlled in the performance. But Salisbury's portion of the line had now disappeared into the terrible fire which swept the breast-high scrub of the plateau. From this time

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until the end of the day, while the rest of the line was fairly definite, there existed on the 400 Plateau a gap which had an immense influence upon the course of the battle.

On either side of this gap the line was definite and stationary. At the northern end of the plateau, where the left of the 10th Battalion rested, MacLagan's order had its intended effect. The 10th, backed by a machine-gun of the 11th, formed there the line which Loutit found behind him on his retirement. Half a mile to the south, on Bolton's Ridge, where Milne had in the early morning occupied the Turkish trench above Victoria Gully, the line had also been fixed, as will presently be told. But between the two there was never, from the time of Salisbury's advance until nightfall, an established line capable either of receiving or of carrying out an order. Into this gap there was poured during the next few hours nearly the whole of the 2nd Brigade. In order to understand the manner in which this Brigade entered the struggle, it is necessary for a moment to return to the hours which followed the dawn.

It will be remembered that, when the first four transports anchored immediately before daybreak, the *Galeka*, carrying the 6th and 7th Battalions of the 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade, was brought by her commander, Captain Burt, close in to the shore. The troops were ordered to disembark in the ship's boats, and six of these moved off at once. Four of them, carrying most of Jackson's company of the 7th, made to the left, and were shot to pieces at Fisherman's Hut. The fifth and sixth boats contained Colonel Elliott, the commander of the 7th, Lieutenant Grills,[1] the rest of Jackson's company, and part of another. They had rowed themselves to within 400 yards of land when a returning steam-pinnace met them and took them in tow to the part of the beach where from now onward practically all troops were landed—the cove between the greater and lesser knolls of Ari Burnu, which henceforth became known simply as the "Beach."

The plan of the landing, as has been said, was for the 2nd Brigade to go ashore immediately after the 3rd, extend the left of the covering force from Baby 700 to Hill 971,

[1] Major S. Grills; 59th Bn. Rubber expert; of Footscray, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Kilkeel, Co. Down, Ireland, 21 Oct., 1888.

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and protect the left flank in the foothills down to the sea at the Fisherman's Hut. The detailed orders to the brigade were based upon this plan. Since it was to be put ashore north of the 3rd Brigade, it was conveyed only in the two northernmost transports of the first four.[2] The *Galeka* carried the 6th and 7th Battalions, and the *Novian* the 5th and the brigade staff. The two southernmost ships contained part of the Indian Mountain Batteries and a portion of the 1st Australian Infantry Brigade, both of which were to land at about the centre of the force, as near as possible to the 400 Plateau. Similarly, the northernmost ship in the second four carried the remaining battalion of the 2nd Brigade—the 8th. The main body of the 1st Brigade came in the southern ships of the second line.

The written orders provided that, when the 2nd Brigade landed, it should be met by one of two Staff Officers—Major Glasfurd of the 1st Australian Division or Major Villiers-Stuart[3] of the Corps. These two officers were to land earlier, and their first duty was to choose four convenient forming-up places near to the beach but clear of it, and two larger areas of rendezvous, one north and the other south of the landing-place. The intention was to form up the companies from each transport clear of the beach as they severally landed, in order not to hamper the work of unloading stores and guns; and then to march them to larger areas northward or southward where battalions and brigades destined for the respective flanks could assemble before entering upon their part in the operations. The 2nd Brigade was to be guided to the northern rendezvous. From that point its various battalions were to make their way along the crest of the ridges to their objective north of the 3rd Brigade. The 5th, 8th, and 6th were to climb the 400 Plateau, and thence march northward along the Second ridge to Baby 700 and Hill 971.[4] The 7th, which was to form the extreme left flank, would ascend Plugge's and thence march northwards up the main ridge.

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[2] See Map 9, p. 246.

[3] Major C. H. Villiers-Stuart, p.s.c. Officer of Indian Regular Army. Of Castlane, Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland; b. Edinburgh, Scotland, 2 Sept., 1874. Killed in action, 17 May, 1915.

[4] See Map 7, p. 227.

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It had been arranged that the first part of the brigade to land should be the 5th—which had farthest to go—together with the brigade staff. But the *Novian*, which carried them, had some difficulty in getting to her berth, and when she reached it no tows or destroyers came to her. The result was that the brigadier (Colonel M'Cay) and the 5th were much later in landing than the 6th and the 7th, from the *Galeka*. Thus it came about that Colonel Elliott of the 7th was the first senior officer of the 2nd Brigade to reach the shore. He landed south of the northern knoll of the Beach. After seeing the men into the cover of the steep gullies above the Beach, he set out to look for Glasfurd or Villiers-Stuart to guide his battalion. He was told that they were not yet ashore. He then asked for Colonel MacLagan. Someone said that MacLagan had his headquarters near the top of one of the gullies leading to Plugge's. Shortly before MacLagan left that headquarters to follow the 9th and 10th across the valley, Elliott panted up the hill to him and asked where the 7th Battalion was to go.

MacLagan told him that the original plan could not be carried out, the 3rd Brigade having been landed a mile too far to the north, and ordered him to collect his battalion on the southern point of the Beach. Returning to the Beach, Elliott found that the Staff Officers who were to guide the landing troops had arrived, and that one company of his battalion, under Major Mason,[5] had already been sent to a rendezvous chosen in Shrapnel Gully. Elliott ordered Lieutenants Grills and Swift[6] and other officers of his battalion, as they landed, to take their men there also.

The two guides, Glasfurd and Villiers-Stuart, had landed at 5.35 a.m., a few minutes after Elliott. Glasfurd had climbed the hill straight to MacLagan's headquarters, and had heard his decision that the 2nd Brigade, instead of going to the left of the 3rd, must come in on its right. He returned to the Beach, and at 5.50 a.m. met Elliott there with a company of the 7th. Glasfurd decided that the first forming-up places should be in the gullies immediately above the Beach, for the

[5] Lieut.-Colonel C. J. C. Mason, D.S.O. Formerly Judge's Associate in the Supreme Court, Melbourne; commanded 59th Bn. 1917/18; 5th M.G. Bn. 1918; b. Carlton, Melb., Vic., 1 May, 1878.

[6] Major C. H. Swift; 7th Bn. Clerk; b. Moonee Ponds, Melbourne, Vic., 10 Oct., 1894.

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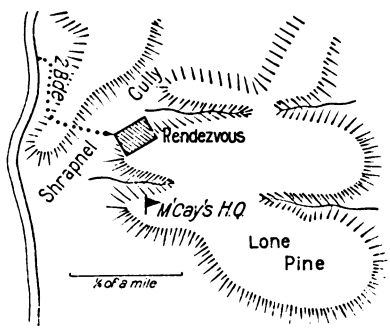
reason that these afforded cover against the shrapnel from Gaba Tepe which burst intermittently over the landing-place. He then hurried over the knoll at the southern end of the Beach into Shrapnel Gully; and partly in the level scrub of the valley near its mouth, partly on the rear slope of the Razorback opposite, he fixed the Rendezvous. This slope was always fairly sheltered, and at a later date became the camp of the Indian Field Ambulance and the mule-lines for one of the Indian Mountain Batteries.



MacLagan for his part had decided that the whole plan of the landing must be changed. The information obtained before the landing was that the Turks had considerable forces immediately south of Gaba Tepe, and he and others expected a heavy counter-attack from that quarter. As the 3rd Brigade had been landed a mile too far to the north, there would be no force on the right adequate to meet this counter-attack. Moreover all chance of carrying out any semblance of the plans of the day had vanished, unless reinforcements were brought in on the right. The obvious solution was that the troops of the 2nd Brigade, now landing, should come in on the south instead of the north and take over the right flank from the 3rd.

But M'Cay, commanding the 2nd Brigade, was MacLagan's senior, and he had definite orders to go to the north. MacLagan had already diverted M'Cay's leading troops when the latter, coming ashore and starting up MacLagan's Ridge to obtain a view of the country northwards, met MacLagan and Glasfurd coming down it. M'Cay knew that Elliott had landed before him, and presumed that he had gone to the north in accordance with the plans for the brigade. MacLagan told him that he had intercepted Elliott's battalion and had sent it to the right, that being the flank which was in danger of being turned.

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"I want you to take your whole brigade in on my right," MacLagan said.

M'Cay pointed out that this was asking him, as his first act, to disobey orders, and suggested that he himself should go forward and see the position.

"There isn't time," MacLagan answered. "I assure you my right will be turned if you do not do this."

M'Cay asked if MacLagan could also assure him that the left, where the 2nd Brigade should have been, was secure. MacLagan gave him the assurance, and M'Cay then agreed to throw his whole brigade in on the right. MacLagan himself went forward to the 400 Plateau near Major Salisbury's position. M'Cay, with Major Cass and the staff of the 2nd Brigade, hurried southward across Shrapnel Gully to the seaward slope of the plateau. Here, near the top of the hill (which afterwards bore his name), in a leafy gutter leading onto the plateau, he placed his headquarters. Leaving Cass to establish the brigade headquarters, the brigadier went up to the summit to obtain an idea of the country and to gain touch with his battalions.

Not long after this the commander of the Division, General Bridges, came ashore. He left the *Prince of Wales* early in the morning in a trawler with Colonel White, Major Blamey, and others of his staff, and reached the Beach at 7.20. Shells from Gaba Tepe were bursting from time to time over the cove, but in the gullies leading up from it there was good shelter. In one of these Major Mackworth,[1] the signalling officer of the 1st Division, had already established the divisional signal office. Seeing Bridges and White pass along the Beach, Mackworth called out to them that he would soon have telephone lines from there to both the brigades.

When Bridges landed, both MacLagan and M'Cay had gone forward. Bridges could find no senior officer on the Beach to inform him of the position. Accordingly, suspecting that the chief source of trouble to his force would be Gaba Tepe and the Turkish reserves near it, he hurried southwards to survey the position for himself. He picked up from officers and men whom he passed the information that the plan had

[1] Lieut.-Colonel H. L. Mackworth, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.E. Officer of British Regular Army. Commanded 1st Div. Sig. Coy. 1914/16; b. 17 March, 1878.

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been changed, and that the 2nd Brigade had been diverted to the south. White, in passing, had told Mackworth where the General was going, and some messages were sent after him, from which Bridges gathered further enlightenment as to the position.

Taking White with him, and keeping close to the high bank of the Beach in order to avoid the shells from Gaba Tepe which from time to time burst over the cove, Bridges climbed across the neck of Little Ari Burnu ("Queensland Point") into Shrapnel Gully. Wounded from the Second ridge were already streaming past on their way to the Beach. Some odd portions of the 2nd Brigade were in the valley, and a heavy fire of rifles and machine-guns was still playing from Baby 700 upon the flat near its mouth. The first sight which met Bridges' eyes was a number of these troops, under fire without any protection, sheltering in some disorder behind a high bank in the creek which ran down the gully. This disorganisation was of small importance; possibly it was due to absence of officers or to lack of control on the part of some junior. But Bridges had no sympathy for any weakness. He made with his long strides straight to the place, and spoke fiercely to the men. For God's sake let them remember that they were Australians. They looked up rather shamefacedly at the tall cold man standing amongst the bullets, and then came out and re-formed in the open. He left them, and went southwards across the valley and up M'Cay's Hill.

It so happened that both Bridges and M'Cay, upon landing, made directly to the same point on the battlefield. M'Cay, after leaving his headquarters on the seaward slope of M'Cay's Hill, had climbed to its summit; and from that standpoint, looking across Victoria Gully at Bolton's Ridge (as Milne had done in the early morning), he recognised at once the importance of this high shoulder on the extreme right of the Australian line. The skyline of the hill was only sparsely defended, the troops who had arrived there earlier having mostly left it to push on inland. On returning to his headquarters, he ordered Cass, his brigade-major, to collect what men he could at the foot of the gullies below M'Cay's Hill and lead them up to Bolton's Ridge to hold it. As the 8th Battalion was at that moment arriving—being the last of the 2nd Brigade to

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land—he ordered its commander, Colonel Bolton, to dig in on this ridge, which later bore his name.

Bridges, striding up M'Cay's Hill with White, missed M'Cay, and could not find his headquarters. But looking out from the hilltop where M'Cay had stood, he saw Bolton's Ridge lined with men, probably of the 8th Battalion, who were at the moment stationary. There was little sound of fighting at this time upon the right of the line. It seemed to White that the precious hour in which an advance might still be made was being allowed to slip.

But though there seemed nothing to prevent an advance on the right, Bridges doubted whether all was going well with the left. He remembered the rifle and machine-gun fire sweeping straight down Shrapnel Gully from behind the left flank. Though he too felt inclined to order the men on Bolton's to advance, he realised that he did not yet know the whole situation, and that it would be rash to take such a step until he learned more about the left. He therefore ordered the line on Bolton's to hold fast until further orders. He himself went northwards towards Johnston's Jolly, intending to reconnoitre the left of the line by walking along the Second ridge. As, however, it was impossible to stalk over the heads of the whole firing line he was constrained to return to the Beach by the way he had come. Climbing thence to the top of Ari Burnu Knoll, where the bullets were whipping into the old blockhouse parapet beside him, he saw that the Turks were at any rate not behind the Australians on the northern foothills; and after trying to climb Plugge's, which was too steep to be surmounted in the time which he could spare, he went back to Mackworth's signal station on the Beach. Telephone lines were now working from that station both to MacLagan and M'Cay, and Bridges approved of the gully for his headquarters. The general staff, quartermaster-general's, and other offices of the divisional staff quickly settled there on ledges and shelves dug into the bank.

In the meantime, from an hour long before that at which Bridges or even M'Cay landed, the 2nd Brigade had been coming ashore from its transports under a galling fire of shrapnel from the battery at Gaba Tepe. The boats of the 6th from the *Galeka*, following those of the 7th, found the shells

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been changed, and that the 2nd Brigade had been diverted to the south. White, in passing, had told Mackworth where the General was going, and some messages were sent after him, from which Bridges gathered further enlightenment as to the position.

Taking White with him, and keeping close to the high bank of the Beach in order to avoid the shells from Gaba Tepe which from time to time burst over the cove, Bridges climbed across the neck of Little Ari Burnu ("Queensland Point") into Shrapnel Gully. Wounded from the Second ridge were already streaming past on their way to the Beach. Some odd portions of the 2nd Brigade were in the valley, and a heavy fire of rifles and machine-guns was still playing from Baby 700 upon the flat near its mouth. The first sight which met Bridges' eyes was a number of these troops, under fire without any protection, sheltering in some disorder behind a high bank in the creek which ran down the gully. This disorganisation was of small importance; possibly it was due to absence of officers or to lack of control on the part of some junior. But Bridges had no sympathy for any weakness. He made with his long strides straight to the place, and spoke fiercely to the men. For God's sake let them remember that they were Australians. They looked up rather shamefacedly at the tall cold man standing amongst the bullets, and then came out and re-formed in the open. He left them, and went southwards across the valley and up M'Cay's Hill.

It so happened that both Bridges and M'Cay, upon landing, made directly to the same point on the battlefield. M'Cay, after leaving his headquarters on the seaward slope of M'Cay's Hill, had climbed to its summit; and from that standpoint, looking across Victoria Gully at Bolton's Ridge (as Milne had done in the early morning), he recognised at once the importance of this high shoulder on the extreme right of the Australian line. The skyline of the hill was only sparsely defended, the troops who had arrived there earlier having mostly left it to push on inland. On returning to his headquarters, he ordered Cass, his brigade-major, to collect what men he could at the foot of the gullies below M'Cay's Hill and lead them up to Bolton's Ridge to hold it. As the 8th Battalion was at that moment arriving—being the last of the 2nd Brigade to

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of this battery bursting overhead during the last 200 yards to the shore. The soldiers were rowing, and officers steering. "Now then—all together!" shouted Lieutenant Prisk[8] to his boat-load, as if coaching an awkward crew for a boat-race. The oars dipped three or four times in fair rhythm. Then—crack overhead—a scatter of shrapnel; sometimes a man hit; and the coaching had to begin over again. Nearing the beach, one boat was hit on the nose and began to sink. Two naval steamboats came alongside; some of the men were by then in the water, but they did not throw off their equipment.

Under such difficulties the 6th Battalion landed immediately after the 7th, and, boat-load by boat-load, as directed by Glasfurd, it moved over into the Rendezvous in Shrapnel Gully. Machine-gun and rifle fire was still coming down the gully from some position far away at its head on Baby 700. Before 7 a.m. half of the 6th Battalion had arrived, under Colonel McNicoll,[9] in the open scrub on the foot of the Razorback, about 200 yards from the 7th. The 5th Battalion began presently to form behind the 6th; the 8th followed and assembled beside the 5th.

It must not be imagined that the battalions of the 2nd Brigade were drawn up at the Rendezvous like a compact force on the parade-ground, nor that it was possible to issue any clear order explaining the complete cancellation of its plans and defining its new objectives. Indeed the objectives had been only vaguely determined. Neither M'Cay nor MacLagan had been in conference with Bridges; and in their own hurried conference on the hillside all that they could decide was that the 2nd Brigade was to be diverted to the right of the 3rd. M'Cay's understanding of the agreement was that his brigade should prolong the line of the 3rd and conform to its movements. Presumably it would take up the rôle which the 3rd Brigade was to have played in that part of the battlefield. Whether or not it was to attack the Third ridge, does not appear to have been decided.

The commands for the 2nd Brigade necessarily came from each of the three leaders, who had had so little opportunity of

[8] Captain R. C. G. Prisk; 6th Bn. Duntroon Graduate; of Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. Mount Barker, S. Aust.. 6 Aug., 1894.

[9] Brig.-General W. Ramsay McNicoll, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 10th Inf. Bde. 1916/18. School teacher; of Geelong and Melbourne, Vic.; b. South Melbourne, Vic., 27 May, 1877.

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coming to a precise agreement. The fact that all previous orders had been cancelled was learned by most officers of the brigade as soon as they landed. Such fresh orders as reached them were in the form of short verbal commands given by a bewildering variety of authorities to company after company as it came ashore. The telephone lines, the planned routes and well-marked tracks, which form part of the normal system for the co-ordination of attacks, could not be at once established in such a landing; each company—at certain periods each boat-load—which reached the shore was urgently needed in the firing line, and commands came to them from any senior officer in touch with the situation.

The result was that, by the time the last company of any battalion had reached the Rendezvous on the sheltered slope of the Razorback, its leading company had been ordered on to reinforce a "firing line" which was vaguely understood to exist ahead; and, by the time the head of that battalion moved forward, the companies at its tail would find themselves blocking the head of the next battalion, which was working up the hill in consequence of a similar command. The pressure of companies in rear was forcing ahead other companies still waiting for instructions on the hillside. Senior officers of the companies behind sent urgent inquiries as to the cause of the delay, and sharp orders to move onward. In some cases whole companies found themselves pushed forward in this manner without any instructions whatever, and guided only by the impression, picked up from orders given to others, that they were to reinforce the firing line of the 3rd Brigade.

Such was the position of the 2nd Brigade which now began to be poured into the gap on the 400 Plateau. It is probable that both MacLagan and M'Cay imagined that the brigade was reinforcing a more or less definite line which they assumed to exist on the plateau, although M'Cay became aware of a further gap which presently opened immediately to the south of it. But the line on the 400 Plateau was completely fluid. Company after company, battalion after battalion, of the 2nd Brigade moved into the fight, mostly with no definite order except to reinforce the 3rd, but with a vague idea that they were to help the covering force to advance as far as it could.

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The word to advance having once been given, officers and men, both of the 3rd and 2nd Brigades, had it firmly in their minds that they were intended to reach the Third ridge, or at any rate the fore slope of the Lone Pine Plateau. The advance was useless; without a concerted advance of the line further north, the position on the plateau was untenable. But the men and officers who received the order did not realise that there was no forward movement north of them; nor was it a matter which concerned them if they had been aware of it. So far as any of them knew, their instructions were those which had been preached at them for weeks—to push forward somehow, no matter what happened to others. Whether their objective was the Third ridge or merely the forward slope of the 400 Plateau, they knew not. Their duty, as they conceived it, was to press forward as far as they could towards these positions, and, whatever position they reached, to hold it at all costs.

It followed that, instead of an organised line being formed along the crest of the 400 Plateau, this upland became the scene of the most costly struggle of the day—a struggle which, beginning with the advance of the two companies under Salisbury, involved within a few hours nearly half of the 1st Australian Division. Probably neither MacLagan nor M'Cay, the two brigadiers responsible for this part of the line, had any conception of the heroic but useless advances which swept at least five times over the plateau during the next few hours, or of the even more costly retirements. The story of this struggle will never be fully known; too many of those who took part in it lay before nightfall killed and missing out in the scrub of the plateau and among the gullies and spurs to the south of it. In this fighting there was lost half the flower of the 1st Australian Division. So far as it has been gathered, the story is as follows.

The 2nd Brigade had begun to reinforce the 3rd upon the plateau before MacLagan's second order to Salisbury was given. The first order was to dig in on the 400 Plateau; the second sent Salisbury forward to meet an imminent counter-attack; the third was, in effect, that the advanced parties should be withdrawn and the line again established on the 400 Plateau. But the third order largely failed because

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there was now no organised line to carry it out. Even before Elliott reached his battalion with MacLagan's earliest orders to him—and long before M'Cay had arrived in Shrapnel Gully with the change of plans in his mind—the first companies of the 7th Battalion had been already sent on into the fight. In Elliott's absence Major Blezard,[10] one of the company commanders, was in charge of the battalion when Glasfurd sent its first troops onto the Rendezvous. He had no sooner arrived there, a little after 6 a.m., than he was instructed by some officer to send his own company and part of Henderson's[11] onto the 400 Plateau. This part of the battalion had, therefore, gone ahead and only Mason's company and the rest of Henderson's were at the Rendezvous when Elliott rejoined them.

Elliott's impression was that, although MacLagan had ordered him to collect his battalion towards the southern end of the position, the rest of the original plan was still in operation. Under that plan the 5th Battalion was to head the brigade in its advance from the 400 Plateau to Hill 971, and some instruction had reached Elliott that, as the 5th Battalion was late, the 7th was to take its place. Elliott accordingly directed the rest of the 7th to move up onto the 400 Plateau in order to begin the advance upon Hill 971, with Mason's company leading. Including the part of the battalion already sent up the hill, only three companies of the 7th could be found. Jackson's company had disappeared. Elliott searched everywhere, at his wits' end to find it. Most of it was at that moment lying on the naked beach before Fisherman's Hut, or huddled in its boats there, dead or dying. In vain Elliott hunted through the slopes of Shrapnel Gully. He heard that one of his machine-guns—the other had been dropped, its tall bearer shot dead, in deep water beside the boats—was on MacLaurin's Hill, and he proceeded thither to find Jackson. He could discover no trace of him. He then stood at the lower end of the Rendezvous, where the other battalions of the 2nd Brigade were arriving, and acted (to use his own description) as a sort of

[10] Major I. Blezard; second-in-command 7th Bn. Of Echuca, Vic.; b. Padiham, Lancs., Eng., 17 Feb., 1878.

[11] Captain R. H. Henderson; 7th Bn. Estate agent; of Hawthorn, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Hawthorn, 10 Dec., 1892. Killed in action, 8 May, 1915.

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directing post for them while he anxiously scanned each new detachment for traces of his own missing company.

While he waited at the bottom of White's Valley, only a few stray men rewarding his tenacious efforts to find them, Elliott presently saw the last of the companies which he had sent onto the plateau moving over the skyline at the head of White's Valley. Major Blezard, the commander of this company, had about this moment been hit above the heart by a bullet, but the figure of Captain Hunter,[12] its second-in-command, was clearly recognisable on the hilltop. Elliott was about to hurry up the hill to join his battalion, when he was met by Colonel M'Cay, who told him for the first time of the sweeping change in the plans. There was a gap, M'Cay said, in the line which was being formed by the 9th and 10th Battalions on the Second ridge. This was before the 9th, under Salisbury, had been sent forward; the gap in question was between the 9th and 10th, and was exactly in front of Elliott. M'Cay ordered the 7th to fill it, and Elliott put in his three companies. He was still grievously troubled about the absence of Jackson, and was endeavouring to collect odd men of the 7th in the gullies behind the line, when a message reached him from Captain Henderson, who commanded one of the companies which he had put into the line: "Have been ordered to advance 300 yards beyond the position you have assigned to me."

Elliott climbed onto the plateau to see the situation for himself. As he topped M'Cay's Hill, a bullet hit him in the ankle and put him out of the fight. But Henderson's message marked that critical development to which reference has already been made—the change which came over the battle when Salisbury's line on the 400 Plateau was ordered to advance.

It is possible that Salisbury's line had gone forward to meet the Turkish counter-attack, which was approaching from the Third ridge, before the 7th had actually reached the line. But the order to Salisbury's companies, once given, spread to the troops on either flank of them and, almost certainly, to those who arrived in support. It was then

[12] Captain H. H. Hunter; 7th Bn. Dentist; b. Bendigo, Vic., 18 Nov., 1881. Killed in action, 8 May, 1915.

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a part of the British Army training that, as orders were difficult to communicate in a modern battle, the men and officers in the firing line must always be ready to act upon words of command shouted along the line, repeated from man to man by word of mouth. Unreliable as that practice was, it had been dinned into the troops at Mena, and was part of their constant exercises. The result was that the order to the 9th Battalion to advance came to be repeated to part of the 10th Battalion on their flank and to some of the fragments of Hilmer Smith's company of the 12th sandwiched in between. It appears to have been passed to the newly-arrived 7th Battalion, and, although Henderson at once questioned it in his message to Elliott, part at least of the 7th acted upon it. Whitham's company of the 12th, which had come up with Milne and had been digging on Salisbury's right, moved, as soon as the 2nd Brigade appeared behind it, southward to Bolton's Ridge. When troops of the 2nd Brigade began to arrive behind him there, Whitham made a further advance towards the Third ridge. Whitham was carrying out, as far as he knew it, the original plan of the attack, but his advance was part of the general movement which took place at this moment on the 400 Plateau.

When Salisbury ordered his N.C.O.'s to get the men into their equipment and hurry on by sections as soon as they were ready, the platoon under Fortescue, which he had stationed ahead of him, was still in its place, overlooking the edge of Owen's Gully. Major Brand was at that moment returning to the line, leaving the advanced parties under Boase and Thomas on the forward slope of Lone Pine as outposts to cover the digging in. While Brand was still on his way, a message reached him from MacLagan telling him of the decision that the line was to dig in on the Second ridge, and ordering the withdrawal of all advanced parties onto the main line. But the moment had passed when the second part of this order could be carried out. The advanced parties had already been instructed to fall back if heavily attacked, and the summit of the 400 Plateau was now swept by a fire so fierce that both the sending of an order and its performance were wellnigh impossible. MacLagan's order for withdrawal, if sent, failed to reach the advanced parties.

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Salisbury waited till the last of his men had hurriedly fitted on their equipment, and then pushed forward with them. The sections had disappeared into the scrub on the Lone Pine (or southern) lobe of the 400 Plateau. Presently he overtook about fifty men of various companies of the 9th advancing through the scrub. With them were Captain Milne, already several times wounded, and Lieutenant Young[13]. About this time Salisbury himself was hit in the hand. The direction of their advance carried them south of Owen's Gully towards The Cup, where were the captured Turkish guns.

The fire which now swept over the Lone Pine plateau was in strange contrast to the lull during which the line had been digging in. The Turkish counter-measures to the landing were by this time beginning to be felt. The enemy, who had appeared on the Third ridge in the early morning, was now driving in Loutit and Ryder and advancing in strength from Scrubby Knoll across the ridges north-east of the 400 Plateau. As these Turks now saw section after section of Salisbury's companies advancing through the scrub on the summit, many hundreds of their rifles and several machine-guns were turned upon the plateau. This fire came from the Third ridge directly in front of Salisbury, and from the ridges and spurs ahead of either flank. But it was seldom that so much as a single Turkish infantryman could be seen from the plateau; the enemy simply lay in the scrub on all the crests and fired through it.

Of the fifty men with Milne and Salisbury only ten reached the further side of The Cup. Some of them, in passing the guns, stayed to fire from behind the steel gun-shields; others dropped into the shelter of the crevices; others were killed. The density of the scrub and the whirlwind of fire which swept through it had torn to shreds any organisation which such an advance by sections permitted. The story of the advance over the plateau becomes a narrative of isolated parties, seldom in touch with each other, striving in the loyalty of their nature to carry out such vague instructions as they had received. It is impossible to follow in these pages the advance and retirement of each small group

[13] Major W. McK. Young, D.S.O.; 9th Bn. Of Koongal, Rockhampton, Q'land; b. Maryborough, Q'land, 30 Jan., 1886.

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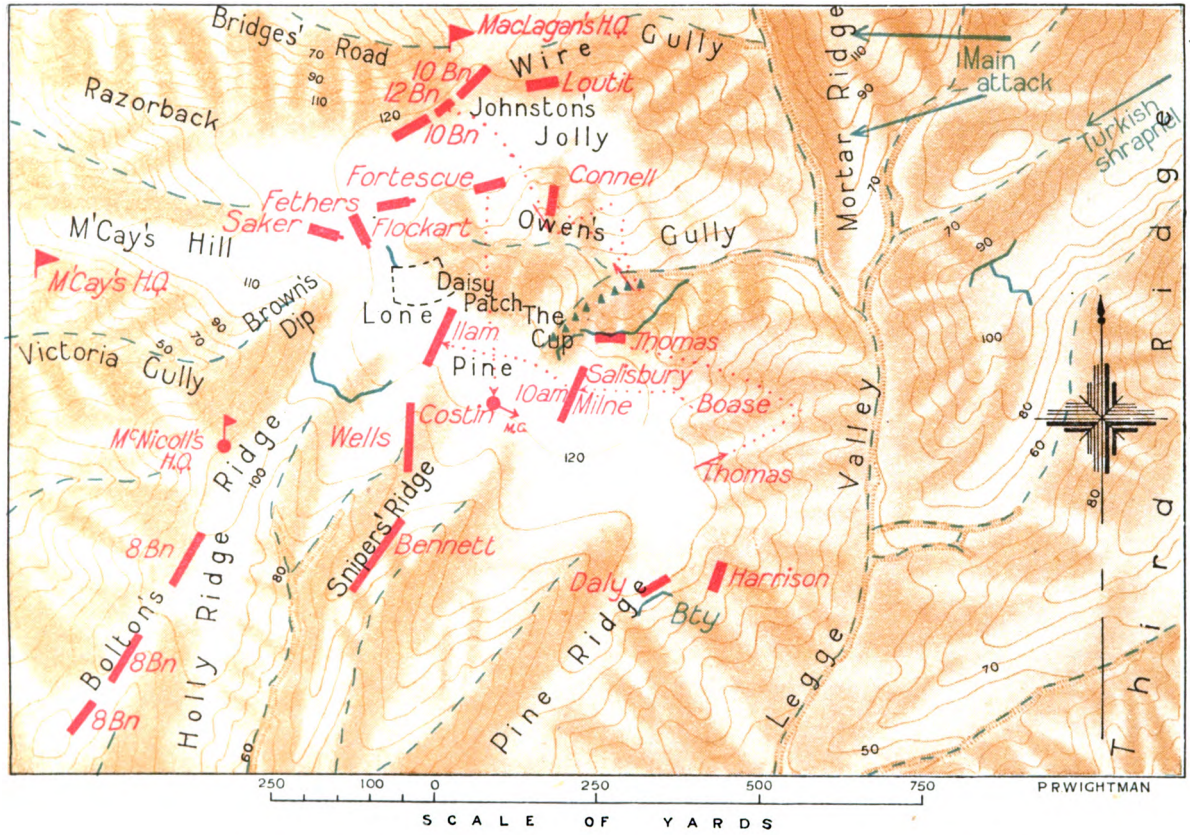

THE POSITION ON THE 400 PLATEAU DURING THE RETIREMENT OF THE ADVANCED PARTIES OF 3RD BRIGADE, AND THE ADVANCE OF 2ND BRIGADE, BETWEEN 10 A.M. AND NOON, 25TH APRIL, 1915

British troops, etc., red; Turkish, blue. Height contours, 10 metres.

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across the 400 Plateau on that day. The movements here related are only typical of those of many a brave handful whose story too often died with them upon that dreadful summit.

Before Salisbury advanced, Sergeant Connell[14] of the 12th Battalion commanded a section which had been sandwiched into the line of the 10th, and of which he had been placed in charge during the orderly reorganisation upon the plateau. The order was passed from Major Hurcombe[15] of the 10th that this part of the line was to advance in small parties, about twenty at a time. Connell took this for a command to advance against the Third ridge. As he led his party across Johnston's Jolly, Turks jumped up from the scrub ahead of them and bolted. They had probably been lying there all the morning, and a few seem to have lain there still, occasionally sniping when a good target offered. Connell led his party half-southwards into Owen's Gully, but other sections of Australians could be seen who continued to advance eastwards on the summit of Johnston's Jolly. Ahead of these, where the shoulder of the Jolly sloped into Owen's Gully, Connell noticed a short trench containing a party of Turks and a machine-gun. The enemy were intent upon the Australians on the Jolly, who had seen them and were making towards them. Connell's party at once turned up the slope and raced for the gun. As they neared it the Turks caught sight of them, fired a few hurried shots, shouldered the gun, and disappeared into the scrub.

Connell intended to occupy this trench with his party. But no sooner had he reached it, than a Turkish battery opened upon him with shrapnel. He therefore took his men down into Owen's Gully, and, after wandering in the thick scrub towards its mouth, moved into a deserted Turkish trench which led up onto Lone Pine, near the inland end of the 400 Plateau. There for a time his party stayed.

A platoon under Lieutenant Grills of the 7th Battalion found its way to what was perhaps another portion of the

[14] Captain W. A. Connell, D.C.M.; 12th Bn. Miner; b. Launceston, Tas., 22 Aug., 1884. Died of wounds, 28 Dec., 1917.

[15] Lieut.-Colonel F. W. Hurcombe, V.D. Commanded 50th Bn. 1916. Shipping agent and area officer; of St. Peter's, Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. Hindmarsh, Adelaide, 16 Aug., 1867.

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same trench. Grills commanded a platoon of Henderson's company, but the order to dig in had never reached him. He only knew that his duty was to advance. An enemy battery was showering the summit of the plateau with shrapnel, and it took an hour for the party to reach this Turkish trench at the eastern end of the Pine.

At this time the forward parties under Lieutenants Boase and Thomas, whom Brand had ordered to cover the digging of Salisbury's line, were still in advance of most of the troops on the plateau. On receiving Brand's order, they had moved their platoons in touch with one another until they reached the inland end of Lone Pine. Thence they continued to advance down two of the knuckles in which the Lone Pine plateau ended. Opposite them, across Legge Valley, was the Third ridge. There were already a certain number of Turks digging at that place, and presently the head of the Turkish reinforcements from the southern end of the ridge began to pass along the skyline opposite—first a line of pack mules, then a battalion of men. These moved steadily northward along the summit of the Third ridge. The Australians sniped at them, but the range was long, and it was impossible to see the flick of the bullets in the scrub. Messages were sent back through Owen's Gully informing the main body of this movement.

For some time Boase and Thomas were able to watch the movement of the Turks with impunity. They themselves were on either side of one of the steep quarry-shaped landslides which score the eastern slope of the Lone Pine lobe. A tall arbutus scrub twelve feet high helped to screen them from the enemy's view. And though, as the numbers of the Turks on the opposite ridges increased, a fierce rifle fire and machine-gun fire began to play upon the 400 Plateau, it passed for the most part over the heads of the advanced parties. Though the bullets from four or five machine-guns were clipping the arbutus leaves over their heads, the interference with Boase's men was not serious.

The party under Thomas, however, advancing nearly to the foot of the spur, came under very heavy fire and suffered heavily. Shortly afterwards the Turkish reinforcements, which till then had been making northward across the front, deployed and began to move in extended order down from the

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Third ridge towards the 400 Plateau. This was almost certainly the same movement of which the first stages so impressed Dougall, and to meet which Salisbury had been ordered forward. Thomas consulted hurriedly with Boase. The party under Loutit and Ryder, which had been out on the Third ridge, had been driven in across the left front, and both the flanks of Thomas and Boase were now in the air. The Turkish advance threatened to pass them by on the north and cut them off. They therefore decided to withdraw alternately by stages of about fifty yards, each party covering the retirement of the other by its fire.

Corporal Harrison—who had led the attack on the Turkish guns—was on the extreme right of Thomas's platoon, commanding an isolated section of men on the south-eastern corner of Lone Pine. The Turkish attack on the north of the Pine, which drove in Thomas, was hidden from Harrison's party. They had heard nothing of the withdrawal, and stayed out, overlooking the southern reach of Legge Valley, where the enemy were at present inactive. Meanwhile the rest of the advanced party, under Boase and Thomas, retired onto the summit of Lone Pine, until they reached a position about fifty yards in front of the Turkish guns at The Cup. There they formed a disjointed line in the scrub. Thomas had sent one of his men, Lance-Corporal Harman,[16] with a message to Major Brand, reporting the Turkish attack and the dangerous isolation of the advanced party, and asking for support. Harman was hit, but the message appears to have got through either to Brand or to MacLagan.

It was to meet this Turkish advance that Salisbury's line moved forward. Portions of it began shortly to arrive at the roughly-constituted line which Boase and Thomas were holding. Lieutenant Haymen[17] of the 9th, with about fifty men, having been ordered by Brand to reinforce the advanced party, reached Thomas about half an hour after the retirement to The Cup. Haymen's party was put into the gaps in the line. At this stage the Turkish rifle and machine-gun

[16] L/Cpl. H. R. Harman (No. 669, 9th Bn.). Motor mechanic; of Lismore, N.S.W.; b. Windsor, Berks., Eng., 17 Dec., 1884. Died of wounds, 2 May, 1915.

[17] Lieut. F. G. Haymen: 9th Bn. Surveyor and undergraduate; of Brisbane, Q'land; b. Toowoomba, Q'land, 14 Sept., 1891. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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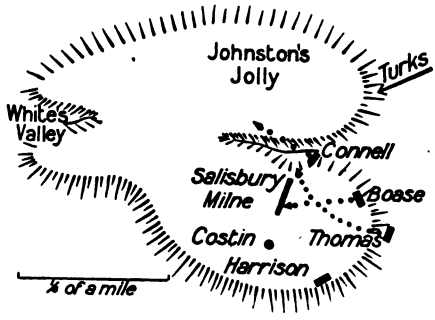
fire, sweeping the summit of the plateau, was causing heavy losses. First Milne, and shortly afterwards Salisbury reached the same rough line in the scrub. But no organisation or even communication along the line was possible. Somewhat detached from the rest, on the right of this position—where the summit of Lone Pine gave a wide view over the spurs southwards towards Gaba Tepe as well as northward to the main range—were the two machine-guns of the 9th Battalion. The machine-gun officer of the battalion, Lieutenant Costin,[18] had been one of the leaders in the advance from the beach. So difficult was communication in this scrub under the fire which swept through it, that Costin knew nothing of the whereabouts of the rest of the 9th or of the existence of any firing line.



It was about 10 a.m. when Salisbury and Milne reached their position beyond the summit of the plateau, and from that hour until late in the afternoon it still contained remnants of the 9th and 10th Battalions. Haymen and about fifteen men stayed on in the Turkish trenches near the captured Krupp guns. Fortescue, who in the early morning had been stationed by Salisbury as an outpost to cover his original line, found his way to the same place. Finding that the fire from an invisible machine-gun further down Owen's Gully was killing his men, Fortescue had crossed the gully southward to avoid it. As he lay on its southern edge, a party of Australians came up. They were men of the 2nd Brigade under a captain of the 8th Battalion. Their orders were to reinforce the firing line, and the officer sharply asked Fortescue what he was doing there. Fortescue's explanation —that he had been told to remain there while Salisbury dug in—did not satisfy him. The officer had seen no line of any

[18] Lieut. J. W. Costin; 9th Bn. Telegraphic engineer; of Brisbane, Q'land; b. Graceville, Brisbane, 1 Sept., 1891. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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sort. He told Fortescue to get on with his men into the firing line, towards which he believed his own advance was directed.

The 2nd Brigade was by this time moving in small bodies across the plateau, and Fortescue went forward with his party. The fire sweeping the plateau grew fiercer. Machine-guns invisible to them raked it with their bullets. Aimed rifle shots picked off one after another of the men, and their numbers dwindled. Presently they saw Australians ahead of them.

They were Lieutenant Costin with his machine-guns. Costin was there alone with the men of his section; he knew nothing of the rest of the 9th Battalion; but he believed that Lieutenant Haymen with a few men was in some gun position down the hill. Fortescue, who had only seven men left with him, moved in the direction indicated by Costin, and found Haymen with fifteen men in the gun position, somewhat screened from fire by the shoulder of The Cup. Fortescue asked Haymen if the firing line was ahead of him. Haymen replied that he was sure that no men of their own side were now in advance of them, for rifle fire was reaching him from the front at short range.

The Turkish counter-attack was by this time driving past the north of the 400 Plateau. The Turks were entirely ignoring the southern flank of the Australian position, and were bringing their reinforcements northwards by some road which led along the summit of the Third ridge across the Australian front. Opposite the 400 Plateau they turned and moved to the attack in conjunction with other heavy reinforcements, which were arriving from an easterly direction at Scrubby Knoll. Some of the Turks, with machine-guns, had followed Loutit's party to the foothills north-east of the 400 Plateau, and had reached Johnston's Jolly. At the time of Salisbury's advance they were driven from the Jolly, but were now thrusting forward again with ever-increasing numbers behind them. Their gun teams, advancing up the Third ridge, were seen by Connell, Thomas, and others, and, being fired upon, were forced to limber up quickly and change their position. But at least one battery of mountain-guns was presently established near Scrubby Knoll, and between 11 o'clock and noon they opened a most deadly fire upon the 400 Plateau. About midday clouds of dust continually rising by Scrubby

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Knoll betrayed the arrival of constant reinforcements of Turkish infantry.

This attack was driving in between the Australian force on Baby 700 and that on the 400 Plateau. Far up the main range Tulloch on Battleship Hill, and shortly afterwards Jacobs and the parties supporting Kindon on the inland spurs of Baby 700, felt these bodies penetrating past their right, just as those forward on the plateau felt them pushing past their left. The Turks were pressing onto Johnston's Jolly, and into the bottom of Owen's Gully. Salisbury could hear the fire of the Turkish rifles in that quarter growing closer and closer. It seemed to him that it was being directed against the Australians further back on the plateau, and there appeared to be great danger of the Turks driving through onto its summit behind him. They were seen, however, by a party of the 12th Battalion somewhat in rear on the northern side of the gully. This was possibly Connell's party, who had been driven by shrapnel fire from their forward position in a Turkish trench on the plateau and had retired up the gully to a niche on the slope of Johnston's Jolly. From that point during the remainder of the day they were firing at the Turks who attempted to steal across the foot of Owen's Gully into their old trenches on Lone Pine. This fire appeared to check the enemy, for the sound of their rifles grew less.

Salisbury had sent back for reinforcements; but his messengers never returned and no reinforcements came. He conferred with Milne, and they decided to take the men back in widely extended order to the summit of Lone Pine, some 300 yards in rear, where there seemed to be some sort of main line. This movement was carried out. Salisbury, skirting Owen's Gully, retired behind the crest. Milne, who had been wounded five times, was sent to the rear. The troops with whom Salisbury now met almost all belonged to the 2nd Brigade. At Brown's Dip he found twenty of them without an officer, and took them forward over the crest, till he reached again some part of the rough line near Costin's machine-guns—a few hundred yards to the right rear of his old position. A fair number of his own men were here, and here during the greater part of the day Salisbury remained.

The fire upon the crest of Lone Pine was now almost

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beyond endurance. In addition to the Turkish rifles and machine-guns, the mountain-guns on Scrubby Knoll were throwing their salvoes rapidly and without cessation onto the summit. One after another, Salisbury's officers fell. Captain Melbourne[19] was badly wounded in the head; Lieutenant Chambers was hit; some distance from them Lieutenant Costin, bravely holding his isolated position on the crest, was killed by a shell which destroyed one of his machine-guns. Steele,[20] the machine-gun sergeant of the 9th, who survived him, carried the remaining gun down the hill to Haymen's party in the gun-pits. The dead and wounded in Salisbury's line lay in some places two deep in the scrub. Salisbury returned two or three times for reinforcements to Brown's Dip behind the crest, where Captain Black,[21] medical officer of the 6th Battalion, had his aid-post. Every time Salisbury took forward men of the 2nd Brigade. The continuous and heavy loss which the line was suffering in advance of the crest convinced him that the wisest course would be to withdraw it into the shelter of the reverse slope. But the doctrine of the day was that a line should be in advance of the crest, and Colonel McNicoll of the 6th Battalion, whom Salisbury met near Brown's Dip, was anxious to get his men forward. Salisbury led several parties. His own men had mostly fallen, and his line, such as it was, became gradually held by the 2nd Brigade. The party with Lieutenant Thomas, fifty yards in advance of the gun-pits, eventually consisted entirely of men of that Brigade.

The troops who first reinforced Salisbury, and who for some hours of the day formed a line across part of the gap upon the 400 Plateau, were a portion of the 7th Battalion (which had been placed on the plateau by Elliott), together with two companies of the 6th which followed them. Early in the morning, while the 6th Battalion had been crossing Shrapnel Gully towards the Rendezvous, Colonel MacLagan passed it, and asked Colonel McNicoll, its commander, to extend the

[19] Captain A. C. V. Melbourne; 9th Bn. University lecturer; b. Adelaide, S. Aust., 10 June, 1888.

[20] Major A. Steele, D.S.O., D.C.M.; 11th Bn. Commanded 3rd M.G. Coy. 1916/17. Drill instructor in Aust. Permanent Forces; b. Mount Gambier, S. Aust., 20 Aug., 1888. Killed in action, 7 Oct., 1917.

[21] Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Black, D.S.O. Commanded 7th Field Amb. 1916/17; b. Melbourne, Vic., 23 Aug., 1887.

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right flank of the 3rd Brigade. McNicoll had only eight or nine boatloads of his troops with him. Sending two officers to the Beach to guide the rest of the battalion, he hurried to the right, taking with him Major H. G. Bennett,[22] the young officer who was second-in-command of the 6th, and the two leading companies. The struggle in which these two companies engaged on the spurs south of the Lone Pine plateau will be described in the next chapter. The two rear companies, landing after them, were diverted while on their way forward, and became involved in the fighting on the southern part of the 400 Plateau. A portion of them, under Major Wells, formed a line in rear of the crest of Lone Pine. In extension of this position Major Bennett organised a line among the spurs south of it. For a time, about midday, the line established under these two officers formed an important rallying-ground across part of the gap upon the plateau.

The 6th Battalion was followed by the 5th. The *Novian* was late in discharging her troops, and the first boatloads of the 5th were forming up under the bank along the beach, when the tall form of General Bridges was seen running down the hill above. He was returning, flushed with haste, from his reconnaissance of the right. He caught sight of Colonel Wanliss of the 5th and, waving his cane, called to him: "Wanliss, I want you to get your men together and reinforce the firing line with all available tools and ammunition. Don't wait for the rest of your battalion to get into formation—but push on."

The two leading companies, under Major E. F. D. Fethers[23] and Captain R. P. Flockart,[24] were already forming up, but of the next company, Major R. Saker's,[25] only one platoon, under Lieutenant A. P. Derham,[26] had arrived. Colonel

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[22] Brig.-General H. Gordon Bennett, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 3rd Aust. Inf. Bde., 1917/18; 1st Aust. Div. (temply.) 1919. Area officer; of Canterbury, Melbourne, Vic.; prior to the war was an actuarial clerk in the A.M.P. Society, Melbourne; b. Balwyn, Melbourne, 16 Apr., 1887.

[23] Major E. F. D. Fethers; 5th Bn. Bank accountant; b. Malvern, Melbourne, Vic., 11 May, 1887. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[24] Major R. P. Flockart; 5th Bn. Of Camberwell, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Ballarat, Vic., 14 Nov., 1886. Died of wounds, 15 July, 1915.

[25] Major R. Saker; 5th Bn. b. 8 Nov., 1877. Killed in action, 26 Apr., 1915.

[26] Captain A. P. Derham, M.C. Staff captain 2nd Inf. Bde. 1915/16. Returned to Australia, completed medical course at Melbourne University and appointed Captain in A.A.M.C.; of Hawthorn, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Camberwell, Melbourne, 12 Sept., 1891.

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Wanliss ordered Derham to join Fethers' company, and the two companies, with this platoon added, "formed fours" and set out for the Rendezvous. The movements which followed were so typical of the fighting of the 2nd Brigade upon the 400 Plateau that they will be given in some detail.

The companies of the 5th Battalion toiled independently up the narrow goat-tracks in the scrub of the Razorback. The day was warm, the sky blue. Some of the men were inclined to growl at the weight of the extra tools added to the burden of their heavy packs and ammunition. High up the hill Fethers halted his company in the scrub, and sent forward scouts to find, if possible, the firing line or the route to it; others were sent to obtain instructions from the colonel, who appeared to have taken a different track to the front. The companies, resting on the slope in glorious weather, with the blue sea below them, the mountains of Imbros and Samothrace floating like clouds on the horizon, and the great fleet of transports and warships spread out a few miles from the shore, had long since forgotten their anxiety. Far overhead the rifle and machine-gun bullets, as they passed harmlessly out to sea, sang softly like homing bees. Not one in ten among the men had previously heard the sound of a bullet in the air, but the gentle lisp which they made at that distance carried no terror. Occasionally came the shrill whine of a ricochet. Every now and then a fleecy puff of shrapnel unfolded over the Beach. The unexpected ease of their conditions put the men in high spirits.

But some of the officers realised with a shock that, except for the vague directions which they had heard Bridges give to Colonel Wanliss, they had no instructions at all. The colonel had taken a different track towards the sound of the firing, and the battalion had missed him. The scouts had not returned from the front with news of the battle-line, and already the other companies were arriving at the foot of the hill. Word reached Lieutenant Derham from Saker that the rest of his company had come up, and that it would follow Derham's platoon. Saker ordered him to move ahead in the same general direction as the companies under Fethers and Flockart.

The three leading companies of the 5th accordingly wound up the Razorback in three long columns—still in fours.

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Presently Fethers' company moved over the skyline above the head of White's Valley and disappeared in the scrub to the left front. Derham, at the head of Saker's company, found that the bullets, previously so harmless, were now whipping in between the men. Having no orders or clear conception as to where he was to go, he slowed down the company and sent forward two scouts. Several times word came from the rear that he was to push on. The crest was now close at hand. Derham was little more than a boy, a student who had started his medical course at Melbourne University. He knew that it was against all the rules of tactics and prudence to move over the skyline ahead of his own scouts, with his company still in dense formation, under a growing machine-gun fire at short range. But he had no authority to act otherwise. He therefore led his company on again, and then, on his own responsibility, halted it immediately behind the crest. All his training cried out to him that the column should be deployed before it reached the skyline. He sent a N.C.O. back to Major Saker to explain the position, while he himself proceeded to the crest to reconnoitre the battle which they were about to enter.

From the crest he saw—nothing; empty hills, gullies bare of any sign of life, not a man nor a gun of either his own side or the enemy's. He was looking straight down the head of Owen's Gully. There was no rifle smoke, no trench, no sign of a Turk; only an occasional burst of shrapnel on either flank and the whistle of bullets through the air. Derham returned to Major Saker, who by this time had brought the company close up to the crest. At that moment the sound of rifle fire broke out on the left front, where Flockart's company had last been seen.

A message appears to have come to Saker from Flockart asking for support. Saker gave the signal to advance, and the company moved over the crest, still in column of fours. As it did so, Saker rushed out ahead of it and gave the signal to extend. The men strung out into a long line in the scrub, Derham on the left opposite the head of Owen's Gully, Saker on the right, and began to advance to Lone Pine.

Then the storm burst. The Turkish battery at Scrubby Knoll had the advancing troops in full view on the skyline at less than a mile's range. The Turkish gunners pumped

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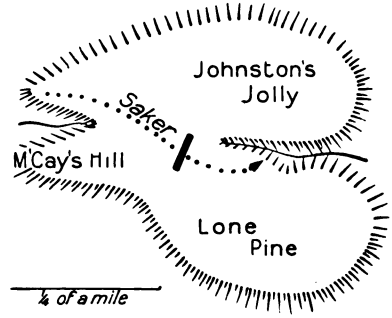
into them shell after shell. Unseen machine-guns from down Owen's Gully opened upon them, firing through the scrub. Fortunately the shrapnel was poor stuff and the machine-guns fired high. The signal was given to lie down and then to advance by short rushes. The company advanced over an abandoned Turkish trench, past the small open square of the Daisy Patch blooming with red poppies, into the thick scrub of Lone Pine, where a man five yards away was invisible. By the time it reached the forward edge of the Daisy Patch there were with the officers only a few of their N.C.O.'s and men. They lay down there in the scrub.



As there were no orders and no firing line, Derham set to work to find the enemy who was firing at him. He searched the landscape with his glasses, but found no sign of a Turk, until, on the skyline south of Scrubby Knoll he saw the enemy's guns. Three hundred yards nearer, on the slope below the guns, was Turkish infantry, advancing by rushes through the scrub in rough skirmishing formation. Derham's men fired on them, and the Turks began to run. But, one after another, Derham's men were being hit. They were of little service to their side, lying there out of touch with any other section. Derham therefore passed a message to Saker asking if there were any further orders. The answer came back—"No." Saker was still waiting for a signal from Fethers or Flockart. Presently word reached Derham that Saker was wounded.

Derham and Saker had until then kept touch with each other by raising their heads above the scrub from time to time until they caught each other's eye, and then in concert giving the signal to advance. But now, when Derham called, no answer came; Saker had fainted from his wound. Derham started towards him to get his orders, making the journey by short

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rushes. Every time he rose, a Turkish machine-gun fired at him; twice it followed him closely; the third time it caught him. A bullet struck him in the thigh and spun him round; he rolled a few yards down hill and lay there bleeding heavily and fainting.

When the shock passed, Derham found that, though dizzy from loss of blood and paralysed in the left leg, he could crawl. He thereupon continued his journey towards Saker, and presently was able to hobble on both legs, until he came, not upon Saker, but upon twenty men of his own company under Sergeant Crellin,[27] one of their platoon commanders. Crellin was an Australian militiaman, almost too stout of build for fighting in such country. But he was literally as cool as on a peace-time parade. Derham took over the command, and led his line forward through the dense scrub of Lone Pine beyond the Daisy Patch. Crellin was killed later in the fight.

Here at last he found lying in the scrub not indeed a firing line, but wounded men of every battalion in the 3rd Brigade. A sprinkling of unwounded men was amongst them. On his left were a few under Lieutenant Phillips[28] of Derham's own battalion. There was no semblance of a defensive organisation; the Turkish machine-gun bullets and shrapnel had torn to shreds whatever line had once been there. All that remained was the scattered débris of a previous advance, still holding out in the scrub. Derham's party joined a handful of men of the 1st Battalion with Lieutenant Cook[29] of the 2nd.

The 1st Battalion was the only one in the 1st Brigade whose companies had been directed onto the 400 Plateau. Before the last troops of the 2nd Brigade had landed, those of the 1st Brigade had begun to come ashore, and the 1st Battalion had been sent forward to reinforce MacLagan. Its leading companies reached him before his attention became focussed on Baby 700, and two of them, with their battalion machine-guns under Lieutenant Wootten,[30] were thrown into

[27] Sgt. N. C. Crellin (No. 854, 5th Bn.); b. Caulfield, Melbourne, Vic., 23 Dec., 1894. Killed in action, 26 Apr., 1915.

[28] Captain A. J. Phillips; 5th Bn. Manufacturer's assistant; b. Albert Park, Melbourne, Vic., 30 Sept., 1894.

[29] Major G. S. Cook; 2nd Bn. Architect; son of Right Hon. Sir Joseph Cook, formerly Prime Minister of Australia; b. Chesterton, Staffs., Eng., 8 March, 1886.

[30] Major G. F. Wootten, D.S.O. G.S.O. (2) 5th Aust. Div. 1918. Duntroon Graduate; of Mosman, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Marrickville, Sydney, 1 May, 1893.

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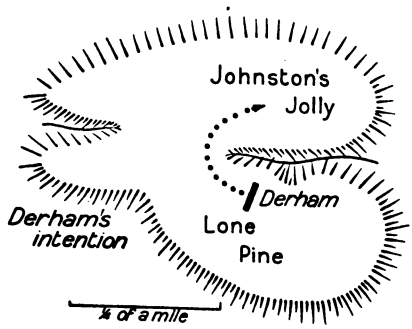
the fight on the plateau. Thither also the headquarters of the battalion under Colonel Dobbin eventually found their way. The men who were with Cook belonged either to one of these companies or to a part of the 2nd Battalion which had taken the same direction. He and Derham cannot have been far from The Cup and from Salisbury's later line, but they saw neither. Derham's orders were to find the firing line. He therefore sent forward a trustworthy scout, Private Pinkerton,[31] upon the dangerous task of reconnoitring the forward slope of the plateau. After fifteen minutes Pinkerton came back with the news that no such line existed in front of them. The only sign of what might be a firing line was half-a-dozen Australians whom they now saw lying in rifle-pits scratched on the summit of Johnston's Jolly. Derham and Cook decided, in order to avoid loss, to send their men back singly round the head of Owen's Gully to join the group on the Jolly.



About twenty men were able to move. The wounded appealed piteously to be taken with them. But one of the common tragedies of this war was that, if men regarded the appeals of the wounded, they often failed in their duty to their side. A thousand times that day it would have been easy to leave the firing line in order to help a wounded comrade to the rear, and during the later hours many men so acted. But Derham's men could not take their part in the fight if they carried wounded to the rear; their task was to reinforce the firing line with all possible speed. The wounded had to be left in the scrub, exposed to the danger of bullets and—what they feared more—of falling into the hands of the Turks. All the answer Derham could give to their appeals was that his men were retiring in order to advance again.

[31] Pte. W. Pinkerton (No. 825, 5th Bn.). Labourer; of Albert Park, Melbourne. Vic.; b. Brisbane, Q'land, 1 July, 1876. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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Derham's men withdrew as directed, and some of them, under their sergeant, Ghent,[32] found their way to the party upon Johnston's Jolly. Derham and Cook, leaving after the rest had gone, unwittingly made too far southward. About the crest of the plateau they came suddenly upon a line of some 200 men in the scrub. This was the line of the 6th Battalion before-mentioned under Major Bennett and Major Wells.[33] It was at this time barring the southern end of the gap on the plateau. Some portion of Flockart's company of the 5th Battalion had diverged southwards and joined it.

The scrub on Lone Pine was so thick that the men of Fethers' company had been lost to view before Saker's company went over the crest. Like Saker, Fethers, finding no firing line, had advanced his company through the scrub in search of one. He was a young Victorian accountant, a man of high ideals and well beloved by his men. He had led his company some 200 yards beyond the crest, when he fell dead, shot by a sniper. But the company went on. Part of it under Lieutenant Ross[34] took a northerly direction onto Johnston's Jolly, and though Ross was hit, his men eventually, under some unknown officer, lined the edge of Wire Gully.

Another platoon of Fethers' company, under Lieutenant Hooper,[35] held straight on across the whole length of Lone Pine, still in search of a firing line and making for the Third ridge, which Hooper believed to be the objective. Gradually moving down over the southern shoulder of the plateau, they found themselves sheltered from the fiercest of the fire which swept the level surface of the Pine. As they approached its south-eastern edge, they heard rifle shots ahead. This, Hooper thought, must be at last the Australian firing line. From over the rim of the hill he saw a tent. A man of the 10th, lying wounded, warned him that it was a mark for Turkish bullets. Hooper's party made three more rushes, and on the

[32] Captain L. Ghent; 3rd M.G. Coy. Of Brunswick, Melbourne, Vic.; b. West Melbourne, Vic., 21 June, 1895. Killed in action, 20 Sept., 1917.

[33] Major R. W. Wells; 6th Bn. Clerk; b. 24 March, 1878. Died of wounds, 11 May, 1915.

[34] Captain J. W. Ross; 5th Bn. Bookkeeper in Vic. Govt. Railways; b. Ballarat, Vic., 27 March, 1892.

[35] Captain R. M. F. Hooper; 5th Bn. Blacksmith's engineer in the Vic. Govt. Railways; of Albert Park, Melbourne, Vic.; b. East Melbourne, Vic., 11 June, 1889. Killed in action, 9 Aug., 1915.

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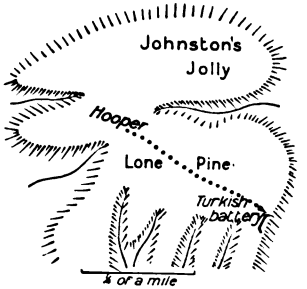
shoulder of the last southerly spur of Lone Pine (Pine Ridge), exactly at its junction with the Pine, they came suddenly upon a Turkish battery position. It had been deserted by the Turks, but several small guns were still in place. They were Hotchkiss guns—probably mountain-guns firing a 10-lb. shell. Behind them were emplacements built of pine logs, roofed over and heaped with clay. In these gun-pits Hooper's party sheltered. Of fifty men who started with him only three reached the gun-pits; but Captain Daly[36] and some of the 6th had also arrived there. They garrisoned the old Turkish trench connecting the pits, and remained in it overlooking Legge Valley and facing the Third ridge. At intervals stray men from similar parties, hearing their voices on the south-eastern shoulder of the Pine, came down the slope and joined them.



Of the third company of the 5th Battalion—Flockart's—a portion, in moving on to the Jolly, came upon the body of Flockart's bosom companion, Major Fethers. Flockart dropped down beside it and covered his friend's face with his cap. Flockart was the only company commander of the 5th now left upon the plateau unwounded. He gradually formed a line of stray men of his own and other battalions some distance out upon the summit of Johnston's Jolly.

By this time, therefore, between noon and 1 p.m., something approaching a line had been established on the 400 Plateau and the spurs immediately south. The line was, however, not continuous; there was still a gap near the head of Owen's Gully. But north of this the 10th Battalion, with fragments of the 1st, 5th, and 7th, were strung out in unconnected lengths near the Australian edge of the plateau, with a line under Flockart some distance forward on Johnston's Jolly; south of the gap Wells had a definite line in rear of the crest, which was roughly continued on the spurs south

[36] Lieut.-Colonel C. W. D. Daly, D.S.O. Commanded 6th Bn. 1916/18; b. 5 May, 1890. Killed in action, 13 Apr., 1918.

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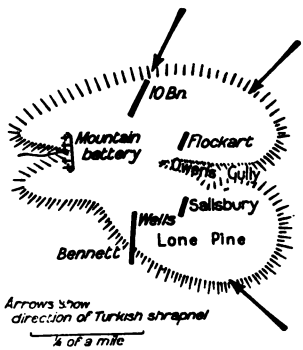
of the Pine by isolated bodies under Major Bennett of the 6th, Captain Whitham of the 12th, and some of the 8th. Similarly, some distance ahead of them, Salisbury and certain of the earliest troops upon the plateau were still lying in the scrub of the Pine.



The southern portion of the line—that under Wells—being behind the crest of the plateau, was invisible to the Turkish artillery, and was suffering only from stray shells and "over" bullets. But the part north of the gap was within sight of any Turkish observer on the heights of Battleship Hill. The forward elements were also within plain view of anyone upon Scrubby Knoll or the Third ridge. Had it been possible for the line to lie quietly in the scrub, its presence might not have been guessed. But so passive a rôle would have been impossible in such an enterprise as the landing, even if the troops who constantly arrived from the rear without any instruction to guide them had been aware of the need for concealment. By the constant sight of figures advancing on the plateau the Turks knew that the scrub at this place was peopled with the Australian troops. Several times the order to fix bayonets, given by some over-strained or anxious officer, spread like fire along the line fringing the plateau, and the simultaneous flash of a thousand points of glittering steel more than once betrayed the presence of the main line.

This brought into play a factor which from noon onwards was decisive in checking any further advance by the Australians and New Zealanders, and which by nightfall had worn them down to a point at which disaster was not impossible. That factor was the fire of the Turkish artillery. It has already been mentioned that, between 11 a.m. and noon, a battery of Turkish mountain-guns situated upon Scrubby Knoll began to play upon the 400 Plateau. There is some evidence that this battery opened at an earlier hour, bursting its shells over Plugge's in an endeavour to reach the Beach. When, how-

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PART OF HEADQUARTERS 1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION LANDING FROM THE *Ribble* ABOUT 10 A.M., 25TH APRIL, 1915.

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G904.

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Nek. Baby 700. Battleship Hill. MacLaurin's Hill.

ussell's Top.

Razorback. Fork of Monash Valley (in distance). "Second" Ridge.

SHALLOW PITS SCRATCHED ON 25TH OR 26TH APRIL BY INFANTRY ON RAZORBACK NEAR THE MOUNTAIN GUNS. THE LINE LAY FACING OUT OF THE PICTURE, WITH THE VALLEY IN ITS REAR AND SOME OF THE DISTANT HEIGHTS IN POSSESSION OF THE ENEMY.

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G924. Taken 24th October, 1915.

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ever, the 2nd Brigade was seen advancing on the plateau at a distance of less than a mile, the battery turned immediately upon it.

The men on the plateau formed a perfect target for the Turkish batteries. An Australian who so much as stood up could be seen by every Turkish artillery observer round nearly half the horizon. In front of a semicircle of heights, reaching from Battleship Hill to Gaba Tepe, the 400 Plateau stood out like the stage in a Greek amphitheatre. On that semicircle the Turks had by the middle hours of the day established at least four batteries. Of these, one—that at the southern end of the ridge where it joined Gaba Tepe—was firing upon the boats and the Beach; the other three fired upon the front line. The northernmost, from some position near Chunuk Bair high up in the folds of the main range, was shelling Baby 700, The Nek, and the slopes of Monash Valley; the centre battery, from the southern shoulder of Scrubby Knoll, was playing entirely upon the plateau; the third, near Anderson Knoll, a mile south of Scrubby Knoll, was in the first instance harassing chiefly the troops on Bolton's Ridge at the southern end of the line.

It was the two batteries near Chunuk Bair and upon Scrubby Knoll which were responsible for the greatest strain placed upon the nerves of the Australian troops that day. The former was in almost direct continuation of the Australian line upon the Second ridge; in military language, it completely enfiladed the line. When it lengthened its range (as it appears to have done at intervals) upon the troops lining the Second ridge, it could not miss them; every shot went home. The gunners had only to increase or shorten the range in order to play on the backs of the Australians on the Second ridge as a fireman plays with a hose.

To the battery upon Scrubby Knoll every movement of Australians in the scrub of the 400 Plateau was plainly visible at a range of less than a mile. The guns there began to play steadily on the plateau, not as with the whirlwind barrages in France, but incessantly hour after hour, the salvoes of four shells recurring every minute or half-minute as automatically as the shower of some giant garden-spray. The Turkish guns in this battle fired nothing except shrapnel, but there was

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no cover from it. If men stood up to dig, they were swept by machine-guns. They were forced to lie flat, without trenches, on the open surface in the scrub, listening to the hail of each shrapnel-burst hissing through the shattered leaves, each man waiting for the burst which would end his suspense.

It was 11.30 a.m. when Colonel M'Cay reported that his troops on the plateau were under accurate fire from the north-east. Attempts were made at the various headquarters to guess the position of the guns by the direction of the pellets. Some of the advanced parties could see the Turkish guns on Scrubby Knoll and near Anderson Knoll, but though the position of the latter was reported again and again, the messengers were killed or wounded, and the messages lost or distorted. In the afternoon Colonel Weir and Captain Lorenzo of the 10th, near Wire Gully, thought that they could pick up the "flash" of a Turkish battery (the dust raised by the blast from their muzzles) near Scrubby Knoll. But for the most part neither the men who were suffering so heavily nor the head-quarters behind them had any certain clue as to the directions from which the shellfire came.

There was thus no means of striking back at the weapon which was inflicting this torment. The ships' guns, upon which Churchill had counted with such complete assurance, were so useless in such a situation that they had almost ceased to fire. The naval officers and men were pathetically eager to help the infantry, but if they tried to direct their fire by observation from the ships, and shot at distant figures in khaki under the impression that they were Turks, they were likely to hit Australians. They did not even know where the front line was. The covering force carried a certain number of red and yellow flags, with which it was to mark its position for the benefit of the artillery, but these were far too certain an attraction for Turkish fire, and therefore were not shown. The *Queen*, when asked at noon to shell the Third ridge south of Scrubby Knoll, did not dare to do so for fear of hitting Australian troops. The young Australian officers appointed to direct from the shore the fire of the ships had landed early in the morning, but they could do scarcely anything. Communication with the ships was slow. Although a wireless station was established at an early hour on the Beach, the

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messages were eventually transmitted almost entirely by hand signalling. The Navy knew that the infantry must be suffering under the fleecy shrapnel bursts which unfolded endlessly in the blue sky. But there was no sign of the Turkish batteries from which they came; they might have been anywhere on the whole flank of the mountain. The balloon ship and the seaplane gave no solution. It was no fault of the Navy that its guns could not fire over impossible angles at undiscoverable targets.

The Australian field artillery was not yet ashore. Colonel Hobbs, who landed at 10 a.m. and at once climbed up Plugge's Plateau to discover a position for his batteries, had as yet—about noon—found in those ridges no place for a single field-gun.[37] In the fighting before noon, except for the *Bacchante* trying hour after hour to silence one small battery upon Gaba Tepe, the landing force was completely unsupported by artillery. The infantry were thus struggling against a weapon which was out of their range. A deep catching of the breath, a cry after each shower of shrapnel, told where its pellets had gone home. The stream of wounded was incessant. The rest could only hold on, hoping—though without believing—that the torture would soon end.

At 10.30, however, the first of the two Indian Mountain Batteries, the 26th,[38] had begun to land. The brigade commander, an elderly Anglo-Indian officer, had been ashore early to reconnoitre; and when the 26th (Jacob's) Battery landed, the small guns—wheels, trail, and two parts of the barrel packed on a string of mules—wound up through the steep scrub of the Razorback, where it was ever afterwards camped, to a point on the 400 Plateau close behind the crest. Rafferty's platoon of the 12th Battalion, coming from the fight at Fisherman's Hut to escort the guns, met them on the Beach. The escort, originally fifty, was now reduced to Rafferty, a sergeant, and sixteen men. Nevertheless it marched with the battery to the plateau, and there, with three guns on either side of the head of White's Valley, at five minutes before noon, Jacob's Battery opened fire.

[37] Colonel Hobbs thought he could get guns up Rododendron Spur if it were captured. Early in the afternoon he reported to Bridges that two field-guns could be placed on the left. Bridges asked that these should be brought ashore.

[38] Originally raised by an officer named Jacob in Beluchistan and generally known as Jacob's Battery.

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According to the plan this battery was to support from that position the attack of the 11th and 10th Battalions on Battleship Hill and Scrubby Knoll. The commander of the battery, Captain H. A. Kirby,[39] went forward to the firing line of the infantry at the head of Owen's Gully to direct the shooting of his guns. Down the slopes south of Scrubby Knoll—which the 10th were to have been attacking—almost opposite the plateau, he could see the Turks moving through the scrub. As the best means of supporting the Australian infantry on the plateau, he turned the fire of his six small guns upon the slopes of the Third ridge.

The mere sound of Kirby's battery close behind them came to the Australian infantry like a draught of cool water to one perishing from thirst. From end to end of the line it brought fresh heart to the men. But it could not last long. Although the position of the guns was screened from the Turks immediately ahead, Battleship Hill and the main heights to the north looked down upon it almost as the gallery of a theatre looks upon a stage. The battery had scarcely made its appearance there, when the Turkish battery in the folds of the main range was turned upon it. From then onwards the shrapnel seemed to concentrate upon these guns and upon the parts of the line about them. The British officers of the battery carried out their work exactly as if there were not a shrapnel shell in the air. Captain P. C. Chapman[40] was wounded in the forehead and shoulder. He was sent away and died in Egypt. Jemadar Dulla Khan, an Indian officer, was wounded. Ammunition was running short. At 1.7 p.m. Colonel Parker[41] sent a message to Kirby in the front line telling him to come back to the guns. Kirby left Captain Whitting[42] to observe, and went to the battery.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock the incessant fire upon the plateau and Bolton's Ridge was having its effect upon the infantry. The Turkish battery near Anderson Knoll had been attracted by the bark of the guns, and this part of the plateau was now

[39] Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Kirby, D.S.O., M.C., R.A. Of South Weald, Essex, Eng.; b. Newnham, Hants, Eng., 18 Jan., 1881.

[40] Captain P. C. Chapman, R.A.; b. 10 March, 1884.

[41] Brig.-General J. L. Parker, C.M.G., R.A. Of Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex, Eng.; b. London, Eng., 8 Jan., 1863.

[42] Major E. Le G. Whitting, D.S.O., M.C., R.G.A. Of Weymouth, Eng.; b. Stower Provost, Dorset, Eng., 5 Sept., 1881.

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being raked by a cross-fire from two directions. The line could be seen coming and going in front. After almost every retirement some brave man led it forward. But parties, or single men, finding themselves unsupported or in some place which seemed to their tortured brains a range mark for the enemy's shells, worked rearwards into the crevices behind the hillside and tended to straggle into the bottoms of the gullies behind the Australian line. Kirby, seeing this movement, became anxious for the safety of his guns. Rafferty's escort was now reduced by death and wounds to twelve; Kirby therefore moved him to the right rear of the guns, while he himself, with Sergeant-Major Piggott,[43] of the 5th Battalion, an old British soldier, rounded up what men they could from the valleys.

At 2.25 the Turkish shrapnel and rifle fire became more intense. Men were dropping every minute. At last Kirby, who had been wounded in the head but was still working, decided to withdraw the guns to shelter. The Turkish fire was far too deadly for him to bring up the mules; the valley behind was littered with dead animals. Consequently he ordered the guns' crews to drop part of the equipment, and to run the guns back off the plateau by hand. This was done. Guns, men, and mules were taken towards the Beach and there reorganised. When they came into action again in another position towards the end of the afternoon, only four of the six guns could be manned, and those with difficulty. Kirby, after working until he fainted through loss of blood, was sent to a hospital ship. Next day, finding her still off the Beach and a boat beside her about to leave, he slipped overboard and "deserted" back to his battery.

The same terrible hour which drove the mountain-guns from the 400 Plateau brought also the crisis of the battle for M'Cay's tormented infantry. It will be remembered that before noon certain portions of a line had been re-established on the plateau—north of the gap, the 10th and some of the 7th and 5th, with an advanced line under Captain Flockart; south of the gap, a line under Major Wells of the 6th, with Major Bennett on the spurs south of him and Major Salisbury in

[43] S.S.M. F. E. Piggott (No. 6, 5th Bn.). Instructor in Aust. Permanent Forces: b. 1 Sept., 1877. Died of wounds, 26 Apr., 1915.

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advance.[44] When it was heard that Saker had been wounded, a platoon of the 5th under Lieutenant Levy[45] was sent up to strengthen Flockart. This platoon and part of Carter's[46] "public school" company[47] of the 5th reached the line under Wells, and formed part of it at the moment when Lieutenants Derham and Cook (as related earlier in this chapter) fell back upon it.

Wells's line was behind the crest. It was subject to an occasional irritating fire intended for the troops in front and men and officers were under the strain of being condemned to see nothing and do nothing. But it had not been discovered by the Turks, and was suffering nothing comparable with the effects of the storm which swept the 400 Plateau. When Derham came into this haven out of the whirlwind on the summit, he, like Salisbury, was convinced that it was better to preserve the troops behind the crest than to have them slowly and uselessly exterminated on the summit of the plateau. There were thirty yards of fairly open hilltop in front of the line—a sufficient field of fire to allow it to beat off any Turkish attack. Derham strongly urged upon Wells the wisdom of keeping the line where it was.

Wells made his way southwards in order to find his senior in the line, Major Bennett. While he was away, some movement was noticed in the scrub forty yards ahead of the left of his line. Derham, who had just retired from that direction, knew that it was not caused by the Turks, and that probably it was due to some stray party of Australians. But the nerves of the line were tense. A shout went up—"There they are!" One excitable junior officer dashed forward, calling to the men to follow, and the left of Wells's line, including most of the "public school" company, rushed forward over the crest.

Derham endeavoured to stop the men, but, as that proved impossible, he limped after them. Their advance was swift, and it was some time before he came up with them. There

[44] These lines, although other officers also were prominent in them, are designated here by the names of those mentioned in the narrative.

[45] Captain L. Levy; 5th Bn. Barrister-at-law; b. St. James' Park, Hawthorn, Melbourne, Vic., 1 Jan., 1890.

[46] Major H. Carter; 5th Bn. Area officer; of Prahran, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Melbourne, 10 Feb., 1890.

[47] Half of this company was composed of old boys from the great public schools of Victoria.

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happened exactly what had been foretold. The line, going over the crest, at once attracted every Turkish rifle or machine-gun within range. As it moved down the long glacis of the summit, over the Daisy Patch bare of any cover, the Turkish battery on Scrubby Knoll burst its shrapnel in rapid salvoes full in the face of the troops. Yet Derham had to hobble many hundreds of yards before he came on a fragment of them, under Lieutenant Levy, lying on the southern slope of Lone Pine along the spur later known as Weir Ridge.

Here Levy's men, though sheltered from the fire sweeping the crest of the Pine, were under a very heavy rifle fire from the right. Derham lay down beside Levy. Both realised only too well that the advance had been a fatal mistake. The organised line of a few minutes before was now scattered and dishevelled on the forward slope. It was impossible to stay where they were. While the two lay together talking, Derham, already seriously wounded, was hit by three more bullets; one struck his shoulder-strap, a second the revolver on which he lay, the third went through his shoulder without striking the bone. They were on an exposed knuckle overlooking all the land to the south—the Third ridge, the low country inland of Gaba Tepe, the Kilid Bahr Plateau a few miles beyond. From somewhere in that landscape came the fire which was raking them. Two hundred yards ahead, where the last southerly spur sprang from the high southern shoulder of the Pine, they could see Australians moving in some position which they were evidently defending.

Derham and Levy decided that their party was bound to be "cut up," whether it advanced or retired. It was better to die going forward than going back. The word was therefore given to advance, and the line went forward in one long rush down the 200 yards of slope. Derham, now twice wounded, struggled after it.

The Australians in front proved to be Captain Daly of the 6th and Lieutenant Hooper of the 5th, with some twenty men, in the Turkish mountain-battery position before mentioned. They were manning a trench which bent round a knuckle of Pine Ridge overlooking Legge Valley, and which connected the gun-pits. In this trench Levy joined Hooper. In rear of the emplacements, in a small rectangular pit, was Daly with a few

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men. Derham almost fell into it. Excitement, the shock of his wounds, and the overwhelming toil and strain of the morning, had brought him nearly to the end of his tether. He asked for leave to sleep. Daly gave it, and the exhausted boy dropped at Daly's feet and slept where he fell.

Daly's party in the mountain-gun position on the south-east shoulder of the Pine, Corporal Harrison's a little to the north of them, and Haymen and Fortescue's party in the Krupp field-gun position near The Cup, were, so far as is known, the only bodies of Australians on Lone Pine which were not suffering such losses as made their extermination merely a matter of time. All of these were protected by their positions, which were slightly below the summit of the plateau and so were not swept by the fire which raked it. The position in the Turkish trench at The Cup—in a hollow overlooked from every side—was useless. During the afternoon Haymen was killed. Every military instinct in the officers urged that the right course was to abandon the wounded and order the survivors back over the hill. But no one made the decision, and they stayed on. On the other hand the position of Daly's men, overlooking Legge Valley, was tactically more valuable. It is true that they were under a constant sniping fire from Turks on the Third ridge. Of the thirty-five who formed the party more than half were wounded, but their trench, garrisoned by determined men, would not be easily taken from the front. The one great danger was that, if the enemy gained the summit of Lone Pine, which rose behind their left flank, they would be cut off without hope of retirement.

M'Cay was aware of this danger. Three of his battalions had established headquarters behind the line, and information was reaching him with fair regularity from each of them. The southern sector, on the right of the line, was commanded by Colonel Bolton of the 8th, who himself was acting mainly through Lieutenant-Colonels Field and Gartside, his juniors in the 8th Battalion, who were in its firing line on Bolton's Hill. The sector north of this, covering the northern part of Bolton's Ridge and the southern portion of the 400 Plateau, was commanded by Colonel McNicoll of the 6th. The 6th and 7th were so intermingled, besides being confused with other battalions, that, since Elliott had been wounded, McNicoll really

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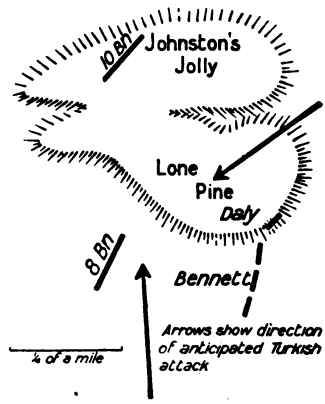
commanded both. He had his headquarters about a quarter of a mile in advance of M'Cay's, behind the northern end of Bolton's Ridge. A telephone line from M'Cay's headquarters was "through" to McNicoll by noon. Further still to the north, in White's Valley, behind the gap in the line on the plateau, were the headquarters of the 5th Battalion, with Captain Stewart[48] acting in command. The northern portion of the line on the plateau was supervised by Colonel Weir of the 10th, who was in touch, not with M'Cay, but with his own brigadier, Colonel MacLagan. MacLagan himself looked down on this part of the line from his headquarters on the high shoulder of MacLaurin's Hill, afterwards known as "Scott's Point."



The battalion commanders themselves had little notion as to where the elements of their battalions on the plateau and spurs ahead of them might be. The information reaching M'Cay was partial and vague. He was afraid for his right, though it was not threatened. But he also realised well the great danger from a Turkish attack upon the 400 Plateau. He knew that the spurs which sprang from the south of Lone Pine were held by his troops, and that the arrival of Turks on the Pine would cut off their retreat. Nothing but rifle fire kept the Turks from the plateau, and he became aware that a great gap had opened in the line on which he depended to bar their way. This was probably due to the advance of Wells's line. At 12.50 p.m. M'Cay received a report from some part of his line which still existed on the plateau that it could not stand against the enemy's fire unless supported by artillery. "Am trying to dig," the message said, "but fire too hot. Very few men left."

[48] Brig.-General J. C. Stewart, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 14th Inf. Bde. 1918. Bank official; b. Port Fairy, Vic., 19 Jan., 1884.

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The remainder of the 5th Battalion had by this time been thrown into the fight, and the only reserve which M'Cay possessed was the single company of the 1st Battalion which had strayed into White's Valley. He obtained leave from General Bridges to use it, and at 1.30 this company was put in. Not a man was now left in reserve to the 2nd Brigade. The gap in M'Cay's front was widened by the sending forward of part of the 8th Battalion from Bolton's Ridge. He urgently appealed to Bridges for further troops.

But this was the hour when reinforcements were becoming imperatively needed for Baby 700. Bridges was sending thither all the troops in his reserve except the 4th Battalion. He was unwilling to throw in the 4th until further units, either of the New Zealand infantry or of the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade, were landing. A message was sent to M'Cay ordering him to establish his brigade on the Second ridge, from Bolton's Ridge to the top of Owen's Gully ("which is practically your present position"), and there entrench.

But M'Cay's very difficulty was that the troops who had been holding that position had been led forward and were now scattered among the spurs and on the summit of Lone Pine, involved in a struggle from which no military machinery ever devised could have withdrawn them. At 3.30 he issued orders to his battalion commanders to establish the line laid down, but he warned Bridges that his brigade had lost heavily and would not be holding the line in satisfactory strength. If this truly represented the position, it was a serious matter indeed. But Bridges now had in his reserve no troops except the 4th Battalion, and during these hours of the afternoon the landing of further men had ceased. Bridges knew that the position on Baby 700 was critical, and the question was whether it was MacLagan or M'Cay who needed reinforcement the more imperatively. In the early afternoon he had sent a member of his own staff, Major Blamey, to M'Cay's headquarters. At 3.30 Blamey telephoned to Divisional Headquarters that M'Cay's need for reinforcements was extreme. Bridges promised that if a battalion were available it would be sent. An hour elapsed, and still no such reinforcement reached M'Cay. He had striven to bridge the gap in his centre by making the 8th Battalion on Bolton's Hill extend as far as

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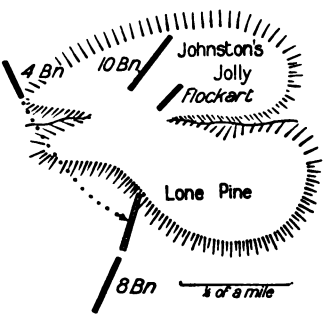
possible to its left. At 4.45 M'Cay telephoned to Divisional Headquarters. The reply came from Colonel White: "The General has only one battalion left; MacLagan has been very hard pressed, and the General is loth to dispense with this battalion until other troops come ashore to-night."

M'Cay answered that he could not manage to bridge the gap in his line; unless reinforcements arrived, the Turks might come through it at any moment. Major Blamey, standing beside M'Cay, added that in his opinion the situation was very dangerous—that some of the men were giving way.

A few minutes later the voice of Bridges came to M'Cay through the telephone. "M'Cay," he said, "I want you to speak to me, not as subordinate to general, but as M'Cay to Bridges. I have only one battalion left. Do you assure me that your need for it is absolute?" M'Cay replied that he did; unless it were sent to him, the Turks could come in behind the right of the line. Bridges promised him the 4th Battalion, and ordered Blamey to come down and lead it up. At 5 o'clock, when the battalion moved from Shrapnel Gully, there was not a man of the landing force left in reserve. The 4th Battalion arrived shortly before dusk at the northern end of Bolton's Ridge, to find a few overstrained men holding the crest. The 4th entrenched itself along the summit a little south of the 400 Plateau. Shortly afterwards the enemy began to creep up, gradually developing an attack which was maintained, with intervals, throughout the night.



With the arrival of the 4th Battalion at Bolton's Ridge, the gap, which had been greatly widened by the advance of Bennett and Wells, was again narrowed to a short space on top of the 400 Plateau. The officer upon whom in the end the task of bridging this gap mainly fell was Major Saker, of the 5th Battalion, who had been wounded in the morning when his company first advanced onto Lone Pine. It has been mentioned that, about the time when Fethers was killed and

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Saker wounded, Captain Flockart had formed an advanced line on Johnston's Jolly. He managed to maintain this line until about 1 p.m., when the terrible fire of shrapnel upon the plateau was at its height. At that hour a message arrived from him at the battalion headquarters saying that, if he could not obtain reinforcements, he would have to withdraw his line and abandon his wounded. Captain Stewart (acting in command of the 5th) at once sent forward that part of the 5th —about a company, under Captains Carter and Luxton[49]— which remained in reserve, and himself went forward with it.

As the company advanced under the hail of shell fire which met every movement, Flockart was seen retiring. He came in about 200 yards, bringing his wounded with him. Flockart himself was wounded in the jaw. Where he met Stewart the line stayed. Stewart and Carter were soon afterwards wounded by shrapnel. But Major Saker's ankle had now been dressed, and he climbed again onto the plateau and came upon the line at a point not far from the head of Owen's Gully.

The Lone Pine lobe of the 400 Plateau, on which M'Cay feared that the Turks might appear, was held during the whole of the afternoon by mere disorganised parties. Thomas, of the 9th, with his remnant still lay fifty yards in front of The Cup, suffering heavily from shrapnel, which had followed the parties of the 2nd Brigade as they advanced upon the Pine. Thomas's line now consisted entirely of men of the 2nd Brigade, 7th and 8th Battalions. At 3.30 his shoulder was smashed by shrapnel, and he left the line in charge of an officer of the 2nd Brigade. The same shellfire had driven Boase, Grills, Vowles[50] of the 12th, and others back from their advanced positions into the fluctuating movements upon the plateau, but their retirement was not closely followed by the enemy. The Australians were forced off the level surface of the upland only by the deadly fire which swept the scrub there. Every time the line retired, some gallant untiring leader would bring up reinforcements. With these, every time, remnants of the old line would go forward. They

[49] Lieut.-Colonel D. A. Luxton, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 5th Bn. 1917/18. Clerk; of Hawthorn, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Camberwell, Melbourne, 22 June, 1891.

[50] Captain A. S. Vowles, D.S.O.; 12th Bn. Subsequently appointed to permanent commission in Indian Army. Pearler; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Kew, Melbourne, Vic., 27 Feb., 1891.

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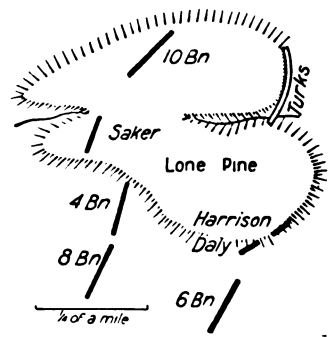
advanced in small sections by short rushes, flinging themselves down and scrambling on again. At every move the Turkish shrapnel crashed upon their backs. Tunics, breeches, putties were torn to ribbons in the bushes.

But very few of the enemy reached either lobe of the plateau. They massed behind Johnston's Jolly, in Legge Valley. Once, about 3 o'clock, a party of Australians, retiring from Lone Pine, found half a dozen Turks in rear of them at the head of Owen's Gully, and began to drive them towards the Australian line. At the same moment about a score of Turks appeared over the edge of the plateau. The Australian party had to drop into the scrub and to escape under cover of fire from its own line. With the exception of a few such minor encounters, the fight upon the 400 Plateau was never at close range, much less hand to hand.

The Turks were kept from its flat surface by a fire almost as deadly as that which swept the Australians, and thus the Australians in the mountain-gun pits and on the spurs south of the Pine were never called upon to face the greatest danger which could have threatened them—the possession of Lone Pine by the enemy.



It was during the later hours of the afternoon that Saker organised the line which finally bridged the gap. His first position was near the "Daisy Patch" in front of the crest—he himself moving ceaselessly up and down it. About 4.30 p.m. this line was driven in. Saker reorganised it on the rear slope about the shallow head of White's Valley. He was an officer of the Connaught Rangers who had been visiting Australia when the war broke out. His own regiment, in which his brother was killed, was fighting in France, and he at first desired to rejoin it, but his devotion to the 5th Battalion triumphed. He was a tall, slight man, a fine cricketer, brimming with quiet humour. Most of the officers who were the leaders during the fight—among them Talbot

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Smith—had been hit, and at the end of the long day Saker gradually became the outstanding figure on the southern half of the 400 Plateau. His cheerful courage and energy caused the remnants of all battalions in the neighbourhood to look to him. Boase, who had been fighting all day upon Lone Pine; Whitham, returning wounded from the south; Rafferty, sent forward by Major Villiers-Stuart with the remnant of the gun escort—all gathered in Saker's neighbourhood, each collecting what men he could. The other parties on the summit of the plateau came in before dusk. Salisbury, wounded early in the morning, dazed, and exhausted, his line being now in charge of officers of the 2nd Brigade, made his way to a dressing-station and later rejoined a part of the 9th in reserve. Others retired onto Bolton's Ridge and even MacLaurin's Hill. By dusk the Australian line had withdrawn to the edge of the plateau. In parts it was on the crest, in other parts behind it. The summit, peopled only by the dead and dying, lay open to the Turks. Far out beyond it, in extreme peril but still holding fast, unconscious of the retirement of the line elsewhere, the men with Daly lay out in the mountain-gun pits, and a thin line of the 6th Battalion clung to the summit of Pine Ridge.

Of their fate the next chapter must tell.

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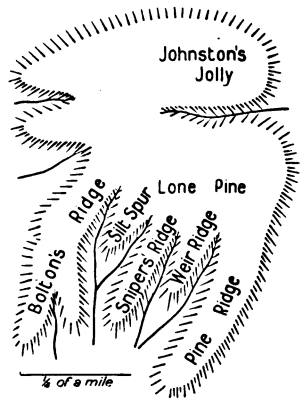
CHAPTER XVIII

THE ADVANCE TO PINE RIDGE

ALL the while that the struggle for the 400 Plateau was in progress a difficult advance was being made by parties of Australians across the five spurs which spring from the plateau's southern edge.

This began in the early morning, when a part of the 9th Battalion endeavoured to reach the Third ridge, between Anderson Knoll and Gaba Tepe, which was the battalion's objective. Lieutenant Plant, a gallant and eager young Queenslander, formerly one of Bridges' aides-de-camp, led his men at the best pace they could make over the southern edge of the 400 Plateau and across the succession of spurs, which never seemed to end. Although only the Second ridge runs into the 400 Plateau from the north, there branch from its southern end five spurs which run southward much as five roots might hang from some deformed bulb. The spur nearest to the coast, Bolton's Ridge, is the real continuation of the Second ridge, and lifts its shoulder as high as the plateau itself. But the other four ridges are much lower than Lone Pine, from whose southern side they spring. Three of them (Silt Spur, Snipers' Ridge, and Weir Ridge),[1] extend only a few hundred yards, with deepening gullies between them opening upon minor flats towards Gaba Tepe. The fifth and furthest inland is much longer. It was covered to about twice the height of a man with a thick scrub of stunted pine, of which the solitary tree on the plateau itself was no doubt an outlier. Pine Ridge is much lower than the plateau, but extends for a mile, gradually curving seawards until it nearly



[1] See plate at p. 406.

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meets, not far from Gaba Tepe, the two minor coastal ridges which end Bolton's Ridge. Beyond Pine Ridge is Legge Valley; beyond the valley was the scrubby many-folded slope of the Third ridge, shutting in the whole position and ending in the bare and arid inland neck of Gaba Tepe.

Plant could not afterwards recognise the route taken by himself and a few of his men. Going very fast, they came out upon a height which looked down on low green country reaching apparently to the Narrows and to the Kilid Bahr Plateau. There are some indications that at a very early hour some such party of the 9th Battalion may have reached the crest of the Third ridge 1,250 yards south of Anderson Knoll[2] —exactly on the 9th Battalion's objective. Whatever point Plant reached, the danger of being cut off was so evident that his party very quickly retired.

A few other parties, from Milne's and Jackson's companies of the 9th, found their way onto the southern spurs of the Pine. Captain Whitham of the 12th, digging near Salisbury, had moved south to Bolton's Ridge as soon as the 2nd Brigade appeared. When that brigade began to reach Bolton's Ridge, Whitham took his company straight inland across the spurs south of the 400 Plateau towards the Third ridge. As they moved down the forward slope of Bolton's Ridge, a heavy machine-gun fire opened upon them, and Lieutenant Holland[3] was wounded.

The company advanced exactly as it had often done at Mena. It had been reorganised; and in going through the scrub Lieutenant Munro,[4] who had been given two platoons in the reorganisation, worked his men exactly as he had done times without number on the desert. At every stage was heard: "No. 1 Platoon—all present? No. 2 Platoon—all present?" They passed through two valleys and over two crests and finally formed a line on the forward slope of a spur from which they looked out upon the Third ridge. Thus, while Brand was still with the captured Krupp guns on the north of

[2] A cartridge case fired from an Australian rifle was found here by the Australian Historical Mission in March 1919.

[3] Major T. Holland: 1st Pioneer Bn. Contractor; b. Hindmarsh, Adelaide, S. Aust., 16 July, 1882.

[4] Lieut. G. A. Munro; 12th Bn. School teacher; of Hindmarsh, Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. Kilkenny, S. Aus., 25 Aug., 1894. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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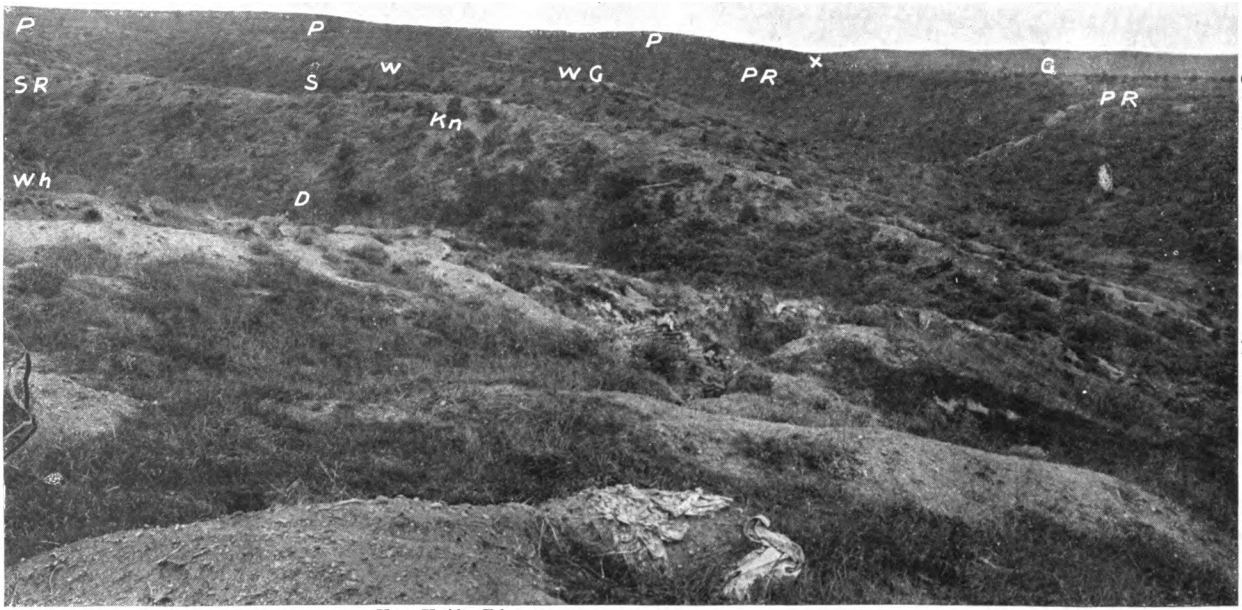
P-P-P: Lone Pine. W: Weir Ridge. WG: Wanliss Gully. X: Position of Daly in Gun-pits.



Kn: Knife Edge.

SOUTHERN SPURS OF THE 400 PLATEAU FROM NEAR THE WHEATFIELD ON HOLLY RIDGE (A BRANCH OF BOLTON'S RIDGE). ONE SPUR (SILT SPUR) IS OUT OF THE PICTURE TO THE LEFT (BETWEEN "Wh" AND "SR")

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1984. Taken in 1919.

To face p. 406.

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Supply Depot. Clearing Station (Medical).

LITTLE ARI BURNU (QUEENSLAND POINT) ON 26TH APRIL, 1915. SHOWING MEN OF THE ARTILLERY DIGGING IN THEIR GUNS ON ITS SUMMIT, AND THE CROWD ON THE BEACH

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G916.

To face p. 407.

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Lone Pine, Whitham's company of the 12th was well forward in the spurs south of it.

The troops of the 2nd Brigade who were arriving at Bolton's Ridge when Whitham advanced were the head of the 6th Battalion. It has been already related how, at MacLagan's request, Colonel McNicoll of the 6th hurried on to support the 3rd Brigade's right with the two companies which had landed. McNicoll's own brigadier, Colonel M'Cay, immediately afterwards met them, and he gave orders that one of these companies should make for the extreme right of the line towards Gaba Tepe and safeguard that flank near the sea. McNicoll passed the orders to his battalion. It was generally understood that the Third ridge was the objective, but Colonel McNicoll could not tell his companies to what part of it they were to direct themselves. Captain Hooke's[5] company was detached, as M'Cay ordered, to safeguard the right flank, and the platoon under Lieutenant Prisk was told off for the extreme right. Prisk started immediately, and when an order shortly afterwards arrived recalling Hooke's company, he had gone too far for it to reach him.

Hooke's and Hamilton's[6] companies of the 6th moved south-eastwards towards Bolton's Ridge, Hamilton's on the left, Hooke's on the right, as directed by McNicoll. Prisk on the extreme right took a track along the beach, while the others moved over M'Cay's Hill. They were thus divided from the start, but Prisk, as he turned uphill from the beach, could see the other companies reaching Bolton's Ridge far up at the head of Victoria Gully, and knew that he was in some sort of touch with them. As they topped Bolton's Ridge, Hamilton's and Hooke's companies came under machine-gun fire from beyond Lone Pine. The orders, as far as anyone knew, were to take the Third ridge. Without waiting long upon Bolton's, platoon after platoon moved over the top and disappeared into the tangle of gullies south of the Pine, where they were at once lost to sight and touch. McNicoll established his headquarters behind Bolton's Ridge. The battalion had disap-

[5] Captain F. M. Hooke; 6th Bn. Insurance Inspector and area officer; b. 12 Apr., 1889. Died of wounds, 3 June, 1915.

[6] Major J. W. Hamilton; 6th Bn. Intelligence Staff Officer, 3rd (Vic.) Military District. Examiner of Patents, Melbourne, Vic.; of East Malvern, Melbourne; b. Clonmel, Ireland, 28 March, 1870. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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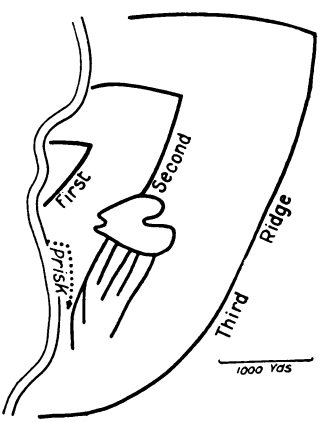
peared. Major H. G. Bennett, a young Victorian actuary, who was its second-in-command, went forward to get touch with it.

He found the companies split up by the thick scrub, but disconnected lengths of line were temporarily organised on more than one of the spurs. The troops with Bennett pushed forward to a position which was probably not far from that of Whitham. But in the thick scrub they could find no one either to left or right. The anxiety of this advance towards the Third ridge, with the spurs behind them and on both flanks empty and open to the Turks, weighed heavily upon the officers. Their constant hope was that the 8th Battalion, which they knew to be arriving at Bolton's Ridge, would advance upon their southern flank. It was unknown to them that the 8th had been ordered by Bridges and M'Cay to remain for the time being upon Bolton's.

Meanwhile Prisk's platoon, which had been told off to guard the extreme right flank, pushed southward along the ridge immediately above the coast. As they did so, the cruiser *Bacchante*, closing in to shell Gaba Tepe, moved so near to them that the men thought she was following their progress.



Bolton's Ridge with its extension along which Prisk's men were moving was, at this point, the nearest spur to the shore. Where the high shoulder of this ridge abuts upon the sea, its spurs turn southwards, becoming lower and gentler, with some 200 yards of wheat- and poppy-fields between them and the beach. It was here that it had been intended to land.

Prisk, who had been a Duntroon cadet, pushed southward along the top of the spur, occasionally sending a patrol down its seaward side to make sure that no Turks were there in hiding. At the start he had passed a few men of the 9th Battalion, and these joined him. "Grand lads," he found them, "eager for anything—it was a job to keep them back." On

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the seaward slope were several wooded runnels, in which many of the enemy could have hidden. But from the beginning to the end of the campaign fear of the naval guns caused the Turks to avoid the slope in question. Although he went more than half a mile southwards from Bolton's Hill, Prisk found none of the enemy. He could perceive an empty gun-emplacement further along the spur, but under the muzzles of the ships' guns there was no possible trouble to be feared from it. He therefore sent half his party to patrol as far as possible towards Gaba Tepe, while he himself, with the remainder, turned with the intention of joining the right flank of his battalion in its attack upon the Third ridge. As he crossed a narrow valley to Holly Ridge (the other spur of Bolton's), he descried on its skyline some distance to his left the tall figure of Major Hamilton. Hamilton's company was thus, as planned, on the left of his own. Prisk climbed the end of the narrow spur, and his men lay in the scrub on its crest. Captain C. J. Luxton[7] of their own company came up. It struck Prisk that each part of the battalion which he had seen was in the place where it was intended to be. Scattered bullets were falling, but no one could see, nor did anyone very much care, whence they came; the men were mostly watching the *Bacchante* shooting at the neck of Gaba Tepe. As they watched the burst of the shells, an object which seemed to them to be a gun was flung into the air and turned over backwards.

Prisk, having obtained touch, pushed on to the next spur—Pine Ridge. The party moved over it and down its eastern face to the edge of the scrub. In front lay 150 yards of grassy valley; beyond rose the Third ridge.

Prisk's party of the 6th and 9th Battalions was very near the southern end of Pine Ridge, three-quarters of a mile from where that ridge left Lone Pine. To their right they could see far down the open valley towards Gaba Tepe. No Turks were visible. A couple of horses grazed quietly in the valley. A small Turkish earthwork of some sort was observed on a hump of the Third ridge opposite; but there no one moved. Prisk had brought his party down to the very edge of the flat, so that he could move over it to the Third ridge on the first

[7] Captain C. J. Luxton; 6th Bn. Clerk; of Hawthorn, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Upper Hawthorn, Vic., 9 Nov., 1892. Killed in action, 26 Apr., 1915.

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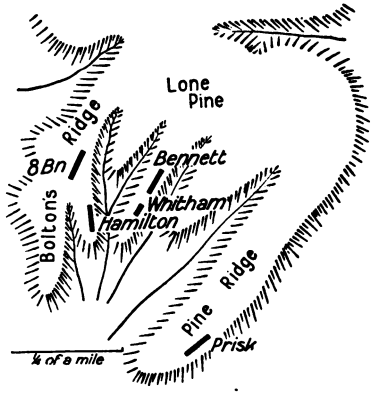
sign of the Australian attack being launched across Legge Valley north of him.



But no Australians appeared in the valley. Prisk sent a man northwards through the pine scrub to get touch with any on his own ridge. His scout could find none. But he saw a number far up on the next ridge in rear, at a little distance from Lone Pine, and, crossing to them, found that they were a party under an officer of the 12th Battalion —probably Whitham on Snipers' Ridge or the Knife Edge.

Something had manifestly interfered with the advance towards the Third Ridge. Prisk now feared nothing from the coastal ridge behind him; the patrol which he had sent towards Gaba Tepe had returned with the news that the coastal spur and the gun-pits upon it were unoccupied. Lying with his men at the foot of Pine Ridge, Prisk watched the Turkish attack across the valley three-quarters of a mile to the north of him towards the 400 Plateau. He and his handful of Australians were inspired with the hope that they might be able to ambush these assailants and come in upon their rear. He therefore kept his men under cover; but as a precaution against being cut off by the Turkish movement, which was clearly aimed at the 400 Plateau, he drew back his party to the crest of Pine Ridge.

As they lay in that position, they were seen by Australians on the spurs behind and to the north of them; and these, mistaking them for Turks, opened a desultory fire, whereupon Prisk sent a message to inform those in rear that they were firing upon Australians. But officers and men had been lectured upon "ruses" employed by the Germans in France, and they were very slow to believe anyone who, coming from the enemy's direction, shouted that he was an Australian. The fire upon Prisk's party therefore continued.

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It was out of the question for Prisk's party to think of attacking the Third ridge in concert with troops who looked upon them as Turks. Prisk accordingly decided to go back to the line which was firing on him, and to advance with it. With this object the party retired across the valley south of the shorter spurs. As they did so, the Australians on the spurs still fired on them. Prisk urged his men to run; he did not want them killed by Australian bullets. But they were tired, disappointed —and exceedingly annoyed. "Let the bastards shoot!" they said. Nothing would induce them to hasten; they walked across the flat and let the shooting go on; bullets dropped close, but no man was hit.

They made their way up into a little false valley in front of Bolton's Ridge—later known as "Allah Gully." In it there were Turkish tents, and some stray men of the 2nd Brigade, with no officer in command, were sitting in or around them. Prisk realised that the chief cause of depression among his own men was that they had had nothing to eat. He left them picnicking on their rations in Allah Gully while he hurried to find Colonel Field,[8] who, he was informed, had charge of the firing line of the 8th Battalion on Bolton's Ridge.

What had happened to the Australian advance among the same spurs to the north of Prisk was this. Whitham and Munro with their men of the 12th, pushing towards Pine Ridge, had come under much heavier fire than that which met Prisk's party further south. This was due to the fact that the Turkish attack, which entirely neglected the Australian right, bore heavily upon Lone Pine. Troops advancing on the spurs near the Pine not only received aimed fire from the Third ridge, but also caught many of the bullets and shrapnel pellets which missed the plateau. This fire increased as the morning wore on; and Major Bennett with his parties of the 6th Battalion, pushing on in the same direction as Whitham, came under even heavier fire than he. The salvoes of shrapnel which burst on the plateau were often lengthened so as to sweep down the valleys south of it. The pellets completely raked these gullies; there was no shelter from them, except in an occasional washaway. Where twenty men started out

[8] Lieut.-Colonel J. W. B. Field, V.D. Commanded 60th Bn. 1916. b. 2 June, 1864.

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from Bolton's Ridge, only two or three would reach the line upon these spurs. A message asking for reinforcements, sent back about 10 a.m. by the 6th (possibly from Pine Ridge) had got through to Colonel M'Cay at Brigade Headquarters. M'Cay sent half a company of the 5th in that direction; it was all that he had to spare. Bridges, as has been explained, would not at the moment send him any more.

The small unsupported parties which arrived at the front line came under continuous rifle fire when lying on the forward slope. The chance of attacking the Third ridge had obviously vanished. The events of the day had been completely out of accord with set plans. Everything appeared to have miscarried. The handful of survivors, who had been brought over spur after spur by officers or N.C.O.'s determined to carry out the attack as ordered against the Third ridge, was dispirited. Many wanted to go back to the Beach. The formation which Whitham and Munro had managed to keep in the advance over this difficult country was broken beyond repair by rushes under the shrapnel in the valleys. A line formed in the morning on either Weir Ridge or Pine Ridge mostly fell back into the gullies. Bennett, constantly returning to bring up small parties of men, built up some sort of a line upon one of the minor ridges in touch with that of Major Wells upon the plateau.

As has been said, the 6th expected the 8th to come on and support them, advancing on their right flank and building up a line to attack the Third ridge. They knew that the 8th had come behind them from the Rendezvous to Bolton's Ridge. As a matter of fact, a part of the 8th had pushed forward towards Bennett's left flank. When the first half of the 8th arrived at Bolton's, it had seen men, apparently of Bennett's or Munro's line, far ahead upon Pine Ridge. Lieutenant-Colonel Gartside,[9] second-in-command of the 8th, ordered the leading companies forward. Major Sergeant[10] was killed, and Lieutenant Barrie[11] wounded, by a shell as they were starting. Two companies advanced, driving back a few

[9] Lieut.-Colonel R. Gartside, V.D. Commanded 7th Bn. 1915. Orchardist; of Castlemaine, Vic.; b. Gisborne, Vic., 2 May, 1862. Killed in action, 8 May, 1915.

[10] Major J. E. Sergeant; 8th Bn. Grazier and vigneron; of Benalla, Vic.; b. Box Hill, Melbourne, Vic., 12 June 1869. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[11] Captain J. C. Barrie; 60th Bn. Bank clerk; of Brighton Beach, Melbourne, Vic.; b. North Melbourne, Vic., 27 July, 1883.

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Turks who had come in from the south behind the advanced parties. Some of the men of these companies, and the machine-guns of the 8th under Sergeant Traill,[12] reached the south-eastern shoulder of Lone Pine and occupied a Turkish trench. Towards the end of the day, Captain Possingham,[13] adjutant of the 8th Battalion, went out and brought them back.

In the early part of the morning, to those standing upon Bolton's Ridge it was uncertain whether the troops seen on Pine Ridge were Australian or Turkish; and, as has been related, both Bridges and M'Cay, anxious to make certain of the southern flank, had ordered whatever troops were then on Bolton's Ridge to dig in. By the time that order reached the Ridge the leading companies of the 8th appear to have gone forward, while its rear had not yet arrived. M'Cay, seeing what a buttress this high shoulder would make to the right of the force, despatched Major Cass, his brigade-major, to collect stray fragments of the 2nd Brigade from the foot-hills near the beach on either side of M'Cay's Hill, take them up onto Bolton's Ridge, dig in, and hold it. "That will be our right flank," M'Cay said. Colonel Gartside, with these strays and a platoon of his own, was to be responsible for it.

Cass placed his men—about twenty—on the extreme southern shoulder of Bolton's Hill, overlooking the low ground and coast southward. There, with Gartside north of him, he dug in. It was about 9 a.m. when there arrived the rear companies of the 8th, under its commander, Colonel Bolton. Cass told Bolton to entrench and hold that height securely, since, if it were lost, the Australian flank would be turned. Meanwhile the 6th, far out in front, asked urgently for help.

Such was the position when, about noon, Prisk made his way to Colonel Field, who was in charge of a portion of the 8th Battalion on Bolton's Ridge north of Gartside. On each side of Bolton's at this point was a patch of cultivation. That on the forward side, facing the Turks where the hilltop widened before splitting into its two spurs, was a wheatfield; that on the reverse, or seaward, slope was lower down the hill,

[12] Lieut-Colonel J. C. M. Traill, D.S.O., M.C. Commanded 5th Bn. 1918. Rancher; of Stawell, Vic.; b. Edinburgh, Scotland, 18 Jan., 1880.

[13] Captain A. H. Possingham; adjutant 8th Bn. Officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; of Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. Houghton, S. Aust., 15 Aug., 1884. Killed in action, 8 May, 1915.

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and was a cotton-field. The cotton-wool, still in the pods, littered the green for days afterwards, like scattered surgical dressings. This shelf on the Australian slope became known as "Shell Green." The exposed field on the summit was known as the "Wheatfield." Behind the Wheatfield Prisk found Colonel Field of the 8th.

Field ordered Prisk to dig in on the Wheatfield. In front of it was a steep little valley, and beyond this valley a short scrubby spur. Field was afraid that the enemy would filter into the scrub upon this spur. By holding the Wheatfield he might keep them out, in which case he intended after dark to send out men to cut down the scrub which screened the spur.

Prisk had no sooner lined his men in the Wheatfield than a Turkish battery somewhere on the Third ridge began to shell the place. The Wheatfield made an easy mark. Prisk and his men lay low, but salvo after salvo burst about them. Throughout the morning, every time any troops moved across the Wheatfield, this battery opened on them. Meanwhile one of the small advanced parties on the inland slope of Lone Pine—that of Lieutenant Grills of the 7th Battalion—was watching this very battery fire. Grills could clearly discern two guns a little way down the Third ridge south of him; they were screened in front by brushwood but he could see the men working them, the flash of the discharge, and the burst of every shell on the Wheatfield. The guns appeared to be working havoc upon troops advancing there, and even more so upon those retiring. At 11 o'clock, at noon, and at 1 p.m. Grills sent back reports of the position of these guns. The messengers were probably killed or wounded on the plateau. The party watched in vain for the shell-burst which would show that the ships' gunners were aware of the Turkish battery, but no British shell came that way. Later Major Bennett of the 6th also reported these guns, which about that time were driving the mountain battery out of action. His report reached the brigade, and was telegraphed to Colonel White at the Divisional Headquarters.

Unfortunately the letters "224 T.7," by which Bennett described its position south of Anderson Knoll, were transformed in the signal message into "224 B.7," which was a point near Divisional Headquarters on the Beach, and the message could not be understood. On Lone Pine, Grills had set his

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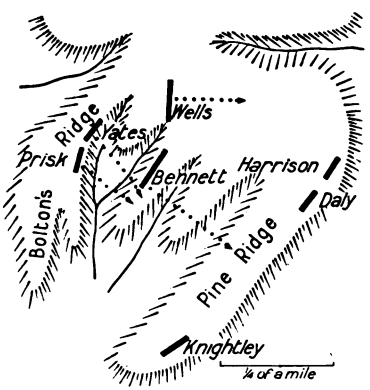
men to snipe at long range at the guns' crews. He decided to take his fourth message to the 7th Battalion headquarters himself. While withdrawing his party over Lone Pine through the tornado of fire, he was knocked over by a shell, but escaped unhurt. Passing Wells's line, he inquired for 7th Battalion headquarters. From the answers he began to realise that there was no battalion remaining—only fragments of the 8th, 6th, 7th, 5th, and 9th. He ran on, slipped down twenty feet of unsuspected sandpit, and found himself among some signallers of his own battalion. Lieutenant A. D. Henderson,[14] who was mortally wounded later, was there with a telephone; and at last Grills' message went through. Between 5 and 5.15 p.m. the ships opened on the Anderson Knoll battery, and it fired no more that day.

This then was the position shortly after noon. The remnants of Bennett's and some of Whitham's men were on one of the intermediate spurs of the Pine—Snipers' Ridge—and in the gullies behind it. Whitham was wounded there, and Bennett was organising a line south of that under Major Wells. Remnants were still clinging on to Weir and Pine Ridges further forward, out of touch with all others. In rear, on Bolton's Ridge, most of the 8th Battalion was still holding an established line as ordered. Prisk and his party lay in the Wheatfield immediately ahead of them. The Turkish battery near Anderson Knoll was ploughing the Wheatfield, and to a lesser degree the rest of Bolton's Ridge.



It was about this time, the strain upon the 400 Plateau being at its heaviest, that a sudden change took place in the situation. The line under Wells on the plateau advanced. Almost simultaneously Major Bennett on Snipers' Ridge led his men for-

[14] Lieut. A. D. Henderson; 7th Bn. b. Hawthorn, Melbourne, Vic., 8 July, 1894. Died of wounds, 25 Apr., 1915.

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ward. Snipers' Ridge was lower than the spurs in front and rear; nothing could be seen from it. When the men, who realised that everything had miscarried, were suggesting a retirement, Bennett told them that he would lead them, but it would be forward, and not towards the rear. He was as good as his word. Collecting all the parties he could find, he led them across the next valley over Pine Ridge and boldly down its forward slope. By bringing up the survivors of small parties, which were constantly sent forward from Bolton's Ridge by Colonel McNicoll under any determined-looking leader, Bennett managed to extend this line a further 200 yards southwards. The thick growth of pine scrub screened the movement from the enemy.

The advance of these troops—mainly men of the 6th Battalion—under Bennett and Wells opened very wide the gap upon the plateau and south of it. About the same time M'Cay received a message containing serious news. It informed him that the 6th Battalion must be reinforced if it was to hold its position. M'Cay's last reserve—the stray company of the 1st Battalion—was immediately put in use; and as he had no further troops with which to reinforce the advanced line, he ordered the portion of the 8th Battalion upon Bolton's Ridge to leave one company there and go forward upon the right flank of the 6th. Whether in compliance with this order, or before it was received, a part of the 8th Battalion advanced. The gap upon Bolton's Ridge was still further extended, and was not filled until the 4th Battalion arrived shortly before dusk.

An advance from Bolton's Ridge was also made shortly after noon by the party under Prisk. It has been told how Prisk and his men were lying in the Wheatfield on Bolton's Ridge under the salvoes of a Turkish battery near Anderson Knoll. The shells which came shrieking down on them were not so deadly as they appeared. The Turks were bursting them too low, and the majority plunged into the soft soil of the field, where the mild explosion of shrapnel threw up a little soil but did small damage. In an hour only two of the party were hit.

About 12.30, as they lay looking out towards the high inland shoulder of Lone Pine on their left front, they saw

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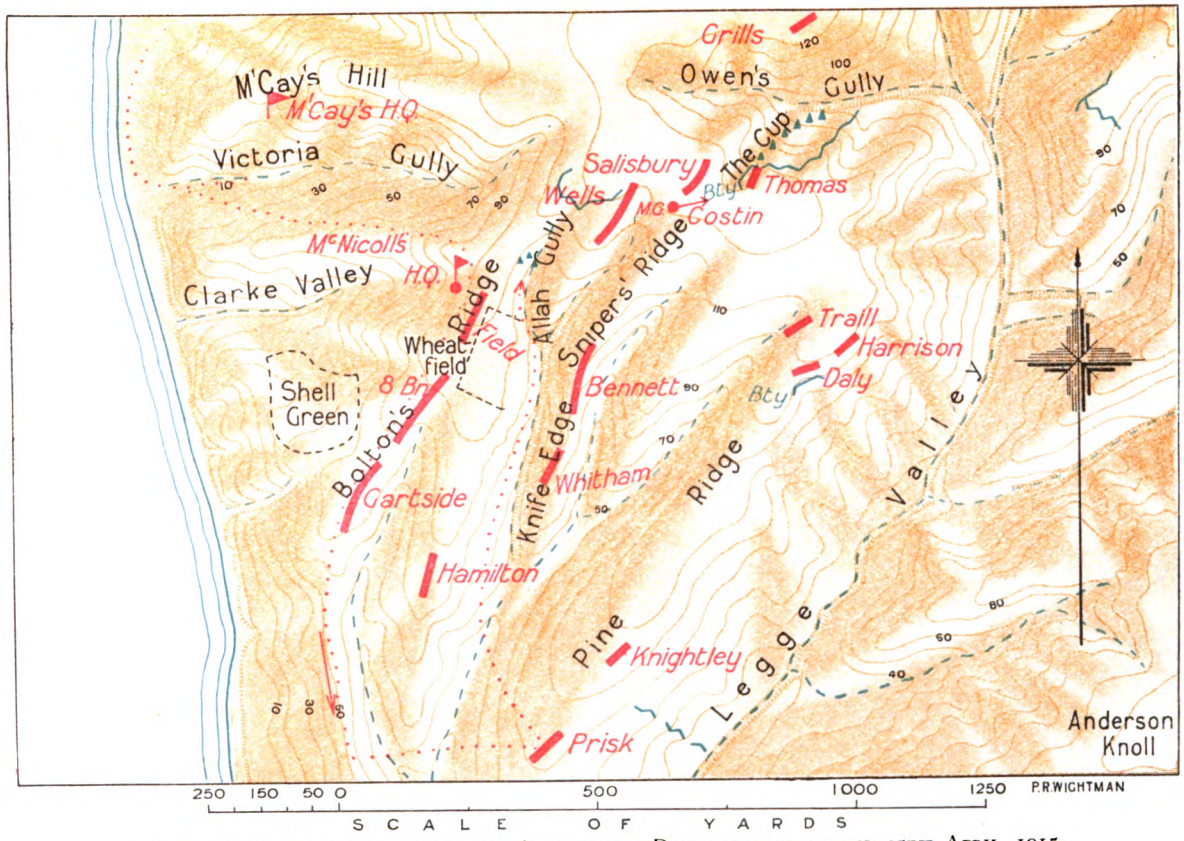

Map No. 18

POSITION OF THE RIGHT OF THE 1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION ABOUT NOON, 25TH APRIL, 1915

British troops and trenches, red; Turkish, blue. Height contours, 10 metres.

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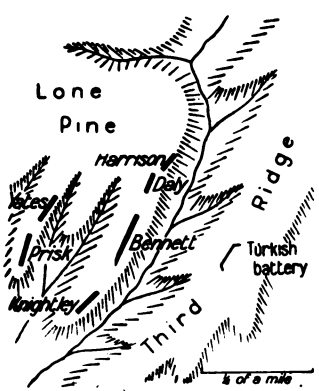
isolated Australians running round it. The Turkish attack from the north-east side of the plateau was evidently driving Australians from its summit. Prisk could be of no use on the Wheatfield, where there was no field of fire. He therefore rolled upon his back and signalled to Colonel Field for leave to take his men further. For the second time the party advanced.

The men were in splendid heart after their dinner. They advanced to Snipers' Ridge, the second spur in front, and occupied its southern end, known later as the "Knife Edge." This was already held by a remnant of Whitham's men and a line of the 8th Battalion under Lieutenant Yates[15]; but by this time Yates was the only officer left. Munro of the 12th had been killed; according to one report it was on Pine Ridge, while firing his revolver at the Turks within thirty yards of him. Yates's men were much depressed. Prisk found that—as had happened with his own—they had forgotten to eat their rations. Yates made them do so, and their spirits rose like the mercury on a fine day. The two parties, about a company strong, formed a line on the Knife Edge and entrenched.

In the meantime Bennett had well established his line on Pine Ridge. This ridge lay not far ahead of the Knife Edge, but Bennett's men were rendered invisible to Prisk and Yates behind them by the thick pine scrub of the ridge and by the fact that Bennett's line was well down its forward slope.



Bennett's line on Pine Ridge was about 300 strong. Though he was only a few hundred yards south of the Hotchkiss gun-pits, Bennett knew nothing of their existence or of the presence of Daly's party of the 5th and 6th Battalions there. There was also an Australian party to the south of him, not far from

[15] Captain W. T. Yates, D.S.O.; 8th Bn. Dairy farmer; of Camperdown, Vic.; b. Cobden, Vic., 17 May, 1885.

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the point which Prisk's men had reached in the morning. This was a handful under Sergeant Knightley[16] of the 9th Battalion. In the early morning, at the time of Salisbury's advance, Knightley had pushed southwards with Captain Dougall. They went fast, and were soon separated. Knightley found himself with twenty men in thick scrub under heavy fire from unseen snipers. He decided to withdraw his men 300 yards northwards to Lone Pine, from which they might see something to shoot at. But, as they retired, an officer—probably of the 12th or the 6th—jumped up in the scrub.

"What are you doing?" he cried. "You mustn't retire!" Knightley answered that he was going to a position from which he could see, but the officer would not hear of it. Accordingly they pushed on, forcing their way through the scrub till they came out near the lower end of Pine Ridge, under some trees which fringed a cliff overlooking the wide lower reach of Legge Valley. This position, at the extreme right of the line, was almost uncannily quiet. No Turks were in sight.

Until after 4 p.m. the position of the line upon Pine Ridge remained very quiet. Bennett's men had dropped their picks and shovels long since; no troops could have carried them in such fighting as this. But, lying low in the scrub, they could not be seen by the Turks, and did not suffer. They had lost heavily in the advance over the spurs, but they had not seen a Turk all day. From their position on Pine Ridge at last they caught sight of a party of the enemy. This was a group in front of the Turkish guns which were in plain view on the Third ridge opposite. Major Bennett at once began to direct the fire of his men upon this group. He stood up for this purpose, and had opened a map, when he was immediately shot in the wrist and shoulder. Handing over command to an officer of another battalion, he went to the rear to have his wound dressed. He was sent to a hospital ship, but next day found an opportunity to desert and rejoined his battalion in the front line.

It was 4 p.m. when Bennett was wounded. Shortly afterwards the situation on Pine Ridge completely changed. Towards the end of the afternoon a small body of Turks from

[16] Major A. R. Knightley, M.C.; 9th Bn. Lost his leg at Ypres, 1917. Of Brisbane, Q'land; b. London, Eng., 26 July, 1885.

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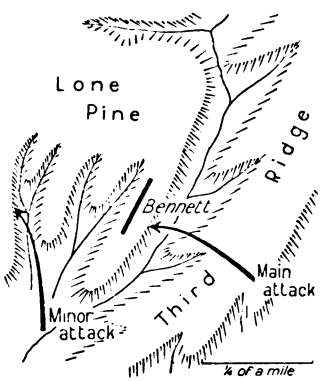
the south found its way up the valleys behind the advanced line. They were not aware of the presence of Australians on Pine Ridge behind them, but were feeling their way towards the line upon Bolton's Ridge. They were not numerous, and mostly lay sniping in the scrub. The 4th Battalion, when it arrived to fill the gap on the ridge, met a handful of weary Australians retiring in front of this attack. The leading company of the 4th pushed on to the crest. A few Turks jumped up and fled. Not until long after night had fallen did the enemy movement against Bolton's Ridge become serious.

Bennett's line upon Pine Ridge was not even aware of these Turks in rear of it. The only forward party which noticed them was that under Sergeant Knightley on the extreme right. Knightley, crawling through the scrub on Pine Ridge in an endeavour to find some other portion of the Australian force, noticed a few figures on the foot of Holly Spur in rear of him. By their baggy trousers he judged them to be Turks, and then noticed that they had their backs to him and were shooting at someone still further back. There were not enough of them to amount to a serious danger. But at the same moment—about 5 p.m.—others appeared on the southern portion of the Third ridge, advancing in large numbers over the skyline straight towards Pine Ridge.



This was the first serious movement which the Turks had as yet made against the southern flank of the Australian position. As they topped the Third ridge, one of the warships saw them silhouetted against the sky and threw her shells among them. Those Australians who saw the incident were greatly elated—at last they were visibly hitting the enemy. Nevertheless the Turkish infantry continued to make its way down the slope of the Third ridge. For a time they disappeared, concentrating in hollows or folds of the ridge. Soon afterwards they emerged to the assault, and within an hour of their first

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appearance all parts of the advanced line upon Pine Ridge had been heavily attacked.

Knightley's party—the southernmost—in fear of being cut off, retired, and came on a few men of the 2nd Brigade under two officers, one of them badly wounded. The whole party opened fire upon the handful of isolated Turks who, as was told above, were in rear of them, and these began to run away. At dusk the southern party made its way back towards Bolton's Ridge.

The full story of the remnant of the main line which Bennett had organised upon Pine Ridge will never be known. Many of the officers had been killed. Captain Strachan[17] of the 6th had fallen upon Bolton's Hill, and Major Hamilton upon one of the spurs of the Pine. Many of the brave band upon Pine Ridge were never heard of again. Major Bennett's brother, a boy of eighteen, was one of these. He was a sergeant commanding a small party. They were last seen in the dusk; the Turks were then surrounding them. The Turkish version was given a month later by one of the party which came in to arrange the armistice of May 24th. When the Turks attacked, he said, they passed Australians who seemed to be dead, but who fired on them afterwards. "We were forced to kill all those," he added.[18]

What is certain is that none remained a prisoner in Turkish hands. The Australian troops believed that the Turks mutilated those who fell into their hands, whether dead, wounded, or prisoners. Whether an authentic case of mutilation was ever found during the landing is doubtful; but one reported case was widely believed. In one of the advances on the Lone Pine plateau there was killed Sergeant Larkin[19] of the 1st Battalion, a member of the Parliament of New South Wales, and a man with a fine influence in his battalion. Towards evening some of his fellows, returning from a later advance, found his body. It had apparently been savagely slashed. Within a few days—so swiftly does rumour fly in days such

[17] Captain W. L. Strachan; 6th Bn. Of Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. North Adelaide, 31 March, 1888. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[18] A very transparent and insufficient excuse for the fact that not one Australian of all those who lay out wounded in the Turkish lines after this battle was ever heard of again.

[19] Sgt. E. R. Larkin (No. 321, 1st Bn). Member of the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly; b. Lambton, N.S.W., 21 Aug., 1880. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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as those—everyone in the Army Corps had heard that Larkin's body had been mutilated. It was identified during the armistice of May 24th, and some of those who buried it believed that the wounds were made by a stream of machine-gun bullets. Lieutenant H. P. Brown,[20] of the 2nd Battalion, who then saw it, has recorded his belief that the report of mutilation was correct. Whichever was the truth, the men who heard of it had no doubts. They had been warned that the Turks were likely to kill and mutilate their captives, wounded or unwounded, and this incident made them inexpressibly bitter.

The men who held the line upon Pine Ridge were not of the sort that would give an enemy the chance to wreak his vengeance on their bodies while they lived. They died where they fought. The fighting never again came near the Ridge. Four years later, when the Australian Historical Mission visited Gallipoli, skeletons of men in the rags of Australian uniform still lay scattered in threes and fours down the length of Pine Ridge, the red and violet of the 6th Battalion still discernible on their sleeves. One group of five lay in a semicircle, close above the open grass of Legge Valley, on a mound which they had defended. In one of the crevices in rear of the ridge, near Lone Pine, were the remains of many men—probably the wounded who had crawled there. Here, where the tide of the advance ebbed and left them, they lay until, four years later, an Australian burial party interred them. They needed no epitaph. It was enough that they lay on Pine Ridge.

The line of Prisk and Yates upon the Knife Edge, in rear of Pine Ridge, saw the Turkish attack move down over the Third ridge. The Turks disappeared from view into Legge Valley, and presently reappeared stealing through the scrub of Pine Ridge itself. It was then about 5.30 p.m. As the Turks crept through the pines, the line on the Knife Edge opened a heavy fire upon them. The Turks did not expect this. The Australians were in high spirits, bowling the enemy over as he topped the ridge. Prisk stood up to point at a Turk in the pine scrub, when the Turk fired and hit him.

[20] Captain H. P. Brown; 9th Light Trench Mortar Bty. Of Newcastle, N.S.W.: b. Clarence Tunnel, near Lithgow, N.S.W., 18 Feb., 1884. Killed in action, 12 May, 1917.

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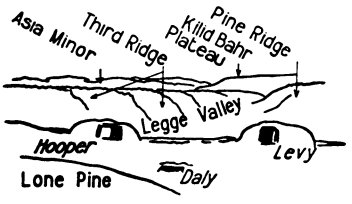
As he lay there grievously wounded, Sergeant-Major Williams[21] came to him to ask what he should do. "Hang on till nightfall and give the 8th a chance of digging in!" was the reply. "We can retire on them after dusk."

The main portion of the Australian line on Pine Ridge had now been either driven in or surrounded. But at the extreme northern end of the spur, where it sprang from Lone Pine, there still remained Daly's party in the Hotchkiss gun-pits; and on the Pine a few hundred yards further north were a few men of Thomas's platoon of the 9th under Corporal Harrison and Lance-Corporal Kenyon.[22] The Turks had been sniping at Daly's party in the gun-pits all the afternoon, but the Australians were in fair cover, lining the trench which connected the pits. Lieutenants Hooper and Levy commanded the men in this trench, Captain Daly and Lieutenant Derham being in a pit in rear of it. Of the thirty-five Australians more than half were wounded, including Daly and Derham. At their back rose the south-eastern shoulder of the Pine. To take a message to the rear it would have been necessary to climb this shoulder, and in daylight that meant certain death.



Towards dusk the Turks, who had been previously seen stealing from bush to bush towards the position, began to creep nearer. Derham, who had been sleeping at Daly's feet, was awakened, and the line was ready to receive them. The enemy first set fire to the bushes about 100 yards below the pits. There was ammunition in the gun-pits, and the intention was probably to explode it. But the wind carried the flames, if anything, in the other direction.

An abandoned Turkish machine-gun lay behind the pits. It was exactly what was needed, but no one knew how to work it. The Turks crept nearer, and the fight became a contest between marksmen who could but dimly see each other in the

[21] C.S.M. R. C. Williams (No. 629, 6th Bn.); b. Hawthorn, Melbourne, Vic., 1 March, 1884.

[22] Sgt. J. E. Kenyon, D.C.M., M.M. (No. 741, 9th Bn.). Bushworker; b. Southampton, Eng, 27 July, 1880. Killed in action, 23 July, 1916.

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fading light. Derham and a Turk had a duel, shot for shot, blazing at the flashes of each other's rifles. The enemy were already very close, when down from the summit of Lone Pine came a dozen Australians under a sergeant-major.

It so happened that the sergeant-major understood the mechanism of the Turkish machine-gun, and it was immediately erected near the southernmost pit. Scarcely had it been placed in position than cries of "Allah!" were heard down the hill, and a mass of Turks was seen charging up it. The moon was bright. Hooper and some of his party were sitting back in the dark shadow of the roofed emplacement, when one of the leading Turks came shouting wildly towards them. An Australian in the opening shot him. Another Turk followed, running up the gully near the top of which stood the gun-emplacement. He stopped for a moment outside the opening, the moonlight gleaming on his bayonet. Then, bending, he ran on through the opening. Someone in rear shot him, and he dropped. The machine-gun opened, and the enemy fell back.

The Turks endeavoured to organise a second attack upon the gun-pits. But the sound of the machine-gun seemed to have taken the heart out of the men, and they refused to come on. The assault faded. The party in the gun-pits was left in comparative peace, and set about forming a line around the south-eastern shoulder of the plateau.

About 11.30 p.m., however, orders reached Daly's party to retire upon the main line which had now been formed in rear. The men picked up their wounded and tramped slowly back over Lone Pine. There were as many wounded as unwounded. Such of them as could walk limped back unaided. Every unwounded man, without exception, was occupied in carrying the seriously hurt. Derham and another, wounded but able to walk, carried between them the Turkish machine-gun. When half-way to the line, they came upon an Australian with a broken leg. They dropped the machine-gun and picked up the soldier. About midnight the party reached the line in rear of the 400 Plateau.

Had the Turks penetrated onto the Lone Pine plateau in any strength, the party in the gun-pits must have been completely cut off. About 7 p.m. Turks were filtering on to the

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Pine. Corporal Harrison's party of the 9th, finding them on all sides, withdrew, and, as it did so, Lance-Corporal Kenyon stepped upon a group of six Turks lying in a depression of the ground in rear of the party. He escaped unhurt. The Turkish troops were as exhausted and disorganised as the Australians, and both sides failed to occupy Lone Pine in force, as they could have done at nightfall. For several hours it lay open to either side. This was not known at General Bridges' headquarters on the Beach, nor, probably, to the Turkish Staff.

Such advanced parties as remained unsurrounded in the spurs south of the Pine found their way back after dark. Prisk, as he had expected, received after nightfall the order to retire upon the line on Bolton's Ridge. Though his men were exhausted, Corporal Holloway[23] and Private Mathieson[24] picked him up and carried him across the valley up the steep slope of Bolton's: there their strength failed. The party would certainly have been fired upon by its own side, had not Captain Hartland[25] of the 8th, remembering that Prisk was somewhere in front, prevented that misfortune. He called for volunteers, and these went out and brought Prisk in. The exhausted survivors of Knightley's party also reached the line, with the exception of one, a man named Gibson,[26] who fell asleep on the way and was never seen again.

With the retirement of these parties, the right of the Australian line now rested on Bolton's Ridge and on the rear slope of the 400 Plateau.

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[23] Cpl. A. J. Holloway, (No. 210, 6th Bn.). Accountant; b. Melbourne, Vic., 7 Aug., 1882. Killed in action, 8 May, 1915.

[24] Pte. W. Mathieson, (No. 220, 6th Bn.). b. Collingwood, Melbourne, Vic., 1895. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[25] Captain L. R. Hartland; 8th Bn. Public servant; b. Creswick, Vic., 24 Feb., 1891. Killed in action, 26 July, 1915.

[26] Pte. J. W. Gibson (No. 350, 9th Bn.). Labourer; of Redland Bay, Q'land; b. Landour, India, 21 Oct., 1887. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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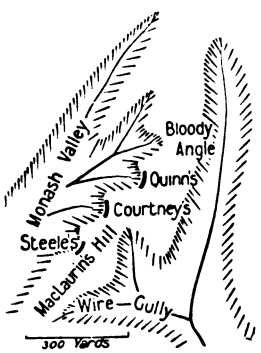
CHAPTER XIX

MACLAURIN'S HILL AND THE BLOODY ANGLE

Connecting Baby 700 and the 400 Plateau, where the two most desperate struggles of the first day occurred, was that portion of the Second ridge known as MacLaurin's Hill.[1] It was only 1,000 yards long, a straight narrow spur with a steep face on the Australian side and a gentler fall towards the enemy. The Australian slope sank sheer into Monash Valley, which ran behind it. Towards its northern end were the four corrugations, already mentioned, up which in the early morning Denton, Everett, Barnes, and other officers leading the companies of the 11th Battalion had been directed. These, taking them from north to south, were eventually known as The Bloody Angle, Quinn's Post, Courtney's Post, and Steele's Post.[2] Steele's Post was about half-way along the valley side. The rest of the hill, from that point to the high shoulder north of Wire Gully in which it ended, was without any fold larger than a runnel in the scrub. It was this southern portion which was generally known later as MacLaurin's Hill, the northern portion being referred to by the names of the respective posts.



When Denton's and Barnes's companies made their way up Monash Valley in the dawn, the Turks had already fled from it. The companies of the 11th were not under fire in the valley, though the bullets from Baby 700 presently began to crack viciously overhead. Even in the heat of the fight that day men stopped in Monash Valley to argue about the crack of the bullets, that is to say, the report, resembling a snapping of fingers, which occurs in the flight of a bullet about

[1] The fighting described in this chapter is shown on Map 14, facing p. 314.

[2] See plates at pp. 289 and 536.

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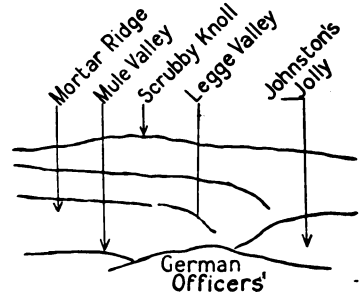
a quarter of a mile from the muzzle of the rifle. Nine out of ten thought that the Turks were using explosive bullets.

Monash Valley was thickly overgrown, but the companies made their way up the sandy stream-bed at its bottom and then turned to climb the precipitous side of the indentations on their right, hauling themselves up by the arbutus roots or propping themselves on their rifles. On reaching the top, they found themselves immediately under fire at close range from an enemy whom they could not see.

The Turks who thus fired at them were on the Chessboard, a continuation of the ridge on which they stood—the last shoulder of the Second ridge, where it spanned the end of the Bloody Angle and joined Baby 700. The fire from that quarter made any attempt at entrenchment impossible. The question was whether Denton's men should be pushed further forward or retained to line the side of Monash Valley.

In this part of the front the Australians, after mounting the Second ridge, were not faced immediately by another continuous ridge, but by a valley opening away from them with a gap at the end of it. From the ridge on which Denton's company lay there ran down into this valley a short gently-folded slope. Below this the green flat of the valley was shut in on the south by Johnston's Jolly, and on the north by a ridge which ran down from Baby 700. This ridge—the next beyond the Chessboard—was a long, low, flat-topped spur which ended abruptly opposite Denton's position. In later weeks the Turks hauled two small guns into wide trenches and tunnels specially made on its level top, and, either for this reason or because it was a target for the Australian trench mortars, it became known as "Mortar Ridge." The valley ran between the two jaws—Mortar Ridge and Johnston's Jolly—into Legge Valley, beyond which rose the Third ridge and Scrubby Knoll. The Turkish mule trains at a later date endeavoured to slip across the gap at the valley's end, carrying rations and ammu-



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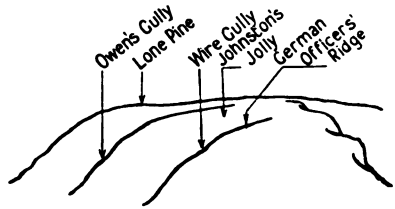
nition to the Turkish trenches on the Jolly and at Quinn's, and the valley was for that reason called "Mule Valley."[3]

Into Mule Valley there protruded from the Australian position a small knuckle, subsequently of great importance, which has not yet been mentioned. This was the spur immediately north of Johnston's Jolly. This miniature replica of the Jolly and Lone Pine was separated from the former by Wire Gully, of which it formed the northern side. It was afterwards known as the "German Officers'" ridge, two German officers having been seen there during the armistice of May 24th. Its top ran almost level with the crest of the ridge for 100 yards and then dipped rapidly to its point in Mule Valley.



If Denton's company advanced further than the edge of Monash Valley, its only possible objective would be Mortar Ridge. Mortar Ridge was in line with Baby 700 and the forward end of the 400 Plateau. If those positions had been retained by the Australians, it would have been necessary to take Mortar Ridge in order to obtain a sound defensive line. On the other hand, if the Turks occupied Mortar Ridge, they would lie directly between Baby 700 and the 400 Plateau, and would make those positions difficult to hold.

But Denton understood that his objective was the edge of Monash Valley. Only one party appears to have been sent beyond it. When the companies of the 11th reached Courtney's and Steele's Posts on the edge of the valley, a party of Australians was discerned on a further ridge to the right front. These were probably some of Loutit's or Ryder's men. Lieutenant Selby was ordered to take his platoon further forward in order to support them, and he advanced about 100 yards to the end of German Officers' Ridge. From there he could discover no other party nearer than Johnston's Jolly. It was useless for fifty men to think of linking up with the line on the Jolly. Selby, lying out on the knuckle, began to lose men steadily. He therefore withdrew them, and they

[3] See plate at p. 513.

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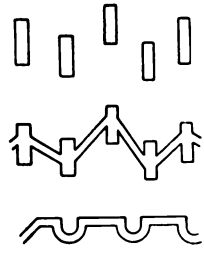
lay in the scrub a few yards in front of Courtney's Post. Before noon, when Major Brand visited the place, Denton informed him that he intended to defend the edge of Monash Valley, and shortly afterwards he received a message from MacLagan instructing him to hold this position at all costs.

Each detachment of the 11th, as it reached the top of the steep valley-side, pushed its front line a few yards down the forward slope. The supports were generally held in shelter on ledges dug behind the crest. Though the forward line could not stand up to dig, the men had been trained to scratch for shelter when lying under fire. The practice was in the first place to scrape with the entrenching tool small separate coffin-shaped pits to shelter the head and body. When these were two feet in depth, with the excavated earth thrown up on their left front as a parapet, a man would be under fair cover. He could then deepen his pit and connect it with those of the men on either side of him. Men were sometimes taught to lie in a slightly irregular line, so that the trench when connected would be "traversed." If it were dug straight, a rifle bullet or shrapnel from the flank would sweep directly down it, but in an irregular trench the bends or "traverses" stopped the enfilading pellets. When the conditions were such that the engineers could site it and mark it out with pegs, and when the men had proper tools—picks and shovels—to dig with, the rule was to design the fire trench straight, but with traverses at intervals to meet enfilading fire; during daylight, and in the heat of battle, this accuracy was not possible. The 3rd Brigade on the day of the landing carried only the "entrenching tools" which formed part of each infantryman's equipment—miniature picks with one end flattened. With these they scratched themselves such holes as they could, waiting for picks and shovels to be brought up after dark.



A mere line of little individual rifle-pits such as this was all that the companies holding the forward slope of MacLaurin's Hill were able to dig that day. From 10 a.m., when

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the Turkish attack began to flow down from Scrubby Knoll over and around the foothills, it lapped onto Mortar Ridge. Through the level scrub on top of that ridge ran a water channel, barely a foot deep, in which a Turkish line lodged itself, and from which it poured in its fire at only 300 yards' range upon the troops in front of Courtney's and Steele's. To think of digging, even with the entrenching tool, was out of the question from that moment. The line could have been in shelter, had it retired to the ledge behind the indentations, but although safe in that position, it would have been useless. The heads of the indentations in Monash Valley were vital to the safety of the landing force, and they were not at this time "covered," as was the crest of the 400 Plateau, by rifles and machine-guns in other positions on the flanks. If the Turks were to be kept away from them, each indentation must be held by those who garrisoned it, and the only way in which they could do this was by keeping a front line lying on the forward slope, where the men could use their eyes and their rifles.

For that reason, the Australian line, from the moment it was formed, was maintained well in front of the crest of MacLaurin's Hill. Its task was not to advance, but to hold on. The men could only lie in such shelter as each had contrived to scrape, and fire when they saw a target. From 10 a.m. on April 25th onwards they were involved in a heavy and continuous contest of rifle-fire.

There was quickly formed along the edge of Monash Valley a definite line, consisting of large posts in front of several of the indentations. Denton had taken the greater part of his company up the third indentation from the end of the valley—Courtney's Post. Selby, and later Everett, joined him there. Barnes was at Steele's Post, immediately south of Courtney's. With him was part of Denton's company under Captain A. E. J. Croly, who had formerly served as an officer in a British regiment in India. On the forward slope of MacLaurin's Hill, near Wire Gully, were Lieutenants Rockliff and Macfarlane with half of Brockman's own company. On the southern side of Wire Gully were digging (as has been related) the companies of the 10th Battalion under Major Oldham, Captain

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Herbert, Captain Giles,[4] Lieutenant Hamilton,[5] and other officers.

The line of the 11th Battalion on MacLaurin's Hill was almost immediately reinforced by the 3rd Battalion. As the 2nd Brigade had been diverted to MacLagan's right, Bridges promptly gave him the leading troops of the 1st Brigade to strengthen his left. The 3rd Battalion under Colonel Owen was the first of this brigade to reach the shore, where it was met by Major Villiers-Stuart, Glasfurd's colleague as conducting officer. The companies formed up in the gutters on the hillside above the Beach, and then moved up a path which the engineers had already half finished, leading onto the shoulder of Ari Burnu and thence to Plugge's. Villiers-Stuart's instructions to the 3rd were: "Push on. Reinforcements are wanted on the left. Go right forward." The leading companies moved straight over into Shrapnel Gully.

The foremost company, led by Major Lamb,[6] its commander, wound in single file along the bottom of Monash Valley. Captain McConaghy,[7] with two platoons of Lamb's company, was detached near the mouth of Monash Valley, climbed the steep valley-side, and found himself on top of MacLaurin's Hill immediately north of Wire Gully. He took his men forward onto German Officers' Ridge, where it stooped towards Wire Gully, and there reinforced the line of the 11th.

Major Brown's[8] company, which followed McConaghy, was still in Shrapnel Gully when there was heard, far away up on the 400 Plateau south of Wire Gully, the voice of some officer calling for reinforcements. A few men could be seen retiring on that summit. Brown therefore diverted his own company onto Braund's Hill, where he lay down to cover the retirement. Troops of the 2nd Brigade, however, were moving in

[4] Major F. G. Giles, D.S.O.: 10th Bn. Electrical engineer; of Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. Darwin, Northern Territory, Aust., 23 Nov., 1885.

[5] Captain J. Hamilton; 10th Bn. Assayer; of Broken Hill, N.S.W.; b. Ayrshire, Scotland, 20 Aug., 1875.

[6] Lieut.-Colonel M. St. J. Lamb: commanded 34th Bn. 1916/17. School teacher; b. Armidale, N.S.W., 27 Dec., 1873.

[7] Lieut.-Colonel D. McF. McConaghy, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 55th Bn. 1916; 54th Bn. 1917/18; and 14th Inf. Bde. (temply.) for short periods in 1916-17-18. Accountant: of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Cootamundra, N.S.W., 5 Apr., 1887. Died of wounds, 9 Apr., 1918.

[8] Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Brown; commanded 3rd Bn. 1915. Officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; of Haberfield, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Yorkshire, Eng., 12 Sept., 1875. Killed in action, 8 Aug., 1915.

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on the right, and the call for reinforcements ceased. MacLagan, who was at that moment establishing his headquarters in the front line on the southern shoulder of MacLaurin's Hill, met Major Brown. "I should like to send you on the left," he said, "because, if they get that high land (Baby 700), we are done. But you must hang on in front of this hill at all costs. I have established my headquarters here, and I am not going to retire."

Brown therefore brought in his company onto MacLaurin's Hill immediately in front of MacLagan's Brigade Headquarters,[9] where it dug in beside McConaghy on the slope of German Officers' Ridge. Lieutenants Carter and McDonald, finding McConaghy's position overcrowded, dived into the bed of Wire Gully, about fifty yards in front of the line, and there established a post. Another half-company of the 3rd, under Captain J. C. Wilson,[10] was put in to strengthen the line of the 11th at Courtney's.

Thus nearly the whole of the 3rd Battalion had been absorbed into the firing line on MacLaurin's Hill, while the Australians on the all-important height which looked down the valley—Baby 700—were still without supports. MacLagan knew that Baby 700 was the key, and directed thither all further reinforcements. Half of Captain Leer's company of the 3rd Battalion being still available, that officer was told to reinforce the left and make Baby 700 safe for the Australian troops. He accordingly led his men up Monash Valley. In the meantime Major Denton had put Captain Giles of the 10th at the head of 150 men of various battalions, and had despatched him up the same valley with similar instructions. Giles, who had been with the 10th in Wire Gully, had seen the Turkish counter-attack following Loutit and Ryder. He had noticed the Turks crossing Mule Valley north-westwards towards Baby 700 and Mortar Ridge. Away on the left he could see the Australians on Baby 700. It seemed to him that between these men on Baby 700 and those at the head of Monash Valley there must exist a gap, and the Turks appeared to be driving directly towards it. Giles decided that the best use

[9] See plate at p. 289.

[10] Captain J. C. Wilson; 3rd Bn. Journalist; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Brisbane, Q'land, 5 Jan., 1882. Died of wounds, May, 1915.

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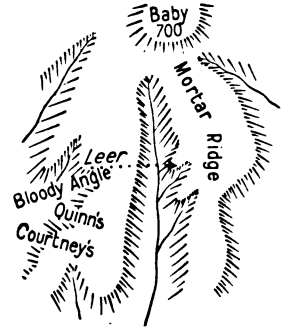
for his men would be to bridge that gap. In the valley he met Leer and found that they were on the same errand.

Giles was right in his estimate of the danger. Not only was Mortar Ridge, lying between Baby 700 and the 400 Plateau, completely open to the Turks, but even the line along Monash Valley did not connect the two. At its northern end there extended from the Bloody Angle to Baby 700 a wide interval, through which the Turks could penetrate. One of the fiercest struggles of the day was that in which Leer and Giles strove to protect the position on Baby 700 by partially filling this gap. Leer led his men out from the head of Monash Valley over the steep lip of the Bloody Angle. Major Lamb, with the two first platoons of the 3rd Battalion, had already arrived, and from that time onwards during the first day of the landing—the only day on which the extreme end of Monash Valley was in Australian possession—he was in charge of the head of this branch of it. Following Lamb's company there arrived a detachment of the 2nd Battalion, which Lamb directed onto the crest. After these came Leer and Giles.

Leer's column had wound slowly through the bed of the gully, with numerous halts when the men in front were checked by some steep pinch or when the officers conferred. Its head was thus a long way in advance of its tail. Major Lamb accompanied the leading files over the top of the Bloody Angle. It had a narrow summit, not fifty yards wide, covered with thick green scrub; from the far edge it sloped steeply into a narrow valley, beyond which was Mortar Ridge.



To cross this valley and seize the head of Mortar Ridge 250 yards away might seem a simple matter. But in this tangled country a number of small spurs like the teeth of a saw intervened, running obliquely down from Mortar Ridge and making two minor crests to be crossed before Mortar Ridge could be reached. Lamb went with Giles as far as the first spur. The head

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of the party continued to the second. As they reached it, the Turks began to appear on the next crest—Mortar Ridge itself.

Leer and Giles decided to cling to the second spur and give the line on the edge of Monash Valley behind them an opportunity to entrench.

The tail of Leer's long column had been moving with many vexatious halts through Monash Valley. At its rear was Lieutenant R. O. Cowey,[11] Leer's second-in-command, whose duty was to keep stragglers and ammunition-carriers up with the rest of the company. At the foot of Quinn's a long halt had occurred. Cowey unable to get in touch with Leer by a verbal message, took Lieutenant Cadell[12] and fifty men—who were all that he could find—and led them over the crest of Quinn's, just as (unknown to him) Leer was at the same moment taking the head of the column over the next angle further north—the Bloody Angle. Cowey, like Leer, crossed the valley and climbed a minor spur of Mortar Ridge. Presently Leer appeared on his left: they had reached the same spur. But at its southern end, where Cowey was, yet another minor spur intervened between him and Mortar Ridge.

From where they lay Leer, Giles, and Cowey could see—a third of a mile to their left—the whole summit and flank of Baby 700 and the Australian line upon it. On the other side, looking over their right shoulders, they had in view the whole length of Mule Valley, the flats at the bottom, with the knuckles of German Officers' Ridge and Johnston's Jolly dipping down to them, and, in the distance, some of the spurs and foothills of Scrubby Knoll.

All these points were by then open to the Turks; and shortly afterwards the enemy, who had been advancing in skirmishing formation from Scrubby Knoll, was seen crossing the green flats towards the foot of German Officers' Ridge and the Jolly.[13] This was the same movement which Jacobs, of the 1st Battalion, and others were watching as they supported Major Kindon's flank above the head of the same valley.

[11] Major R. O. Cowey; 55th Bn. Area officer; of Monbulk, Vic.; b. Melbourne, Vic., 15 July, 1888.

[12] Lieut. T. L. Cadell; 3rd Bn. Only son of the Manager, London Bank of Australia, Newcastle, N.S.W.; b. Goulburn, N.S.W., 7 Dec., 1896. Died of wounds, 22 June, 1915.

[13] See Map 14, facing p. 314.

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Jacobs had hoped in vain for the arrival of a machine-gun to check the advancing Turks. Cowey begged Leer to let him take his men to the next spur, from which he believed he could concentrate an effective fire upon them.

But Leer was afraid to weaken the firing line by moving isolated sections of it. A few minutes later the Turks, who were skirmishing up every hollow and round every spur, appeared upon the knuckle which Cowey had asked leave to occupy. At about eighty yards' range they began to pour in a deadly fire upon the crest held by Leer's men.

The Turkish attack was advancing like a flood over the whole of this countryside. Half a mile to the south about 400 of the enemy had drifted, wave after wave, across the Mule Valley flats, and were now in a concealed trench or hollow at the foot of German Officers' Ridge. Further numbers collected against the foot of Johnston's Jolly. Half a mile to the north others lapped around the seaward edge of Battleship Hill. From all these quarters fire began to be turned upon the Australians on Baby 700 and on Leer's small party facing Mortar Ridge. Many were killed; the wounded on the southern slope of Baby 700 were seen limping or crawling back; individual men, in fear that they had been cut off, began to retire. Leer, who was very determined and confident, had been keeping his own men in splendid heart, and he brought forward again some of these stragglers. But little by little the right of the line on Baby 700 gave way, and the gap which already existed between that hill and the line edging Monash Valley began to widen.

South of this gap, at Leer's position, fierce fighting at ever shorter range continued for an hour. Leer asked for men and ammunition, and Lamb at the head of Monash Valley toiled incessantly sending these forward. He directed towards the point of danger any fragment of any unit he could find—some of the 2nd Battalion under Lieutenant Barton[14] by way of Steele's—Sergeant-Major Jones of the 2nd by way of the Bloody Angle—small bodies of Aucklanders by way of Quinn's.

Certain of the earlier reinforcements reached Leer. Jones and a number of the New Zealanders moved up the Chessboard in the direction of Baby 700, until they saw the Turks

[14] Lieut. H. P. Barton; 2nd Bn. Draughtsman in Lands Dept., Sydney N.S.W.; b. Richmond, Melbourne, Vic., 9 Nov., 1879. Killed in action, 23 May, 1915.

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penetrating between them and the Bloody Angle. The flank of Baby 700 seemed by then to be bare of troops. Jones's party withdrew towards the head of the Bloody Angle, and joined Lieutenant Campbell of the 2nd Battalion on the left of Leer's line. There they stayed, fighting desperately. One New Zealander. whose left hand had been shot off, lay propping his rifle on the ground against his elbow and firing. Presently he was shot through the head. Some time later Campbell's party too fell back.

By such stages the gap widened. At about 3 p.m. Leer noticed that there were few, if any, men left on the southern flank of Baby 700. "The Turks are getting round,"[15] he said to Giles. "They are enfilading us from the left." Putting up his head to look, he was at once hit through the neck and chest. His company sergeant-major, Phipps,[16] took him in his arms in the vain hope of staunching the wound. Leer handed over his command to Cowey; then, in Phipps's arms, he died.

The fire still increased. New Zealanders had come up to Quinn's and the Bloody Angle, and a few of them managed to reach Cowey's spur. But it became difficult to hold the men there. Finally the Turkish fire became so accurate that anyone who tried to cross the forty yards summit in front of the Bloody Angle was instantly shot. Cowey urgently needed a machine-gun and more ammunition to deal with the attack, which was now flowing like the tide across Mule Valley against the line further south. He wrote a message, with a sketch of the position, wrapped it round a stone, and flung it to the rear. It eventually reached Major A. J. Bennett, second-in-command of the 3rd Battalion, on MacLaurin's Hill.

But in the meantime ammunition began to give out. The men on either side of Cowey—Glasgow[17] and Carr[18]—were killed. Cowey rolled Carr's body over and threw the dead

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[15] See Map 14, facing p. 314, in which is shown the situation after Leer's death.

[16] Captain W. B. Phipps; 3rd Bn. Of St. Peter's, N.S.W.; b. Blackfriars, London, Eng., 5 July, 1869.

[17] Pte. R. Glasgow (No. 391, 3rd Bn.). Engineer; b. Kirkaldy, Scotland, 1 May, 1879. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

[18] Pte. M. F. Carr (No. 314, 3rd Bn.). Motor mechanic and driver; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Chelsea, London, Eng., 15 Jan., 1895. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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man's ammunition to those who were still alive. The stretcher-bearers working out with the front line in battle—as the Australian stretcher-bearers did from that day to the end of the war—had dressed the wounded until they were all wounded themselves. Cowey thought of sending some of the wounded to the rear to ask for ammunition, but saw that it was impossible for them to get through.

In this predicament, some of his men shouted to him that they were being fired upon from the rear by their own reinforcements. They asked what to do. Cowey told them to hold on and continue firing. It was in any case impossible to retire. They shouted to those in rear not to shoot at them—that they were Australians and not Turks. In vain they sought to make them understand; the fusilade continued. Such a call was exactly the sort of ruse against which men and officers had been warned as likely to be adopted by the enemy. Later, a report reached Major Brown in Monash Valley that a party of Turks had come down the Chessboard close to the Australian line shouting, "Don't shoot—we're Australians!"

At 5 p.m. a few men in Cowey's line ran to the rear. For some reason the Turks were not on the alert, and these men escaped unharmed. Cowey at once gave the word to retire. He watched his men leave the position they had held at such cost; then he followed. Where Leer's small line had been, sixty men were left dead.

About 100 yards back from the position the retiring troops were halted by a gallant officer of the 2nd Battalion, Lieutenant D. McN. Heugh.[19] Cowey and Heugh divided the party into two, and, each covering the retirement of the other, withdrew in a half-southerly direction towards MacLaurin's Hill. Heugh reached an empty Turkish trench in front of Quinn's Post, and from this covered Cowey. Hardly a man was lost in the withdrawal. They finally halted on a low mound on the left shoulder of Courtney's Post. Major Lamb was immediately behind them.

Thus failed the brave attempt to fill the gap between the line along Monash Valley and that upon Baby 700. The

[19] Lieut. D. McN. Heugh; 2nd Bn. General storekeeper; of Clarence Town and Somerton, N.S.W.; b. Pimlico, Richmond River, N.S.W., 21 May, 1890. Died of wounds, 29 Apr., 1915.

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Turks had driven through upon each flank of Baby 700, and that all-important hill had been lost. Now through the gap to the south of it Turks were penetrating to the head of Monash Valley. Lieutenant Campbell of the 2nd Battalion, and a few New Zealanders and Australians who were with him at the Bloody Angle, had by this time become the most northerly post in Monash Valley. The gap extended from there to the position held by Howe's party on The Nek, and the only troops in it were a few men of all battalions—Australians and New Zealanders, under Jacobs—marooned as it were upon the island of Pope's Hill and upon Dead Man's Ridge immediately in front of it.

Baby 700, which looked directly down Monash Valley, was now held by the Turks. It was growing too dark, and their infantry was too exhausted, for them to take full advantage of this situation. But for some hours small parties had begun to penetrate past the left of Pope's to the western slope of Monash Valley near The Nek. Working in the scrub along the hillside to Russell's Top, in rear of Howe's party at The Nek, they began to shoot into the backs of the troops holding the posts on the other side of Monash Valley. Only the northern corner of each of these indentations was protected against their fire, and men on the hillslope behind Quinn's, Courtney's, and Steele's began to be hit by bullets from the rear. The aim of these snipers was very deadly. As early as 4 p.m. men were being lost on the exposed corner of Steele's Post. Captain J. W. B. Bean, the medical officer of the 3rd Battalion, on going out and bending over one of these, was immediately hit in the groin by a bullet coming from the same direction.

But this sniping from the rear across Monash Valley was the work of only a few brave Turks. Though it continued for days, and though men were continually killed by it, it was never regarded as more than an annoyance; it did not affect for a moment the work of the troops. The spirit in which the men accepted it may be illustrated by the case of a boy in the 12th Battalion, who was fetching water in a petrol tin from Monash Valley up to Steele's Post. He was scrambling on hands and knees up the precipitous hillside with the tin on his shoulder, when a sniper's bullet pierced it. He put the tin down quickly; looked at it; saw that the hole was above the water-line;

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turned his head across the valley and put his fingers to his nose; and then picked up the tin and went on with his climb.

The posts along MacLaurin's Hill were held by a mixture of troops—the 11th, who had first been put in there; the 3rd, who had reinforced them; part of the Auckland Battalion, which had come in later; and strays from every battalion, who had found their way into Monash Valley or had fallen back upon the main line from Loutit's, Leer's, and other parties. The officer who first occupied each section was generally in command of it so long as he kept alive. But when Colonel Owen of the 3rd Battalion shifted his headquarters from Plugge's Plateau to Steele's Post in the afternoon, he took over the general charge of MacLaurin's Hill from Brockman, who had come there from Baby 700 shortly before noon, and had been the senior officer on the ridge during the midday hours.

It was very difficult during daylight to communicate with the firing line on MacLaurin's Hill. The trenches had not yet nearly reached the stage at which communication trenches could be made. The line lay in rifle-pits some ten or twelve yards out from the crest, and the only methods of reaching it were either to run out, drop quickly into the nearest hole, and then hop from one to the other as opportunity occurred; or else, as an alternative, to crawl low through the scrub. When men in the firing line were hit, they ran back to the valley, if they could run; if not, they were dragged by the heels to the edge of the cliff and hauled over into safety. Many of the seriously wounded had simply to lie in their pits, some till nightfall, others for days. Meanwhile reinforcements were brought up in rear of the edge of the hill and kept there in support. As time went on, these mainly consisted of stray men gathered from the valley. As the line in the rifle-pits became depleted, two or three men would be sent over the top from time to time to reinforce it.

Brockman was convinced that to maintain a line hanging as it were by its finger-nails along the rim of the valley was impossible. He considered that the proper position for it was out on the edge of the slope overlooking Mule Valley. Twice he endeavoured to confer with Captain Croly, who was in the rifle-pits on the summit of German Officers' Ridge. At the second attempt his sergeant-major, crawling after him, was

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hit through the chest. Movement was clearly impossible during daylight. Brockman therefore waited for dusk, intending to call Croly in and arrange with him to link the advanced posts of the 11th—Everett, Barnes, Croly, Rockliff, and Macfarlane —into one continuous forward line. He had several mixed platoons under Lieutenant Darnell[20] of the 11th and other officers ready to push out over the crest after dark in order to form this line.

But between the detachments of the 11th Battalion there were now a greater number of the 3rd. Major A. J. Bennett, second-in-command of the 3rd, was in communication with these; and thus, from the hour in the afternoon when Bennett arrived, there were two separate commanders issuing orders to two different sets of troops on the same sector of MacLaurin's Hill. Bennett was senior, and Brockman, when he knew of his arrival, told him of his plan. Bennett did not agree with it; and shortly afterwards Colonel Owen of the 3rd, summoning Brockman, told him that he would not send the men out to form a line further forward until he had himself reconnoitred the place.

From that time Colonel Owen definitely assumed the command on MacLaurin's Hill. His headquarters were at Steele's, about half-way along the hill. He received his instructions from MacLagan of the 3rd Brigade, whose headquarters were 400 yards away at its southern shoulder; and his own orders were carried out mainly through his three majors immediately behind the front line—Brown at the southern end of the hill; A. J. Bennett in the centre; Lamb at the northern end, near Courtney's Post—and through Major Denton of the 11th at Courtney's and Steele's.

It was after nightfall—at the time when Brockman had sent for Croly and was in conference with him concerning his plan—that there were heard from the dim area in front of the main firing line repeated cries of "Don't shoot—don't shoot—Indian troops—Indian troops!" The words were perfectly plain: every officer and man along this part of the front heard them. Looking up, they saw in the failing light hundreds of men approaching. They were coming up German Officers' Ridge

[20] Major A. H. Darnell, D.S.O. 2nd-in-command 11th Bn. 1918. Civil servant; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Dublin, Ireland, 7 May, 1886. Died of wounds, 24 Sept., 1918.

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and across its southern slope into Wire Gully. The cries continued. Every rifle was lowered.

Mention has already been made of the rumours which before noon started on the left of the Australian line that an Indian brigade was likely to land there. This report was almost certainly circulated in order to cheer the troops—probably by someone who knew that the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade had been promised as reinforcements, or that the Indian batteries were due to land. At 1 p.m., when the Turkish guns were inflicting an almost unbearable strain upon his men, MacLagan received from Divisional Headquarters a message that the 29th Division (which was to land at Helles) was "getting on." His men longed desperately for guns, and except for the brave mountain battery he had none. But now he could cheer them with news; and these tidings were used again and again by officers and N.C.O.'s to keep up the men's spirits towards the end of the long day. Some were expecting to see the 29th Division appear on the horizon behind the Turks. This expectation was not so absurd as it may appear, seeing that Achi Baba, which was visible from the southern end of the Australian line,[21] was, according to the plan of operations, to be reached by the 29th Division on the first or second day. At 4 p.m. MacLagan asked for more news of the 29th Division. It came at once: "29th Division captured Sedd-el-Bahr. Marine Division has been landed on their left." After the mountain battery had been driven out of action and the troops left completely without artillery support, a verbal message from MacLagan was passed up from the Beach: "The New Zealand Howitzer Battery is landing, and will shortly be supporting you." This was repeated from mouth to mouth along the crowded trenches across Plugge's, and thence to the front. All day scraps and fag-ends of such messages flew backwards and forwards along the front. Among them one of the most persistent was that Indian troops were to be expected on the left.

The cry of "Don't shoot—Indian troops!" undoubtedly came along the Australian outposts. Many of those in the line believed that the shout was raised by the Turks. The evidence of Lieutenant McDonald, in charge of the most advanced post

[21] See plate at p. 203.

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of the 3rd Battalion in Wire Gully makes this more than doubtful. McDonald said afterwards that the calls which he heard came from the Australian line. But whatever its origin, when the cry came all firing stopped, and the men on German Officers' Ridge stared through the dusk at the forms approaching. Croly who was standing with Brockman, had been an officer in the Indian Army, and had taken a special "pass" in the Hindustani language. He therefore went out with his "runner" (an orderly for carrying messages) to see if the oncomers were really Indians. Near by, at Courtney's Post, Lieutenant J. L. C. Booth (the ex-artist of *Punch*), who had come in during the morning, did the same. Messages were flying from every part of the hill to Colonel Owen's headquarters, asking whether this was an Indian brigade. Owen sent Lieutenant Owen Howell-Price,[22] one of his younger officers to ascertain. Price found Major E. S. Brown standing on the hilltop, with his men in their trench gazing at three strangers in light blue who were coming up towards them.

Meanwhile some in the line of the 3rd Battalion were not so trustful. A brave sergeant, R. McClelland,[23] went forward, shouting to his men: "Come on, lads, we'll charge them! Give them the bayonet!" A number of men followed him. Someone else from the rear shouted: "You fools—they're Indians!" The men hesitated—stopped. McClelland fell pierced by a bullet.

Near the top of Wire Gully was a small post containing Corporal T. Louch and a few men of the 10th and 11th. Among them was an old Anglo-Indian soldier named Thompson, who said that he would go out and see if the strangers were Indians. He had not taken ten steps when he was shot dead.

In the actual bed of Wire Gully, when first the shout of "Indian Troops" was raised, the post under Lieutenant McDonald held its fire. Men could be seen in front, some very close. A youngster in a rifle-pit fired and one of the strangers dropped dead. There was a panic amongst them; but they could still be heard shuffling in the bushes. Presently

[22] Lieut.-Colonel O. G. Howell-Price, D.S.O., M.C. Commanded 3rd Bn. 1916. Farmer; b. 23 Feb., 1890. Died of wounds, 4 Nov., 1916.

[23] Sgt. R. J. McClelland (No. 82, 3rd Bn.) Mechanical engineer; of Wollongong, N.S.W.; b. Kempsey, N.S.W., 18 Jan., 1894. Died of wounds, 26 Apr., 1915.

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a tall figure came to within a few yards of the post. McDonald himself, bending low so that the stranger stood out against the skyline, rushed and seized him. The man shouted some instruction to those behind before McDonald, with his bayonet against his captive's ribs, drove him in to the post. The prisoner was a tall well dressed Turk with a medical armlet around his sleeve. He was sent under guard to the Australian line.

The same discovery had been made elsewhere. Croly's runner had dashed back to Brockman with the news that the oncoming troops were Turks, not Indians. Though Croly did not come in himself, his well-recognised voice—he was famous for his fluent invective—telling his men to fire could be heard far down the line. Booth, who was mortally wounded shortly afterwards, brought back the same news. The two machine-guns of the 11th under Sergeant Hallahan[24] barked out, the whole line opened a deadly fire, and the mass in front fell low or ran back.

But young Howell-Price, gentlest of men and conscientious to a fault, was not satisfied that these were not Indians. That afternoon he had been made adjutant of the battalion on the death of Captain Burns.[25] He sent out after dark, and had the body of one of the supposed Indians brought in. It was the corpse of a Turk.

Meanwhile MacLagan had telegraphed to Divisional Headquarters to inquire if any Indians were in front. The reply came, after consultation with the Indian Mountain Batteries, that none could be there. MacLagan then gave orders that anyone in front of the firing line was to be shot.

Some of the Turks who came up at this time managed to establish themselves at the bottom of Wire Gully, almost immediately below the post in which Loutit and Haig had collected their remnant on Johnston's Jolly. Until the enemy began to shoot, Loutit's party had believed them to be Indians. These Turks lay in the bottom of the gully all night, sniping. McDonald's party in the creek bed could hear them moving in front; he asked for more men, and Lieutenant Beeken's

[24] Captain W. R. Hallahan, M.C., M.M.; 11th Bn. Metallurgist; of Kalgoorlie, W. Aust.; b. Buller District, New Zealand, 10 Aug., 1889. Killed in battalion's last fight, 18 Sept., 1918.

[25] Captain R. Burns; 3rd Bn. Auctioneer; of Lithgow, N.S.W.; b. Marrangaroo, near Lithgow, 20 Jan., 1886. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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platoon of the 3rd Battalion was sent down to him. This strong party blocked all approach up the creek bed. High on either side of the valley the post under Haig and Loutit and that under McConaghy watched each other's slope during the night.

The belief that Indian troops were reinforcing them was to cause a further complication before the night ended.

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CHAPTER XX

MUSTAFA KEMAL'S COUNTER-ATTACK AND THE FIRST NIGHT

On the night of April 24th Liman von Sanders, the commander of the 5th Turkish Army, and Essad Pasha, commanding the III Turkish Army Corps, were at their headquarters in the town of Gallipoli, not far from the Bulair Lines. It will be remembered that the 5th Army was responsible for the safety of the Dardanelles; and that the III Army Corps (7th, 9th, and 19th Divisions) and the 5th Division were the portions of it responsible for the Peninsula, while the XV Army Corps (3rd and 11th Divisions) was charged with the defence of the Asiatic side, where a German officer, Weber Pasha, was in general command.

About 6 a.m. on April 25th there reached von Sanders the news that a landing was being made near Gaba Tepe and north of it. About the same time came a report that a strong fleet of transports, accompanied by warships and torpedo-boats, was entering the Gulf of Saros. Von Sanders had a strong conviction that an attack would be made upon Bulair. The news that the fleet was heading in that direction confirmed him in this opinion, and he became assured that the landing at Gaba Tepe was a feint. He therefore took immediate steps to meet an assault upon the Bulair Lines. The 7th Turkish Division was assembled at certain cross-roads north-east of Gallipoli, from which it could be swiftly moved either into the Bulair Lines or to meet a landing elsewhere upon the north coast of the Peninsula. The 5th Divison, which, together with the 19th, formed the general reserve of this army, was retained in the same area, with orders to be ready for instant movement. Von Sanders himself, with a small staff, took up his position on Ghazi Tepe, a high hill near the central fort of the Bulair Lines, from which he overlooked a wide extent of country. Telephone wires from the fort connected him with all parts of the Peninsula. And here, during that day and the next, his headquarters remained.

Between 7 and 8 a.m., following on the news of the Gaba

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Tepe landing, came messages reporting that further landings were being made at the southern end of the Peninsula, at Cape Helles, Sedd-el-Bahr, the mouth of the Sighin Dere, and Morto Bay. Immediately afterwards others were reported south of the Dardanelles at Kum Kale and Besika Bay.[1] From the observation posts of the Lines the transports which were making the feint upon Bulair were now seen approaching. A bombardment of the Lines by the warships began. Von Sanders decided to hand over the task of defending Gaba Tepe and the southern end of the Peninsula to Essad Pasha, while he himself remained at Bulair to meet the attack which he considered the most serious. The 19th Division near Maidos, which at one time appears to have been regarded as part of the general reserve under the direct orders of von Sanders, was put under Essad's command.

Essad Pasha embarked at once on the fast steam-yacht provided for von Sanders' use, and hurried down the straits to Maidos. Von Sanders was retaining the 7th and 5th Divisions near Bulair, and Essad had therefore only two divisions at his disposal to meet the attacks in the south.[2] These were the 9th—which, as has been already mentioned, was garrisoning the whole coast-line from near Suvla Bay to the mouth of the Dardanelles—and the 19th, in reserve near Maidos. By 10 a.m., when he arrived at Maidos, Essad found that nearly all his troops had been already ordered into the fight.

When the Australians landed at Ari Burnu, the garrison which held the actual point of landing consisted of a company of the 2nd Battalion, 27th Turkish Regiment, with portions of other companies in outpost positions along the shore north and south of Ari Burnu. These were quickly rushed from their trenches, and fled scattered through the valleys. The quick-firing battery of the 8th Artillery Regiment on Pine Ridge and the Krupp battery in Owen's Gully were seized before they had time to withdraw; and parties from the broken garrison fled back by tracks towards Scrubby Knoll and the Third ridge.

The first senior officer to receive news of the landing was

[1] The report of a landing at Besika Bay was untrue.

[2] See Map 8, p. 237.

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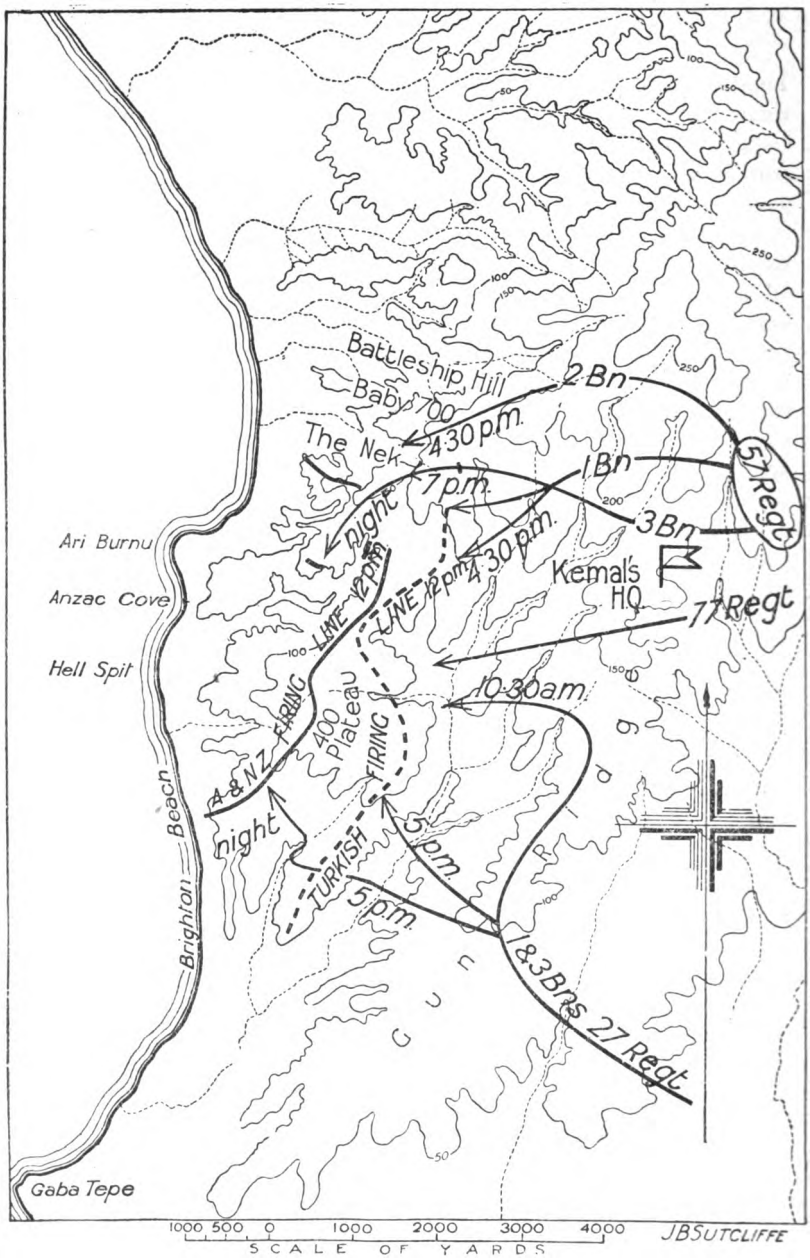

Turkish counter-attacks on the A. & N.Z. Army Corps at Ari Burnu on the day of the landing

Height contours, 50 metres.

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Khalil Sami Bey, commander of the 9th Division, whose headquarters were in or near Maidos. The landing force was said to be making towards Hill 971. Khalil Sami ordered the two remaining battalions of the 27th Regiment and the machine-gun company of the 9th Division to march at once to the sea-coast, by way of the village of Koja Dere, and to drive the invader back. These two battalions were encamped due-east of Gaba Tepe, near Maidos, with a view to reinforcing the Gaba Tepe garrison. Starting at 7.30 a.m. and moving along the crest of the Third ridge, they were the first reinforcements to come in sight of the Australians, and were all the troops that Khalil Sami could spare. Guarding the whole of the Sedd-el-Bahr (or Helles) zone, he had only two battalions of the 25th Regiment; and although the 26th was at Serafim Farm, no great distance from Maidos, the likelihood that it would have to be sent south to support the Helles garrison probably caused him to look to the 19th Division for any further assistance in repelling the landing at Gaba Tepe.

The 19th Turkish Division—the main reserve in the centre and south of the Peninsula—was encamped immediately north-east of Maidos, so that it could be moved without delay to any point threatened, whether on the Peninsula or on the Asiatic shore. Its finest regiment, a Turkish one, the 57th, had its lines near the village of Boghali, two and a half miles east of Scrubby Knoll. The two remaining regiments, the 72nd and 77th, which were Arab and less highly esteemed by the Turks, were under canvas near Mal Tepe.

It so happened that on the day of the landing a field day had been arranged for the 57th Regiment. The commander of the Division, Mustafa Kemal Bey,[3] proposed to exercise the three battalions of this regiment over the country in the direction of Hill 971. At 5.30 a.m. the regiment had already mustered for this operation, and was on parade when news reached Mustafa Kemal that the British were landing.

The first information was vague. It was followed by a more definite message from the 9th Division. This informed him that a force about one battalion strong had landed at Ari Burnu and had gone in the direction of Koja Chemen

[3] Afterwards leader of the Turkish Nationalist revolt. See plate at p. 449.

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Tepe (Hill 971). The message asked Kemal to send one of his battalions from Boghali to Ari Burnu in order to meet the invaders.

Mustafa Kemal was a man with fine qualities both of judgment and decision. He was in command of the main reserve of the 5th Army, and from this he was asked to detach only one battalion. The reported landing was evidently considered by Khalil Sami (as it was by von Sanders) to be no more than a feint. But Kemal instantly realised that, if the landing force were making for Hill 971, it was no feint that was in progress, but a most serious attack. He well understood the immense importance of Hill 971, and knew that the task of seizing it was not likely to be entrusted to a single battalion. Without hesitation he took it upon himself to throw in immediately the whole of the 57th Turkish Regiment.

The 57th started at once. Having ordered a battery of mountain artillery to accompany it, Kemal himself joined the 1st Battalion of the regiment at the head of the column. He pushed forward, some 200 yards ahead of the regiment, a company of the battalion; and with this company he marched, map in hand, leading the column across country on a line which would strike the range a little south of 971, somewhere near Chunuk Bair. Beside him went Zeki Bey, commander of the 1st Battalion of the 57th Regiment.

Kemal's map was a very small contoured sheet, and the name of Ari Burnu was not even marked upon it. Possibly the name had been invented by the Gaba Tepe garrison after the map was printed. He knew, however, that it must be north of Gaba Tepe, and he directed his march so as to cut across the front of the landing force as it pushed towards Chunuk Bair. The line of his advance led him towards the Third ridge, between Scrubby Knoll and Chunuk Bair. In the deep gullies immediately before he reached Scrubby Knoll there met him Turkish soldiers retreating before the Australian advance. They had been driven back, they said, and numbers of British had landed at Ari Burnu.

Mustafa Kemal climbed the Third ridge north of Scrubby Knoll. From there the backbone of the main range came in sight. The commander of the 57th Regiment had separated from the party, and Kemal was unable to find him. He accord-

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ARTILLERYMEN AND OTHERS DRAGGING AN 18-POUNDER FIELD GUN UP LITTLE ARI BURNU (QUEENSLAND POINT), 26TH APRIL, 1915. THE FIRST GUN WAS TAKEN UP ON THE PREVIOUS EVENING

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G918.

To face p. 448.

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MUSTAFA KEMAL BEY, COMMANDER, 19TH TURKISH DIVISION, WHO DIRECTED THE COUNTER-ATTACK AGAINST THE A. & N.Z. ARMY CORPS

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ingly gave a direct order to Zeki Bey, commanding its 1st Battalion, to launch it vigorously and without losing a minute against the Australians who were advancing up the main hill. and to push them back into the sea. At the same time Kemal personally placed the mountain battery in position near Scrubby Knoll.

Similar orders having been given to the 2nd, the 57th Regiment attacked with two battalions—its 1st on the left and its 2nd on the right. The 1st was directed from the north-east against the inland slope of Baby 700 and Mortar Ridge. The 2nd, a little later than the 1st, crossed high up the range to its seaward slope, and thence attacked Baby 700 and the seaward spurs. The 3rd Battalion was held for the time being in reserve.

The struggle was manifestly so serious, and the coast-defence troops of the 27th Regiment to the south of him were so heavily pressed, that Mustafa Kemal decided, without waiting for authority, to support the 27th by throwing in a second regiment of his own division. He therefore ordered the 77th (Arab) Regiment to move straight towards Ari Burnu and attack between the 57th and the 27th. He then returned to meet Essad, who was hurrying south from Gallipoli.

Essad reached Maidos at about 10 a.m., and, mounting on horseback, galloped with his staff to Mal Tepe, from which he obtained a general view of the hill system of Koja Chemen Tepe. Kemal had thrown nearly the whole of Essad's reserve into the struggle against the Australians. Essad Pasha, though a gallant veteran, lacked the strength and cool judgment ot Mustafa Kemal, and was apt to be over-impressed by the crisis of the moment. But the present occasion was so urgent that no action could be too vigorous to meet it. Kemal had already committed him without waiting for leave. Essad confirmed his action, and agreed to let him throw his third regiment also, the 72nd, against Ari Burnu. The whole of the 19th Division and one regiment of the 9th had thus been directed against the Australian landing. To meet the landing at Cape Helles, Essad had only the two remaining regiments of the 9th Division, of which one, the 26th, had its two coastal battalions already desperately engaged with the 29th Division. The other (the 25th Regiment) was ordered south from Serafim Farm to reinforce them. It was

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a long march, but until the 25th arrived the coast-defence companies at Cape Helles would be unsupported. Essad left Kemal in charge at Gaba Tepe, while he himself hastened to Krithia, where he took in hands the reins of the southern zone.

Mustafa Kemal hurried forward the same evening to Scrubby Knoll. Immediately behind its northern shoulder he placed his headquarters. From that day to the end of the Peninsula campaign the headquarters of the Turkish command at Ari Burnu remained at this spot. From the crest, a few yards above the general's shelter, could be seen, less than a mile away, the whole Australian line from Courtney's Post to Lone Pine. Scrubby Knoll became known to the Turks as Kemal Yere (Kemal's Hill). The Third ridge, behind which on this day and the next most of the Turkish batteries were brought into position, was christened Top Chular Sirt (Artillery Ridge). To the Australians it became known by the corresponding name—Gun Ridge, and by that title the Third ridge will henceforth be described in these pages.

In the meantime the immediate counter-attack of Khalil Sami's coastal reserves (the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the 27th Turkish Regiment, 9th Division) had checked the Australians on the 400 Plateau; while Kemal's action in throwing in the 19th Division had, after a fierce struggle, succeeded in barring their advance up the main range towards the real objective of the landing.

The 57th Regiment was, as has been explained, thrown in by Kemal from the north-east down both sides of the main range. When Zeki Bey, the commander of its 1st Battalion, received Kemal's order to move against the Australians on the inland slope, he looked round for his men, but could find very few of them. Kemal had led the 57th straight across country as difficult as that which had disorganised the Australians, and the Turkish battalions had become similarly split up. Zeki Bey could therefore collect round him only a few troops; but with these he pushed on, across gullies and over spurs, heading for Baby 700 and Mortar Ridge. As he crossed the Usun Dere (Long Valley) onto Usun Sirt (Long Ridge—an inland spur of Chunuk Bair), he saw for the first time, on the inland side of the main range, a party of Australians.

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They were on Battleship Hill (Dus Tepe—Straight Hill), in the position reached by Tulloch. Other portions of the 57th Turkish Regiment had been advancing, driving back before them at first a few weak parties of Australians, until they came up against solid and stubborn opposition. Zeki Bey could descry some men of his own battalion on the far side of Dik Dere ("Steep Valley"—the Sandpits), immediately in front of the party of Australians just mentioned—so close, indeed, that it looked like bayonet work. With them was a young Turkish officer, wounded in the neck, but holding on with his men in front of the Australians. Presently this officer fell, and the Turkish party began to retire. An Australian officer was seen standing, pointing with a sword or stick at the retreating Turks and encouraging his men to follow them. The Australians began again to advance. The position struck Zeki Bey as critical. He had only fifteen men with him at the time, but he ordered them to concentrate their fire upon the advancing party. A few moments later the little bunch of Australians took cover in the scrub and was lost to sight.

While standing up to direct the fire of his men, Zeki Bey was wounded. The Australian rifle fire was very heavy and accurate. The leading company of the 1st Battalion, 57th Regiment, had lost one officer wounded and one killed. Zeki Bey was under the impression that those of his men whom he had seen retiring before the Australian party must have been badly shaken. The fight was still so critical that, although wounded, he decided to push forward and, if necessary, rally and reorganise the men himself. From the place where his own party had been he had seen a line of his men somewhat to the south of the retiring party, lining the same spur. He crossed the Dik Dere and reached them.

He found that in spite of the heavy fighting they were not demoralised. What had happened was that one of the Turkish mountain batteries, after giving up as hopeless an attempt to burst its shrapnel on the invisible landing-place, had begun to fire on the Australian front line. But the Turkish infantry were so close to this line that the shrapnel was sweeping dangerously near them; they consequently withdrew from in front of the guns, but moved into the line again a short space further south. They were in good heart; and

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about 4.30 p.m. their battalion commander, having reassured himself that the position was no longer desperate, went to hospital.

In the meantime the 2nd Battalion of the 57th Turkish Regiment, having worked to the seaward side of Battleship Hill, had been pressing the Australians on the seaward spurs, and, as Zeki Bey left the line, the 3rd Battalion, which till then had been held in reserve, was moving up. It came across country from the left of the 1st, but was ordered to move in between the other two battalions. It attacked before nightfall and reached The Nek.

When darkness fell, the Australians had been thrown back both on the main ridge and on either side of it. Three Turkish battalions were established astride of the range—the 2nd Battalion of the 57th on the seaward slope, the 3rd on The Nek, and the 1st on Mortar Ridge and at Quinn's. Further south—a gap intervening—the 27th Turkish Regiment barred the way at the 400 Plateau. The 77th (Arab) Regiment, thrown in between the two, attacked about dusk near the plateau. The 72nd (Arab) Regiment began to arrive about nightfall at Battleship Hill to reinforce the 2nd Battalion of the 57th, which had suffered heavily in the fight on the seaward slope. It was Kemal's swift determination, and that alone, which had prevented the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps from reaching the all-important height of Chunuk Bair. By his action the exhausted invader, after an effort almost passing human endurance, was completely hemmed in by a formidable force under a formidable leader, in country which would have been wellnigh impassable even in peace manœuvres.

It did not need a brain of the acuteness of Colonel White's to realise that the landing at Gaba Tepe had failed in its object. It had always been expected that the force might not reach the enormously extensive objectives mapped out for it in the direction of Mal Tepe. But if it had succeeded in seizing and holding Hill 971, or even Chunuk Bair, a position of immense advantage for the further conduct of the campaign would have been won. Both of these heights, however, now lay far beyond the lines. The attempt to reach them while the enemy was not in full strength had been repulsed. To

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White, knowing and honestly facing the facts, it seemed clear that, with the heavy Turkish reinforcements which were now certain, the prospect of attaining the object of the enterprise had disappeared. To his mind the one course pointed out by military science was to face the truth—the enterprise had failed; the troops could be of no further use where they were, but if withdrawn they could be of use elsewhere. Such information as had been vouchsafed to the Australian Staff led them to believe that the landing at Cape Helles was a success. It seemed better to use the Australian and New Zealand force in following up that success than to involve it in further losses in an attempt which now appeared definitely to have failed.

The first ideas of withdrawal came, not from the Divisional Staff, but from the brigadiers. Towards the end of the afternoon those in touch with the troops were becoming increasingly anxious as to how much longer the infantry could endure the almost unbearable strain of the struggle. The stream of wounded since the early morning had never ceased. No one could judge of their numbers, but boats had been taking them to the transports all the afternoon, and on the southern end of the Beach their stretchers still lay so crowded that it was difficult to move between them. Officers of the various headquarters, being mostly behind the lines, were also deeply impressed by the stragglers who, in ever growing numbers, began to find their way back into the valleys behind the firing line. To a greater extent than ever before, unwounded or slightly wounded men were assisting the more heavily wounded to the rear. Strong and brave men lay in torment out in the scrub, racking their brains for some pretext for retirement sufficient to satisfy their own consciences. Was it not their duty to take back information which might be all-important—to obtain reinforcements—to bring up ammunition—to find the rest of their battalion, which might be needing them? Many of those who had found their way back to the Beach had held on until they were half-surrounded by the Turks; many more had fought on with only two or three of their own battalion beside them, until they fully believed that they alone of the whole regiment survived. In many cases they returned direct to General Bridges, Colonel White, or Major Glasfurd, in order to ask where their unit

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was and where they were to go. Others, overcome by fatigue, sat down to wait on the Beach, and at once dropped into the slumber of exhaustion.

About 1 p.m. the retirement of men under the extreme stress of the shellfire upon the 400 Plateau and Bolton's Ridge had caused some anxiety to the officers with the mountain guns. Between 3 and 4 p.m. a disquieting rush of men from the same area occurred at Brown's Dip. Numbers came running back over the crest-line to Captain Butler's medical aid-post with the report that the whole line had been driven in, and that the wounded were to be moved back to the Beach. But never at any time did Butler find an officer with these men: they appeared to be small unformed parties who had picked up one of the many rumours which all day flew about the front line. He himself rallied them, and in nearly every case the men were easily brought to see that it was their duty to return. These movements, nevertheless, caused anxiety. At 5.20 p.m. M'Cay reported to Bridges that a considerable number of unwounded men were leaving the firing line. Shortly afterwards MacLagan reported that he was being heavily attacked on the left flank, and that gun-fire upon the main ridge was urgently needed. At 6.15 Colonel Owen reported that the firing line on the left was being driven back rather rapidly. About dusk MacLagan asked Major Denton, who had come from Courtney's Post to see him, whether he could hold on. Denton said he had lost a great many men, and that the Turks were continually attacking. About this time MacLagan informed Bridges that the 4th Infantry Brigade was urgently required.

Immediately before dark MacLagan came down from the firing line to the Beach to see his old chief. Bridges still had in mind MacLagan's last words on the occasion of their parting aboard the *Prince of Wales* at Mudros.

"Well, old pessimist," he laughed—"what have you got to say about it now?"

MacLagan looked serious. "I don't know, sir," he answered. "It's touch and go. If the Turks come on in mass formation, like the Germans, on the left, I don't think anything can stop them."

An invariable experience throughout the war was that,

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after an unsuccessful attack, the minds of those who had failed were obsessed with the apprehension of an immediate counter-attack. Even where the attacking troops had withdrawn to some formidable defence line, which the enemy was not in the least likely to assail without long preparation, their expectation was that he would at once follow in force and assault it. So far normal in battle is this state of mind that it may be speculated whether, like the spy-mania which always affects nerves overstrained in fighting, it is not a survival of some instinct whose roots go deep into the dim origins of mankind. On this occasion, when large and intact Turkish forces were known to exist within striking distance, the apprehension of an imminent blow was amply justified; and there was not one authority on the Australian or New Zealand Staff who did not anticipate a most formidable Turkish counter-attack during the night or at daybreak. This would probably be made with increased artillery and howitzers, which could search the Beach at present sheltered from many of the Turkish guns. Whether such an attack, if made in mass at dawn, could be borne by the tired troops was doubted even by the most optimistic of the staff in view of the reports which came in cumulatively about nightfall from the brigadiers. Most of those who heard them were convinced that a withdrawal should be considered.

General Birdwood had come ashore from the battleship *Queen* during the afternoon. His former Chief of Staff, Brigadier-General H. B. Walker, then commanding the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, had taken him up to Plugge's Plateau. So thick was the scrub that they could see little, and judge nothing, of the position in Shrapnel Gully and Monash Valley. Walker believed that his men on Walker's Ridge were isolated, and that the Turks were between them and the Australians—as indeed was the case by nightfall. Walker, as was his wont, would not affect an optimism he did not feel, but insisted upon the gravity of the situation. Birdwood, however, returned to the *Queen* without serious misgiving.

Nevertheless, when at nightfall the question suddenly arose whether the troops should not be withdrawn, Walker, though his eyes were fully open to the danger of an attack next day, fought like a tiger against evacuation. But Bridges, certain as everyone else that a heavy attack would come with

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the daylight, took a different view. All his inclination was to stay and fight. He was a man of great pride, entirely without fear, and jealous of the honour of this Australian force which was in his keeping. Through all that long day the responsibility of the command of the whole force ashore, both Australians and New Zealanders, had rested solely on his shoulders; and his cool judgment stood almost alone, calm and aloof, throughout the strain and anxiety of the day. Again and again, every hour, agonised messages came from brigadiers, from battalion commanders, even from company commanders, for reinforcements. Hour after hour Bridges had to judge which need was most urgent. To many an appeal he would only grunt: "Umph! . . . Tell them they've got to stick it!" He had managed to keep his last reserve—the 4th Battalion—just long enough to save the situation on his southern flank.

And now, at the end of the day, he was striving with all his great mental power and determination to ignore his personal feelings and to keep before his eyes only one issue —what course was best in the interests of the enterprise. He found it exceedingly difficult to decide. But in view of what he heard on all sides, it seemed to him, as to White, that the soldierly course was to face a withdrawal, and that preparations should be made for an evacuation. General Godley, commanding the New Zealand and Australian Division, had come ashore about noon, and, while the New Zealand headquarters were being established, Bridges invited him to his own shelter. Though Bridges was still in command of the New Zealand troops ashore as well as the Australians, Godley was in consultation with him, and was convinced of the likelihood of a disaster in the morning. Bridges therefore signalled at about 10 p.m. to General Birdwood on the *Queen*: "General Godley and I both consider that you should come ashore at once." Birdwood, after making arrangements for the early landing of such infantry as was still in the transports,[4] went ashore to confer with them.

A headquarters for the Staff of the A. & N.Z. Army Corps

[4] It had been intended to land about 24,000 troops during the first day (including medical units, etc.). About 4,000 infantry, however (half the New Zealand Infantry Brigade and half the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade), still remained to be disembarked.

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was being made in the gully next on the south to that in which General Bridges had placed his own. That is to say, a few shelves were being dug out of that steep gully-side in the scrub close down to the Beach. But the Corps headquarters had not yet been fully established there. It was at Bridges' headquarters, where the work of the Staff had all day been centred, that Godley and Bridges met Birdwood and his chief engineer, Colonel Joly de Lotbinière. Brigadier-General Walker, Colonel White, and Colonel Howse were present. MacLagan had returned to his headquarters, and M'Cay, up in his sector, was unaware of this conference. Bridges' dug-out—a ledge cut into the gully-side, with a few sand-bags, and a flap of canvas for roof—was too small to hold everyone. But there, by the light of a couple of candles and Bridges' electric torch, the two divisional commanders laid before Birdwood their grave doubts whether the over-strained troops could possibly withstand further shellfire and a heavy attack in the morning.

The idea of evacuation came as a shock to Birdwood. At first he was completely opposed to it. But it was late, and an instant decision one way or the other was required. Bridges, whose advice counted greatly with him, led him aside, and urged the immense importance of the matter. If anything was to be done, it must be done before dawn. Bridges and Godley had suggested that, as the time was all too short, certain preliminary arrangements for re-embarkation should be made with Admiral Thursby at once, pending the final decision by Sir Ian Hamilton.

Birdwood refused to comply. He told Bridges that he would rather stay and die there in the morning than re-embark. It is but just to remember that Bridges had this feeling quite as strongly, and that he was urging a course entirely opposed to his nature and inclination, solely because he believed that it was in the general interests of the enterprise. When White asked him during the night what arrangements he desired to make as to himself and his staff in the event of a withdrawal being forced upon the division, he replied—"We will stay here to the last."

In the end Birdwood was impressed, exactly as Bridges had been, by the intense anxiety of his subordinates. He did not,

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however, take action on his own initiative, as Bridges had urged, or even make a definite recommendation. He simply put the case most strongly before Hamilton, and left the responsibility of decision to him. His reason was that Hamilton would conceivably withdraw one landing force and throw it in to reinforce the other. Birdwood knew that the Helles landing had met with tremendous difficulties, and he thought that Sir Ian should have the situation at Gaba Tepe clearly laid before him. He therefore sent to Sir Ian, by Admiral Thursby, the following note:

> Both my divisional generals and brigadiers have represented to me that they fear their men are thoroughly demoralised by shrapnel fire to which they have been subjected all day after exhaustion and gallant work in morning. Numbers have dribbled back from the firing line and cannot be collected in this difficult country. Even New Zealand Brigade which has only recently been engaged lost heavily and is to some extent demoralised. If troops are subjected to shellfire again to-morrow morning there is likely to be a fiasco, as I have no fresh troops with which to replace those in firing line. I know my representation is most serious, but if we are to re-embark it must be at once.
>
> BIRDWOOD.

This note was sent at once to Admiral Thursby's flagship, the *Queen*, aboard of which was also the chief administrative officer of Birdwood's staff, Brigadier-General R. A. Carruthers. The conference of generals broke up. If any action was to be taken, the most precious hours were slipping by. But nothing could now be done except to wait for a decision from Sir Ian Hamilton.

It was already midnight. A dismal rain had begun. Here and there, on the narrow shelves and recesses which had been dug by the batmen for the headquarters of the 1st Australian Division and of the Army Corps, a candle flickered. A few officers and some of the orderlies and signallers had rolled themselves in blankets in their various niches to snatch an hour or two of sleep. In one small chamber, low in the scrubby side of the 1st Division's gully, an uncertain light showed the headquarters' signallers sitting with their telephones and message-forms, constantly in touch with the brigades. For a while communication was lost with Colonel M'Cay, but the linesmen, ceaselessly working over the dark

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hills, quickly restored it. From the wet shingle of the Beach came the constant sound of barges being unloaded, the voices of naval officers shouting to boats coming ashore, the shuffle of parties being sent up to the lines with ammunition and water. All shellfire had ceased with the fall of night. But from the hills overhead the roar of rifles continued without an instant's intermission; for three days and nights it never ceased—such rifle fire as few ever heard again.

Around Divisional Headquarters several members of the Staff sat waiting. General Godley had been in Bridges' dug-out as his guest while his own headquarters was being prepared. Outside stood Colonel Howse, speaking in low tones with Colonel Giblin[5] of the Casualty Clearing Station, the moonlight glinting on their wet waterproofs. Only a few—and those the seniors—had been informed of the subject of that night's conference; but everyone on Divisional Headquarters knew instinctively that a momentous decision was in the balance, and most had a notion as to what was at issue. Would the Corps wait to meet the heavy Turkish forces and the howitzers which were certain to be brought against it the next day? The hours wore on. General Bridges had gone to the Corps headquarters in the next gully. Involuntarily more than one sitting figure turned to glance at the sky. Was the dawn yet breaking? Surely no embarkation could be attempted at this hour.

Birdwood's letter had been handed to Admiral Thursby at about 11 p.m., as he sat with Brigadier-General Carruthers and Brigadier-General Cunliffe Owen[6] (Birdwood's chief artillery officer) aboard the *Queen*. They had been discussing the day's events. Admiral Thursby, seeing that the force at Ari Burnu had made some headway, and knowing that the 29th Division had not been able to gain ground at Helles, had been impressed with the importance of bringing the troops from Helles and throwing them into the scale at Anzac. General Carruthers was strongly of the same opinion. Thursby did not possess the right of making this suggestion

[5] Colonel W. W. Giblin, C.B. D.D.M.S., Admin. H.Q., A.I.F. 1916; b. Hobart, Tas., 12 May, 1872.

[6] Brig.-General C. Cunliffe Owen, C.B., C.M.G.; B.G.R.A. of 1st Anzac Corps 1915/16. Officer of British Regular Army; b. 20 Nov., 1863.

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to Hamilton, but he eventually urged it forcibly upon Admiral de Robeck.

The receipt of Birdwood's letter staggered them. Thursby and Carruthers decided to go ashore at once and see General Birdwood. A signal was made to the ships off Gaba Tepe: "*Queen* to all transports. Lower all boats ready to send in to beach. Pass on." At that moment a flag-lieutenant came aboard the *Queen* and announced that the flagship, the *Queen Elizabeth*, had arrived off Gaba Tepe. Thursby altered his mind, and, with Carruthers and Cunliffe Owen, proceeded immediately by steamboat to the *Queen Elizabeth*, aboard of which Hamilton had his headquarters.

They went up the flagship's side and down into a large cabin with a table—the Admiral's dining-room. General Braithwaite issued from a neighbouring cabin. On learning the object of Thursby's visit he entered the next cabin to his own, where his chief was sleeping, and shook him by the shoulder: "Sir Ian," he said, "Sir Ian, you've got to come right along—a question of life or death—you must settle it."

Hamilton, in his pyjamas, came into the Admiral's cabin, where de Robeck, Thursby, Commodore Keyes, Carruthers, and Cunliffe Owen were standing round the table. Thursby handed him Birdwood's letter. In silence he read it, and then looked up.[1] "This is a difficult business," he said. "What are we to do about it?"

Braithwaite stood there in his pyjamas, chewing his big moustache, but making no remark or suggestion. It was Thursby who answered. He said he did not believe it possible to evacuate the troops. The boats, many of them, had been smashed and sunk, the transports had been scattered—they had been shelled and compelled to stand further out to sea. He did not think the troops could be re-embarked either before dawn or in the morning.

Hamilton asked Carruthers what he thought. The latter replied that it seemed to him impossible to re-embark the force within the necessary time. Cunliffe Owen agreed.

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[1] A very vivid and obviously accurate account of this interview is given in Sir Ian Hamilton's *Gallipoli Diary*. As a matter of interest the details here stated are deliberately taken mainly from a different source—but they agree in essential particulars.

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"Well, on that I decide it," said Hamilton. He sat down and wrote to Birdwood:

> Your news is indeed serious. But there is nothing for it but to dig yourselves right in and stick it out. It would take at least two days to re-embark you, as Admiral Thursby will explain to you. Meanwhile the Australian submarine[8] has got up through the Narrows and has torpedoed a gunboat at Chunuk (sic). Hunter-Weston, despite his heavy losses, will be advancing to-morrow, which should divert pressure from you. Make a personal appeal to your men and Godley's to make a supreme effort to hold their ground.
>
> IAN HAMILTON.
>
> P.S.—You have got through the difficult business, now you have only to dig, dig, dig, until you are safe. Ian H.

Thursby and Carruthers carried this letter to the shore. About 2.30 a.m. those juniors or other outsiders who were awake round the headquarters of the 1st Australian Division noticed a certain stir. Either Bridges, who had been to Birdwood's headquarters, had returned or some message from him had arrived. The voice of someone in the general's dug-out was heard reading an order to be sent out to the troops upon the ridges: "Sir Ian Hamilton hoped that they would dig in, and that the morning would find them securely in their positions. . . ."

Thus were settled whatever vague doubts had spread around headquarters. The group about the signal office broke up, and soon everyone appeared to begin digging. The forms of men hard at work could be seen in the moonlight on the slope above the headquarters' office. The clink of shovels was everywhere on the hillside.

But what of the men out upon the hills, whose condition had been the subject of all these conferences in the night? The smallest breath of panic might have decided the authorities to evacuate them. A steamboat had been sent round the transports, bearing instructions from the *Queen* that they were to have their boats ready. The first step would be the evacuation of the wounded and the hospital; the boats of the *City of Benares* (on which the 1st Field Ambulance had been carried) and those of the hospital carrier *Seang Choon* were actually sent to the shore. A naval officer

[8] A full account of the passage of Submarine *AE* 2 and of her loss will be found in the volume of this history dealing with the Royal Australian Navy.

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came to the Casualty Clearing Station on the Beach with the information that the orders were for the Station to re-embark. Officers of the 1st Field Ambulance, worn out by long journeys up the gullies, and snatching a few moments' sleep in the drizzling rain, were awakened by someone shouting that all Army Medical Corps men were to fall in ready to return to the ships. Captain J. B. St. Vincent Welch[9] went to Bridges' headquarters to ask if this order was genuine. Colonel Giblin, of the Casualty Clearing Station, had also gone to headquarters. But the Staff itself was waiting for a decision, and the medical officers were told to attend further instructions. While these preparations were going forward, in what frame of mind were the subjects of all this anxiety?

The troops had not the faintest notion that any retirement, much less an evacuation, was being dreamed of. It is certain that, if the commanders had known the Australian soldier as well as they came afterwards to know him, their anxiety would have been less poignant. By no possible extension of their meaning could the terms "thoroughly demoralised" be truthfully applied to the troops at Gaba Tepe that day; nor could those words have been used by any level-headed man in touch with the line. But it was only on that day that officers and men began to learn—what remained true in every action of the war—that the attitude of stragglers, and reports from men recently wounded, supplied no criterion of the spirit and condition of the men still holding the front.[10] The Beach merely saw hundreds of stragglers genuinely worn to exhaustion, and thousands of wounded men. The old rules of military training actually laid it down that one of the best means of gathering information was by questioning the wounded. Though this was not done, the scenes on the Beach had had their effect. Later, when officers had studied the psychology of their men, they were able to place a true estimate upon what they saw and heard behind the lines. But in this first experience of battle few senior officers, even among those imme-

[9] Lieut.-Colonel J. B. St. Vincent Welch, D.S.O. Commanded 13th Fld. Amb. 1916/17. Of Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Sydney, 10 Oct., 1881. Died of pneumonic influenza, 21 May, 1920.

[10] After the third day in Gallipoli the writer ceased to question wounded men at all. He had learned that shock and strain made them abnormal and their accounts were apt to be entirely unreliable. The medical officers on the Beach had the same experience.

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diately in touch with the firing line, had yet realised the character of those whom they commanded. While there were some of weaker fibre who tended to fall back into the gullies, and while here and there even the bravest had been placed under a strain beyond their bearing, there was nearly always present some strong independent will, among either the officers or the men, which would question any order for retirement. Towards evening some New Zealand and Australian infantry were lying out on Plugge's, when several salvoes of shrapnel fell about them. Further to the right the Otago Battalion lost thirty men in a few minutes. A message came shouted from the rear: "Pass the word to retire!" Lieutenant Evans[11] of the 3rd Battalion, sitting in the open on the edge of the plateau amongst the bullets, caught it up.

"What's that message?" he asked sharply.

"Word to retire, sir," said a man lying beside him.

"Who said retire?" Evans asked. "Pass back and ask who said retire."

"Yes—who said retire?" called several of the men around him. "Pass back and ask who said to retire?"

The inquiry could be heard proceeding from mouth to mouth, and the next minute there came back a very different command: "Advance, and dig in on the forward slope of the hill." The men picked up themselves and their rifles and went forward. Shortly before this a call had come that someone was hit. Two stretcher-bearers of the 3rd Battalion immediately strolled casually across the hill-top, hands in their pockets, pipes in their mouths, past the crouching infantry, exactly as a man would roam round his garden on a Sunday morning. Ten minutes later they wandered back in the same manner. Their attitude was—as no doubt it was intended to be—a sedative to all around them.

It was a few minutes before this that, for the first time for hours, there had sounded close behind this party the welcome bark of friendly guns. A message from Colonel MacLagan had promised the troops that the New Zealand howitzers would shortly support them, and it was generally believed that this heralded their arrival. In reality it was the

[11] Lieut. T. H. Evans; 3rd Bn. Machinery agent; b. Huyton, Lancashire, Eng., 18 May, 1881. Killed in action, 26 Apr., 1915.

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sorely tried 26th Indian Mountain Battery, which had come into action again upon MacLagan's Ridge. When the Turkish shrapnel followed, a man near by growled: "It's those damned guns behind that are bringing this on us."

The man beside him stopped the growl at once. "Well, they're doing great work, those guns," he said. "There's nothing wrong with them."

Such incidents, repeated a thousand times that day, were typical of the men. They were worn, strained, thirsting for the support of their own artillery. They received with the pathetic trustfulness of little children the assurance of their officers, constantly made, that the guns would be landed during the night. All through the war the Australian soldier was, at heart, an invincible optimist. Even in this most dreadful of trials it needed only a little relief—some cheering "furphy," the sound of his own guns, the sight of the naval shell bursts —to send his brave spirits soaring again. At 5.30 p.m. the wounded, lying in hundreds at the southern end of the Beach —on stretchers and off stretchers, doctors hurrying through them, naval officers giving orders, boats pulling alongside— heard a sudden bustle and clatter and a shout: "Look out— make way!" Stretchers were hurriedly pulled aside, and between them came a team of gun horses, the drivers urging them; and after them, deep in the sand of the beach, a single gun of the 4th Battery, Australian Field Artillery. The wounded—and even the dying—cheered as that gun passed through them. Willing hands undid its chains and dragged it up a steep path made by gunners and engineers to the southern knoll of the Beach. At 6 p.m. this gun opened upon Gaba Tepe, and its second round of shrapnel appeared to silence for the night the last persistent gun in the Gaba Tepe battery. The 26th Indian Mountain Battery had reopened at 5.45 p.m., and its sister battery, the 21st (Kohat), had landed at 6 p.m.

The sound of the guns was some relief. But with the dusk there had come also a far more important change in the conditions of the firing line. The Turkish artillery, unable to see its targets, ceased fire during the darkness, and though the rifles continued all night in one unbroken roar, the aim, as almost invariably happened after nightfall,

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was high or wide. For a good part of the time it was possible to stand up and move freely. The spirits of the men rose rapidly. With the enemy's artillery silent, they were on even terms with the Turk. Only officers like the gallant Braund, lying out with their troops, and with their fingers on the pulse of the front line, could realise this change. The officers of Bridges' and Birdwood's staffs had been constantly in the firing line during the day, but their work was now that of guiding troops and supplies up all the gullies. No report of the rising spirit of the men came to Headquarters. At dusk there was far more anxiety upon the Beach than in the firing line.

Throughout the whole area, after dark, the manifold work of an army was going forward incessantly with whatever organisation was possible. In many parts of the front line, at least during intervals, the troops were able to stand and dig. Their officers were sending to the Beach or to the valleys for tools. Parties of the 2nd Brigade were scouring the slopes for picks and shovels left behind in the climb. In a few places men were being sent back with water-bottles to springs found in the gullies.

Meanwhile on the Beach men and stores had been continually arriving. According to Sir Ian Hamilton's original orders a reserve of 150 rounds for each gun and rifle, and 1,000 for each machine-gun—that is to say, about 3,300,000 rounds of small arms ammunition, 4,300 shells for field-guns, and a proportion for mountain-guns—had to be put ashore on the day of landing, besides seven days' rations for every man and animal. Colonel Lesslie, the military landing officer, laboured ceaselessly in his shirtsleeves with the gangs of men unloading supplies, and supervised the queues of water-carriers. Piles of fodder and stores were rising rapidly near the water-line. At the southern end of the Beach a supply dépôt was growing, its office built with its own biscuit boxes. Beside it was a rapidly growing ordnance store. There was no attempt that night at any formal checking of indents. Food and ammunition were sent as swiftly as could be arranged to anyone who asked for them. General Birdwood had begun to make his plans for the provision of water nearly two months before. A supply of empty kerosene tins had been

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obtained for water-cans, and a number of donkeys bought specially to carry them up the hills. These were used on the first night, the tins being carried in sacks slung after the fashion of panniers. The Indian Mule Corps conveyed additional water and ammunition, and a great deal was carried from the Beach by hand.

All night long, both for reserves to reinforce the troops on the hills and for parties to carry water and ammunition, the authorities on the Beach made use of the stray men who had found their way thither in hundreds. Layh was there with eighteen men of the 7th Battalion—the remnant of the company which had been shot to pieces at Fisherman's Hut. They had been retiring all the afternoon yard by yard beneath the bank fringing the beach. After reporting to Major Glasfurd, they were sent up to reinforce the 3rd Brigade. Shout also was on the Beach, after fighting all day near Lalor on Baby 700. He brought a message from Braund for help, and was sent back at once with 200 stray men of various battalions. Margetts of the 12th was there—bringing from Baby 700 Lalor's last message asking for reinforcements on the left. But a greater need appeared to have arisen on the right, and Glasfurd, to whom he reported, told him to stand by to take reinforcements thither. A few steps from Headquarters were gathered some slightly wounded men of his battalion. Margetts lay down, and fell into the sleep of exhaustion. Presently he was awakened, and found Captain W. Smith,[12] the Assistant Provost-Marshal, telling him to collect all men of the 3rd Brigade whom he could find on the Beach. There was a fair number of these, but they seemed to Margetts to be so worn that he doubted if they could face the climb to the front line. "With a rest, they'll fight," he told Colonel White: "but we'll never get them up there." White told him that, if they were wanted, he would send for them, and they sat down and boiled some tea in an adjacent gully. While they were drinking it, the order came to move to the line. Half-way up Shrapnel Gully they met Captain Ross, staff-captain of their brigade, who said that the 3rd Brigade was reorganising on the Beach, and instructed them to return there. They thereupon

[12] Lieut.-Colonel W. Smith, D.S.O. A.P.M. Aust. Corps 1916/18; of Melbourne, Vic.; b. 3 Jan., 1863.

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wound their way back to Hell Spit, where parts of the 12th Battalion were collecting under Major Hilmer Smith. It was past midnight. Margetts fell asleep again in the cold and rain constantly waked by sailors at work about the boats. At 3.30 a.m. he was sent with the 12th up Plugge's to dig a reserve line of trenches, and at midday they were moved again to support Major Denton at Courtney's Post.

Such incidents were occurring all that night upon the Beach. Lieutenant R. A. Ramsay,[13] kindliest of men, was told by Major Glasfurd to collect what odd men he could. Finding a number of exhausted infantrymen lying near the southern end of the Beach, he bent over and shook them. Some said they were "crook," and they were difficult to move. One youngster of the 3rd Brigade had to be shaken three or four times before he opened his eyes. "Look, old chap, you'll have to come," Ramsay insisted. The youngster jumped up, blinking. "What? Another bay'net charge, sir?" he exclaimed. In the Gaba Tepe landing, as in the retreat from Mons and in some sectors of the landing at Cape Helles, eyewitnesses were impressed by the number of stragglers. But the assumption, easily made by passers-by, that these men were simply shirkers was equally untrue of a large proportion in every case.

The two points in the line where reinforcements were most urgently needed were still those which had seen the heaviest struggles of the day—the 400 Plateau and the head of Monash Valley. On the plateau, while Saker was working ceaselessly through the night procuring tools and organising trenches south of the head of White's Valley, M'Cay found that north of it the gap between his line and that of the 3rd Brigade still existed. Saker's thin line could not fill it, and until midnight an interval of 300 yards was still entirely unguarded. M'Cay reported the fact to Bridges, and half of the 15th Battalion, which had landed under Lieutenant-Colonel Cannan,[14] was put in to fill the gap. An odd company of the 16th Battalion had become detached and

[13] Major R. A. Ramsay. Grazier; of Birregurra, Western District, Vic.; b. East Melbourne, Vic., 13 Feb., 1869.

[14] Brig.-General J. H. Cannan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 11th Inf. Bde. 1916/19; Manager for Q'land of Insurance Office of Aust. Ltd.; of Chelmer, Brisbane, Q'land; b. Townsville, Q'land, 29 Aug., 1882.

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absorbed in the same direction. Most of these troops went in over the thick scrub of the Razorback to an unknown situation, in the dark, with little but their own judgment to guide them. Major Cass, Colonel Wanliss, and other staff and regimental officers were during these hours going round the line, looking for gaps to fill. Thus in handfuls, taken by one officer here and another there, and sometimes not directed at all, the 15th Battalion reached in the empty scrub the general line which it was intended to occupy. One of the two important chasms in the line—that which had existed between the 2nd and 3rd Brigades ever since Salisbury's advance on the previous morning—was at last more or less bridged.

But by far the more dangerous of the two was the gap which existed at the head of Monash Valley. How narrow or how wide this gap might be was unknown; all that was clear was that touch had not been gained between MacLagan's left at Pope's Hill and the New Zealanders who were understood to be with Braund on Walker's Ridge. Between them came Russell's Top—an unknown and unexplored region. Who held it, none was certain. MacLagan knew only that the Turks were threatening to appear on it behind his left. At dusk he asked urgently for the troops of the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade, which was then due to land.

At about 6 p.m. a battalion of this brigade—the 16th—came ashore. The brigadier, Colonel Monash, took its commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Pope,[15] to General Godley. Pope was ordered to move with a mixed column of all the troops available—two companies of the 16th, one of the 15th, and half a company of New Zealanders—to support the 3rd Brigade, Major Villiers-Stuart being sent with them as guide. As they filed into Shrapnel Gully, the mules of the 21st Indian Mountain Battery, which was landing at the time, moved across their track and split the column in two. Villiers-Stuart went to find its tail, which eventually was put into the line between Courtney's and Steele's Posts. Pope himself undertook to guide the head of his column.

In the dark Pope's column filed up the sandy channel of

[15] Colonel H. Pope, C.B., V.D. Commanded 52nd Bn. and 14th Inf. Bde. Commissioner, W. Aust. Govt. Railways; of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Ealing, Middlesex, Eng., 16 Oct., 1873.

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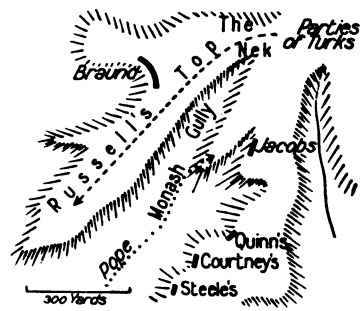
Monash Valley and reached the fork at the valley's end. Between the two branches rose the dark mass of Pope's Hill. Pope reconnoitred the place. The roar of rifle fire came from the heights around, but this hill and Russell's Top on its left were empty except for a handful of men. Pope reinforced these, and with the 16th Battalion and half a company of New Zealanders occupied the sharp edge of the spur which ever afterwards bore his name.



As to the position at the valley's head, Pope was entirely in the dark. All he knew was that the 3rd Brigade had been driven back with loss. His adjutant, however, Captain R. T. A. McDonald,[16] found on the hill, in charge of the small party there, a sergeant of the 11th. The sergeant said that his men formed the extreme left flank; no officers near them were left alive; their losses in the retirement had been heavy. He added that Indian troops had been fighting on their left ever since the retirement began, and were still on their left rear. McDonald, not suspecting any mistake in this information, reported it to his colonel.

Pope decided to obtain touch at once with the Indians, and instructed Lieutenant Elston[17] to obtain communication with them. Elston took with him a private, by name Lushington,[18] who could speak Tamil and Pathan. They moved for 150 yards in the dark along the eastern edge of the western branch of Monash Valley, through the low empty scrub. On passing a thick clump, they found a number of forms surrounding them. The colonel and his adjutant, who were standing on the shoulder of Pope's Hill, could hear what were apparently the voices of Elston and Lushington

[16] Captain R. T. A. McDonald; 16th Bn. Officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; b. 21 Nov., 1885.

[17] Captain W. E. Elston; 16th Bn. Farmer; of Pilhara, W. Aust.; b. Carngham, Vic., 10 May, 1868.

[18] Pte R. F. Lushington (No. 507, 16th Bn). Farmer; b. Nagapatam, S. India, 24 Dec., 1890.

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in touch with the strangers. Presently there came a call which Pope and McDonald made out to be a request for a senior officer. Leaving the colonel standing in some bushes, McDonald went forward. Scarcely had he moved when he was held up by a figure kneeling before him with a levelled rifle. "I'm an English sahib," McDonald said. "I want burra sahib." The man lowered his rifle. McDonald went forward, and he too was surrounded. Pope again heard a voice, which he took to be McDonald's, still calling, as he thought, for a senior. He too advanced; but a movement of the strangers made him suspect that they were Turks. He dived down the steep slope. His suspicion proved true. A shot or two rang after him. He escaped, but McDonald, Elston, and Lushington were captured. Except for Bugler Ashton of the 11th, they were the only Australians who remained prisoners in Turkish hands at the landing.

It was at about this same hour that the cry of "Don't shoot—Indian troops!" had been raised in front of the main line on MacLaurin's Hill. There is no question that, in the fighting near The Nek, owing to the report that Indians were fighting on the left, the Turks had constantly been mistaken for Indians. It was afterwards firmly believed that these messages had been spread in the Australian line by some Turkish or German officer creeping close enough to do so, or by an agent in the Australian lines themselves. The Syrian interpreters, and even the Zion Mule Corps, came under the suspicion, and steps were actually taken temporarily to withdraw them. But it is more than doubtful if any one of these "spy messages" was really started from a hostile source. It is one of the ordinary effects of battle strain that men attribute to their enemies an almost superhuman cunning. The Turk is a brave soldier, but a very dull one—boorish, uneducated, stupid, and infinitely less capable of such cleverness than his opponents. The number of Germans with the Turks at the front was not nearly so great as was imagined; and even these, with the exception of a few machine-gunners obtained later in the campaign, were almost entirely in the artillery or on the Staff. Arab troops and officers—some of whom may have been educated at European colleges in the Levant—were more capable of such ruses; and though it is just conceivable

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that the cry of "Indian troops," which was raised in mistake by Australians in the outposts, was repeated by the 77th (Arab) Regiment, which moved about this hour against the 400 Plateau, the evidence makes this improbable. It is only possible to say definitely that, in every case in which a "spy message" could be traced by the Australian Staff, whether in Gallipoli or in France, it proved to have been an innocent mistake.

When the 16th Battalion reached Pope's Hill and began to fire from its crest, shouts were heard in front. An officer and a few men of the 16th went out, and found a remnant of men from Baby 700, under Captain Jacobs, still holding the edge of Dead Man's Ridge immediately ahead. The two parties fell back upon Pope's Hill. Across the right fork of the valley the Australian line at Quinn's and Courtney's Posts could be seen firing incessantly. But beyond the left fork the steep side of Russell's Top rose black and empty.

All night long the fighting at this gap at the extreme apex and angle of the line was very fierce. The Turks (as has been seen) had actually penetrated along Russell's Top far behind Pope's left, a few following Howe's party almost to Rest Gully. But out of sight of Pope, on the seaward slope of the Top, the gallant Braund with his two companies of the 2nd Australian Infantry Battalion and a remnant of New Zealanders from The Nek held on, completely out of touch with anyone on his right, and quite ignorant of whatever was passing in that quarter. At 5.30 p.m. he had seen the Otago Battalion, 1,000 strong, file up towards his position and then ordered back upon its tracks, as the previous New Zealanders had been. An hour later Braund sent to Headquarters his modest request for troops: "Reinforcements wanted—at least one company." Some time after dark reinforcements began to reach him; not indeed the two battalions which had been promised, but Lieutenant Shout with a number of men collected on the Beach, and, at 9.50 p.m. Major Loach,[19] then commanding the Canterbury Battalion, with two full companies of the battalion, just landed, and with ammunition and tools. Shout organised for the night a post at the foot of Walker's Ridge; higher up Loach lined the ridge on the

[19] Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Loach: of Christchurch, N.Z.; b. Birmingham, Eng., 26 Oct., 1876.

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left of Braund. The digging of trenches upon Walker's Ridge began, and continued, as far as the fighting allowed it, all night.

At certain points of Walker's Ridge the Turks attacked fiercely. In parts the gullies in front were too steep to allow of organised assault. But near its foot and near the Top they constantly approached. In the lower third of the spur was a single post, about thirty strong, under Captain Critchley-Salmonson of the Canterbury Battalion. This post was continuously pressed. Salmonson's men consisted partly of New Zealanders and partly of men of the 11th and 12th Battalions from Baby 700 and The Nek. One of these was a red-headed fruit-seller well known in Perth, Western Australia, as Pinktop,[20] under which name he traded. He was a strange, ungainly, splay-footed soldier. His main anxiety—sedulously encouraged by his mates—had been how he should face barbed wire, and he had solved the problem by putting tin guards beneath his putties. His sergeant had ordered him to remain on the Beach as sentry over the men's packs, but he refused, and came on with the rest. In the fighting on Sunday night—in an endeavour, it is said, to bring a wounded man into cover—Private Pinktop was killed.

Despite the losses, Critchley-Salmonson kept his remnant together at this critical point throughout the night. At the upper end of the ridge the men of Burke's and Concanon's companies of the 2nd Battalion were constantly in touch with the small Turkish parties which tried to feel their way, half lost, along the unknown ground of Russell's Top. The position there was so involved that the Turks were acting without confidence; and whereas in most parts of the line both sides were pouring out a tremendous volume of fire, on Russell's Top some at least of the 2nd Battalion were trying by their silence to tempt the enemy closer. When a form appeared, the word would pass not to shoot. When the Turk fell, an argument invariably followed as to who had shot him. Once during the night some message, passed from the Beach, was taken as a command to evacuate Russell's Top. An attempt was being made at dusk by the staff of the 3rd Brigade

[20] Pte. D. J. Simcock (No. 951, 11th Bn.). b. Callington, S. Aust., 1883. Killed in action, 25 Apr., 1915.

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to carry out part of its original plans by reorganising a portion of the brigade on the Beach. An order circulated through many of the trenches that men of the 3rd Brigade were to withdraw thither. In the circumstances of that night such an order involved the utmost risk, and, had the morale of the men been less strong, might have resulted in disaster. In some parts it was obeyed without serious results; in others it was ignored; in certain places the danger of moving was greater than that of remaining. This order reached Russell's Top, and possibly a mistaken version of it was repeated there. Whatever the origin of the command, at least a portion of the garrison was withdrawn down Walker's Ridge before the mistake was realised.

On the inland side of Russell's Top, from Pope's Hill to the extreme right of the line, there continued all night a sustained volume of intense rifle fire. On Pope's the 16th Battalion fired from the crest of the spur while it dug in along the edge. Sergeant-Major Harvey[21] made his men dig wide trenches, six feet deep, with a fire-step. While they dug, pickets guarded the empty slope of Pope's Hill behind them. On the black mass of Russell's Top further in rear could be seen occasional flashes, which they took to be from the rifles of their own side; in reality they were from the rifles of Turks.

At Quinn's and Courtney's the musketry was as continuous as at Pope's. The Turkish rifles flashed all night in the scrub not 150 yards from the Australians holding the edge of the indentations, and the enemy often crept closer still. Each time they were driven back—sometimes by a mere cheer and the flashing of bayonets in the moonlight. In the intervals between these attacks the Australians and New Zealanders dug as best they could. Picks and shovels were more precious than rifles, and far more scarce. Major Lamb and others were sending up from the valley such tools as they could obtain. In front of Courtney's Post, Cowey and Heugh possessed some tools and had dug fair trenches before the morning. The missing portion of Pope's column—part of the

[21] C.Q.M.S. E. Harvey (No. 271, 16th Bn.). Butcher; b. Bradford, Yorks., Eng., 7 June, 1884. Died of wounds, 9 May, 1915.

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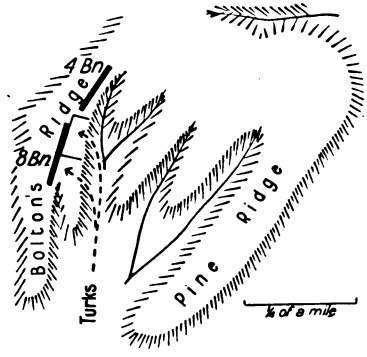
16th under Major Carter[22], and a company of the 15th under Captain Walsh[23]—had been put into the line between Courtney's and Steele's; and with fine spirit Cowey and Heugh, when their own trenches were dug sufficiently deep to give some protection, handed their precious tools on to them. Selby, further to the right, had but two shovels for his platoon. On the 400 Plateau the main portion of the 15th Battalion, bundled into the gap there after midnight, was able to dig only disconnected rifle-pits. Further to the south Henderson of the 7th, Borwick[24] of the 6th, Saker of the 5th, and others were imparting, as far as they could, some plan to the digging. Here and there a weary squad, such as that working under Lieutenant Derham, was ordered to dig in another direction, and had to start upon its labour anew.



On the 400 Plateau all this time the Turks made no serious attack. They must at some time have advanced to Owen's Gully, for the guns which the Australians had captured in The Cup, and which at dusk were a little beyond the Australian line, were removed before the next day. On the northern edge of the 400 Plateau the Turks seemed to be endeavouring to reorganise, approaching and retiring all night. The only definite attack upon the southern half of the front was delivered from the gullies south of the plateau against Bolton's Ridge.

This portion of the line was held by the 4th and 8th Battalions—the 4th on the northern portion of Bolton's Ridge adjoining the 400 Plateau, the 8th along the southern part

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[22] Major F. B. Carter; 16th Bn. Accountant; b. Uxbridge, Middlesex, Eng., 2 Apr., 1875. Killed in action, 27 Apr., 1915.

[23] Major J. F. Walsh; 15th Bn. Forwarding agent and area officer; b. Charters Towers, Q'land, 1 Feb., 1890. Killed in action, 28 Apr., 1915.

[24] Lieut.-Colonel T. F. Borwick, D.S.O., G.S.O. (1) A.I.F. Dépôts in the United Kingdom, 1918. Graduate in engineering, University of Melbourne; b. Melbourne, Vic., 29 May, 1890.

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from the Wheatfield—of which it was lining the rear edge—to the sea. The forward side of the Wheatfield ended abruptly in what was known as the "Valley of Despair" at the junction of Allah and Coo-ee Gullies—the first of the small valleys south of Lone Pine. After dark the Turks could be heard in this valley, and from the shouting of orders and blowing of bugles and whistles it seemed clear that they were organising for an attack. Two scouts of the 8th Battalion were in front of the line, and the officers knew exactly where the Turks were gathering. About 10 p.m. this noise suddenly increased, as if upon a signal. "It was as though the band struck up all together, only out of tune!" said one who heard it. From the edge of the spur along the whole of the wheat crop, and to the right and left of it, came the cries of a line of Turks shouting to Allah. The two machine-guns of the 8th Battalion, under Sergeant Traill, who had retired from Pine Ridge, were in position sweeping the crop. Belt after belt of ammunition was fired by them over the crop that night. On the right, south of the crop, where the steepness of the valley gave the best chance of assembling, there appeared to come two or three waves of Turks. The 8th, with the 4th on the left (which also knew of the concentration through its scouts), opened fire in the direction of the noise. Some of the Turks had arrived within fifty yards of the Australian line, when the 8th charged with the bayonet. The Turks broke before the 8th reached them, and fled to the gully. The charging troops were recalled. All night isolated Turks crept into the crops to snipe, but, here as elsewhere, they could always be cleared by a short charge forward with the bayonet, for the Turks seldom, if ever, waited to meet the steel. Towards dawn they made a second attack as energetic as the first. But their forms could be seen dimly in the growing light, and their line withered under the fire poured into it. Further south, on the seashore itself, movement was made almost impossible for the Turks by the warships, two of which kept their searchlights steadily turned upon the beach and the valleys on either flank.[25]

So, alternately firing and digging, with barely time to notice the rain, much less to think of the chances of attack

[25] During every night, except one, of the eight months' occupation of Anzac the searchlights of the warships were laid up the valleys on the flanks.

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in the morning, the Australian and New Zealand line fought through the first night of the landing. The authorities, since it had been resolved to hold the position, had arrived at two decisions. The first was that the remaining infantry, which Birdwood was bringing ashore as fast as it could be landed, should be put into the dangerous and unexplored gap at the northern apex, between Braund and Pope; the second was that there should be fortified an inner position, upon which the troops could be rallied and a last stand made if they were driven back by the massed assault of fresh troops which all anticipated in the morning.

The only possible inner line was that of Plugge's and MacLagan's Ridge immediately covering the landing-place. On this position the greater part of the engineers was working through the night. The Otago Battalion and part of the 11th were already garrisoning its summit. A company and a half of the Wellington Battalion was brought up to entrench on MacLagan's Ridge, whither, shortly before dawn, the partially reorganised 12th Battalion was led up from the Beach to form a reserve line. Two guns of the 21st and two of the 26th Indian Mountain Battery were taken up to Plugge's and emplaced on its almost perpendicular edge. The clink of shovels sounded over the whole face of the hill. Gradually the rain stopped. The sky paled. The crack of rifles came interminably from the hills like the cracking of stockwhips. "Those damn boys again, driving in the cows!" muttered one weary officer on the Beach, as he opened his eyes. The dawn broke. The Staff, after working through most of the night, expected momentarily the sound of the first howitzers which should herald the Turkish attack.

But no attack came. No bombardment opened. The sun rose in a clear sky. The fatigue parties on the Beach set themselves to the work of the day in unexpected quiet.

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and seaward sides of Baby 700 respectively, little news of them came back even to their immediate commanders, much less to the headquarters of Kemal at Scrubby Knoll. The commander of the 1st Battalion of the 57th had been wounded. The commander of its 2nd Battalion had lost touch with his men as they attacked along the seaward slopes. It became known that some of them had reached the Fisherman's Hut, but from elsewhere no word of them returned. The battalion commander himself, after reconnoitring as far as The Nek, came back with the report that only British troops were to be found there—his own battalion had entirely disappeared. The reports of this officer were so full of alarm that Ahuni Bey,[27] the commander of the regiment (corresponding to a brigadier in the British organisation) was rendered extremely anxious. Before dusk, however, the leading companies of the 3rd Battalion of the 57th had been thrown in between its two sister battalions, about Russell's Top (in Turkish, Jessaret Tepe) and Pope's Hill. Following close upon the alarming reports from the 2nd Battalion came a message from the commander of the 3rd. He said that he himself was well up in the front with his troops. Only about eighty or ninety of them were in touch with him, and he was rather anxious lest, if attacked, they might not be able to hold their own. He added that he needed reinforcement, but that things were now fairly quiet on their front. He believed that the British also were too exhausted to attack.

These reports, reaching the headquarters of the 57th Regiment in Usun Dere—Long Valley—behind Battleship Hill, made it clear that the commander of the 3rd Battalion, Haidi Bey,[28] was the type of man to be trusted in such a situation; and it was to him, therefore, that reinforcements

[27] Killed in June, 1915, at Mortar Ridge.

[28] The names of these officers were imparted verbally to the Australian Historical Mission. It has not yet been possible to confirm them.

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were sent. After the receipt of his reassuring message Mustafa Kemal seems to have been fairly confident that the landing force was now definitively held in its advance on the main ridge, and upon this assumption he based the important decisions which followed. Neither Haidi Bey nor his superiors seem to have had any idea that parties of Turks had actually penetrated nearly to the centre of the Australian position along Russell's Top.

The 27th Turkish Regiment on the southern flank was by nightfall as exhausted as the 57th in the north. In one of its battalions three of the four company commanders had been killed, and the fourth, though holding on, was wounded. Most of its younger officers were wounded, if not dead. The regiment could not have attacked again without some reorganisation.

At dusk Mustafa Kemal had still the two Arab regiments of the 19th Division, the 77th and the 72nd. The 72nd had been the last to start, and one of its battalions was brought round to the north to reinforce the 57th Regiment, of which the 2nd Battalion had lost so heavily about Baby 700. This battalion of the 72nd did not arrive until either late at night or in the morning. But the 77th, which had been ordered forward early on April 25th and had but a few miles to march, was sent to attack about nightfall between the 57th and 27th Regiments. Exactly what happened to this regiment was never known even to the Turkish Staff. Part of it appears to have begun firing before it reached the front line. A portion seems to have attacked and to have been routed. It is probable that the troops who advanced upon MacLaurin's Hill and Wire Gully after nightfall, when the cry of "Indian troops" was heard, belonged to this regiment. In any case a panic started in its ranks. Its men fled back to Gun Ridge and Pine Ridge, and thence fired all night into the backs of the 57th and 27th Turkish Regiments, which were attacking on its flanks. The Turks of the 57th were continually calling to those of the 27th not to shoot into them; the 27th were calling back to the 57th. The Arabs between them understood neither. By daylight the 77th Regiment was scattered in disunion behind every part of the Turkish line, where for nearly a week afterwards parties of Arabs were still wandering.

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Gaba Tepe being considered a quiet position and not likely to be the scene of movement either on the Turkish side or on the British, the 77th Regiment was presently moved down to it, and held that end of the line until the evacuation.

Such was the condition of the Turks opposite Ari Burnu when day began to break on April 26th. No attack was launched on either side. After the lapse of some hours the Turkish batteries opened upon the positions which they had shelled the day before. But in many parts the Australian line was by now in trenches at least three or four feet deep. The men found that the shrapnel which had decimated them in the open now hissed harmlessly over the slender parapets. At dawn it was observed that the *Queen Elizabeth* was standing off to the south of the transport fleet, and many guessed that she was there to give moral as well as material support. Most eyes were turned upon her. About 6 a.m. she fired her first shot. A gigantic muffler of yellow-brown smoke was wrapped suddenly round her. There was a wait of several seconds—then a buffet which shook the world—and hard on top of it a dreadful roar in the hills, terribly close. The ships of Thursby's battle-squadron and a couple of cruisers opened at the same time. Of the land artillery only two New Zealand howitzers had reached the shore during the night. Australian guns were promised; but though, hour after hour, the artillery staff had waited on the shore anxiously scanning every lighter, none had yet arrived. Through a Staff Officer's mistake certain Australian guns which had come to the shore the previous afternoon, and of which at least one was actually being dragged onto the Beach, had been sent back to the transports. But when on Monday morning the ships opened their bombardment everyone knew that, so far as the spirits of the men were concerned, the question of artillery support was answered. The men were weary almost to exhaustion. Most of them had been fighting for twenty-four hours; many had not slept for forty-eight. They had toiled as they never toiled before, even in the sudden calls of bush-fire or flood; many had not eaten. But water had come to a good part of the line, except in inaccessible posts in front of MacLaurin's Hill and on the 400 Plateau: there was food in plenty in each man's ration bags and in those of the dead. But, above all, the enemy's

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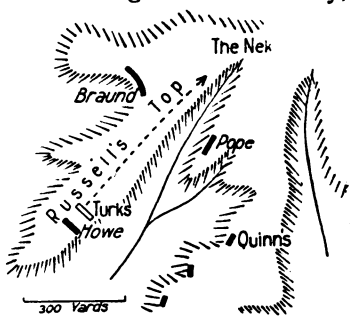
shrapnel and machine-gun fire was now, in many parts of the line, harmless.

It will be remembered that on the edge of Rest Gully, facing the party of Turks which had penetrated furthest along Russell's Top, were a few Australians under Lance-Corporal Howe of the 11th. Immediately before daylight an officer of the Staff came to this party and told them to leave the position, as the ships were about to open a bombardment. The last men of the party had not moved out of the trench, when the first 6-in. shell hissed low overhead and burst a few yards beyond them. A few were wounded, but the bombardment appears to have cleared the Turks from this end of Russell's Top. From that time no organised body of the enemy seems to have existed inside the Australian position.



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CHAPTER XXI

THE 4TH BATTALION'S ADVANCE ON THE 400 PLATEAU

By the dawn of Monday, April 26th, a fairly definite trench line had been established round the steep and narrow triangle occupied by the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. The line had not yet been connected at its apex at the head of Monash Valley; and no one yet knew what relation the forces on Walker's Ridge and those on Pope's Hill bore to each other. There was also some uncertainty as to the line on the 400 Plateau, where the gap had existed between the 3rd and the 2nd Brigades. The Staff of the N.Z. and A. Division had now assumed control of the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, which on the previous day had been, together with all the other troops ashore, under the control of General Bridges. Walker's Ridge had been made the sphere of the New Zealanders, and, from this time onwards, the situation at Russell's Top and the head of Monash Valley tended to become the problem of General Godley. General Bridges, although during April 26th he was still responsible for the head of Monash Valley, was occupied also with the uncertainty of the line on the 400 Plateau. Both generals realised that no further blow could be delivered by them until their brigades and battalions had been reorganised. Godley decided to effect, that day if possible, some reorganisation of the New Zealand infantry; the 1st Australian Division also would have been occupied—as were the Turks—mainly in the same process, had not a pitiable mistake involved it in one of the most tragic fights in its history.

A powerful counter-stroke by the Turks was still expected; indeed, under the heavy continuous fire, it was difficult for the troops to know when they were being attacked and when not. It was urgently necessary that Bridges' line should be a sound one, and he was especially anxious concerning the junction between M'Cay's brigade and MacLagan's on the 400 Plateau. As a matter of fact, in two parts of the line the trenches were still little better than the poor rifle-pits of the previous day. On MacLaurin's Hill, where tools had been short, the enemy's fire heavy, and the men and officers difficult to reach, the forward

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line was still a series of unconnected pits—firing pits in front, and two series of pits for the supports close in rear, very dangerous to visit by day. Malone,[1] medical corporal of the 3rd Battalion, when going his rounds after his officer was wounded, had to hop from shelter to shelter. On April 26th a machine-gun put three bullets through his cap, one through puttie and boot, one through his coat, and ripped the bottom out of the bucket which he carried. At the same spot Lieutenant Evans of the 3rd Battalion volunteered to carry orders to a neighbouring machine-gun, which it was desired to stop in order to tempt the Turks on. He had reached the gun and was returning, when a man in a pit in the support line was wounded. Evans picked him up, only to fall riddled with machine-gun bullets. The Turkish fire was most deadly in this part of the line. One after another, officers who had done great work through the first day and night were lost, either then or shortly afterwards; Heugh, of the 2nd, near Quinn's, Wilson of the 3rd, Booth of the 12th, Walsh of the 15th, Carter and Mountain[2] of the 16th, Barnes of the 11th, and many others were killed or fatally wounded. Major Lamb, Major Denton, Captain Cowey, and many junior officers —among them Whitelaw[3] of the 7th Battalion machine-guns, Cadell, Brodziak,[4] Carter, Butler, Goldring, Macfarlane, McDonald, Beeken of the 3rd, Macdonald of the 11th, were wounded and put out of action. Captain Everett, Cowey, and other energetic officers taught the men round them to "sap," and even to tunnel through from one rifle-pit to the next and then break down the roof of the tunnel so as to form a trench. But only a few men could be reached and organised. Under the fierce point-blank fire, with the men becoming each day more exhausted, it was for several days almost impossible to gets the pits connected.

Similarly on the 400 Plateau the trenches were still for the most part a series of shallow shelter-pits. The 15th Battalion,

[1] Sgt. J. B. Malone (No. 354, 3rd Bn.). b. Braidwood, N.S.W., 1887.

[2] Lieut. A. H. T. Mountain; 16th Bn. Mercantile clerk; of Geraldton, W. Aust.; b. Thursday Island, Q'land, 4 March, 1893. Killed in action, 27 Apr., 1915.

[3] Lieut. J. S. Whitelaw; 7th Bn. Duntroon Graduate; b. Hawthorn, Melbourne, Vic., 26 Aug., 1894.

[4] Major C. E. M. Brodziak, 3rd M.G. Bn.; b. 1 July 1891. Killed in action, 31 Aug., 1918.

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led up in the dark a few hours before the dawn, and split into parties out of touch with their own unit and others, had little chance of digging a well-planned line. The men were eager for instructions, but they had often lost their own officers in the dark. One party of the 15th and 16th, under Lance-Corporal Sims, a Western Australian, asked a neighbouring party of the 5th Battalion to lend it an officer. Lieutenant Derham, twice wounded, volunteered, and for three days stayed with them in their rifle-pits. The men were keen and willing, and supporting troops from behind the edge of the plateau were constantly sent forward to them. There was no room for the latter in the pits, and they had to lie in the scrub in rear. On Monday morning, as the hours wore on, the Turkish batteries opened, as on the previous day, with shrapnel. One after another the men in the scrub behind Derham were killed. Losses again became severe in the shallow rifle-pits, and the heavy strain of the previous day began to press upon these troops. The position of the Turkish batteries on Scrubby Knoll and Gun Ridge was now fairly well known. The *Queen Elizabeth*, firing on these targets in the morning, apparently caught a fresh Turkish battery moving into position, and blew up one, or possibly two, of the guns—teams, limbers, and gunners. Nevertheless the Turks emplaced at least two new field batteries. Their fire was not greatly abated by that of the ships, and its pressure upon the line on the 400 Plateau was incessant.

Another factor which made the work of entrenching slower than it would otherwise have been was that men and officers, despite the weariness and the mixing of the battalions, were possessed with the conviction that their advance might at any moment be continued. To the majority of them the idea that they would stay on their present line had never even suggested itself. They were encouraged to believe that the British and French would progress swiftly from the south; indeed according to the plan of operations Achi Baba was to have been reached that day. They knew that the army was intended to march through Turkey, for standing orders had been issued as to the behaviour of the troops in passing through villages and the respect due to the Mohammedan population. Looking

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forward to this campaign, each man had, some weeks previously, drawn his pay in English gold or in ten shilling notes specially overprinted in Turkish script with their value in piastres. For several days after the landing many of the men and officers were expecting at any moment the word for a general advance, when they would leave their trenches behind them and go on towards the Narrows or Hill 971. It was difficult to regard seriously the digging of a trench line which at any hour was to be left miles in rear. It was this belief, almost as much as the overpowering fatigue, the difficulty of communication, and the instant danger of any movement visible to the Turks, that made the Australians on the 400 Plateau slower to entrench themselves than they were in the later battles.

Shortly after midday General Bridges, who had been in the morning to Monash Valley, went with Glasfurd and Lieutenant Casey to see for himself if the front lines of M'Cay and MacLagan were actually joined. Leaving M'Cay's headquarters, he walked up the summit of M'Cay's Hill towards Brown's Dip. He was extremely annoyed to find odds and ends of troops—the débris of the previous day's fight—sheltering behind the brow of the hill, and spoke fiercely to the men and strongly to the Staff for allowing it. Swearing at the stragglers, he collected a number of them out of hollows and gullies. Five or six were hit as he gathered them, but the rest moved up the hill as he ordered them to do. Then he strode towards McNicoll's headquarters at the Dip, and in doing so passed over a detached trench on the flank of Saker's position. It had been dug blindly in the dark and under the difficulties of the first night by a leaderless party, and faced over Victoria Gully. "What trenches are these?" Bridges asked gruffly, turning to the first officers he saw, who happened to be Captain Clement[5] of the 5th and Rafferty of the mountain-gun escort. Rafferty said that a portion of them had been abandoned since daybreak in the effort to straighten the line. "They're no damn good, anyway," said Bridges.

Saker's trenches had been dug on the reverse slope after

[5] Captain S. R. Clement; 5th Bn. Of Ascot, Eng.; b. Marlow, Eng., 4 March, 1873. Killed in action, 26 Apr., 1915.

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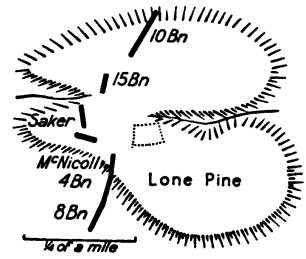
the twelve hours' struggle on the plateau, and their alignment was 200 yards behind that of the line north and south of them. Bridges was determined to have this part of the line straightened at once by moving the troops on M'Cay's Hill forward, until they were in line with the 10th Battalion further north and the 4th further south. The remnant of the 6th and 7th was to the left of the 4th under Colonel McNicoll. Bridges told Glasfurd to collect and take forward the stray parties on M'Cay's Hill and the men from Rafferty's trench. He himself proceeded to Colonel McNicoll's headquarters, and, ordering his Staff to stay in the shelter of the Dip, advanced with McNicoll to the skyline. There, standing over the firing line in full view of the Turks, he pointed out to McNicoll the alignment which he wished the troops to occupy. This alignment ran through the thick scrub bordering the open square of the Daisy Patch near the head of Owen's Gully.



As Bridges stood behind the trenches looking round him, one of the men in them said: "For goodness sake come down here, sir—you'll be hit for certain." The General looked down at him and simply said: "Be damned." Presently he walked on, and stepped into the shallow little newly-dug trench. When he left it, he consented, upon urgent advice, to keep low. But he had not gone ten yards before he stood up straight again. He seems to have given to someone an order that the 4th Battalion should carry out its part of the straightening movement by sending forward two platoons.

Meanwhile Glasfurd, one of the bravest and most conscientious officers upon the Staff, had collected a number of men from the detached trench on Saker's right and led them forward to the Daisy Patch. He lined them out in the scrub along the nearer (or western) side of the field, and then walked forward alone across the Daisy Patch, until, looking northwards, he could see the firing line of the Turks lying down due-north of him and that of the Australians facing it. Having thus assured himself that his men were exactly

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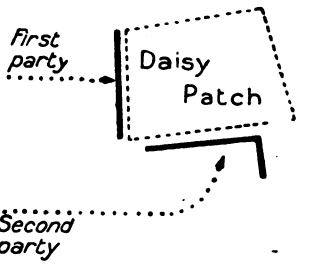
where Bridges had intended, he went back, told them that they were in line, and ordered them to dig. Returning to part of Saker's trench system, he brought up a second party, placed it in the tall and almost impassable scrub along the southern side of the field, and bent its right flank back in the direction of McNicoll's line to the south of him. Then, having personally seen that his new line was in touch with that to the north of it, he went back to Bridges, whom he found at M'Cay's headquarters.



A portion of the new alignment had thus actually been taken up. All that remained was for the parts of the line on its flanks and rear to move up to it. McNicoll, of the 6th, on its southern side, had been instructed by Bridges where to move, and M'Cay wrote a strongly-worded message to Colonel Wanliss, who commanded Saker's and other troops on M'Cay's Hill. The note was sent to Wanliss. Bridges left for the Beach satisfied that the straightening of his line was complete.

What followed will never be clearly known. Some order came to Saker that he was to advance his line to the Daisy Patch and then swing to the left. The intention of the order was almost certainly that he should reinforce the line which Glasfurd was placing along the southern edge of the Daisy Patch. Probably Saker realised this. The word went along the trench that the men in it were to advance. The high scrub round the Daisy Patch could be seen 150 yards ahead, and it was understood that, when the Daisy Patch was reached, direction was to be changed to the left. Saker, now twice wounded, stood on the parapet and asked if everyone was ready. Then he led them forward.

About 200 men scrambled from the trench and advanced. Rafferty was on the right, calling out as he went to others further right to join them. Not far from him was a party under Boase, bayonets fixed. Boase had not seen Saker, but had been sent forward at the same moment by Glasfurd. It was an imposing advance across the whole top of M'Cay's

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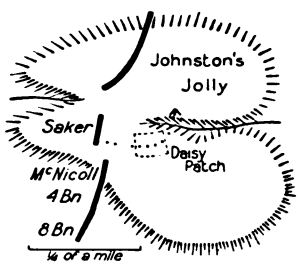
Hill. Saker, after nearly thirty-six hours of ceaseless and most devoted work, led the line. Fifty yards from the starting-point he swayed and fell dead. The line went on without a check, two sergeants of the 10th Battalion—Henwood[6] and Virgo[7]—leading that portion which had been immediately behind Saker, the troops doubling as far as the Daisy Patch.

But with Saker's death there was lost the one man who probably knew the object of the movement. There was a general understanding that the line was to swing to the left. None knew who was in command of it, but, as the advance reached the Daisy Patch, someone gave the order "Left Form!" The right swung round so as to face due-north, but with what objective, no one had any notion. The majority, both officers and men, thought that the long-awaited moment for the general advance had come, and that they were on their way to take Hill 971, towards which their change of direction seemed to launch them. The advance continued in a north-easterly direction across the top of the Lone Pine plateau, sweeping along the front of the Australian firing line.



It was not only the line from M'Cay's Hill which was moving now. McNicoll was collecting his men in order to take them to the position pointed out by Bridges, and, as the line stirred, others noticed the movement. Lieutenant Grills, of the 7th, who had been sent with thirty men to bury some of the dead in Victoria Gully, saw far above him the line advancing on M'Cay's Hill. If this was the general advance, he did not intend to be out of it. He clambered up the hill with his party, and, happening to pass Glasfurd, asked him if they were advancing in the right direction. Glasfurd, thinking it was one of McNicoll's parties, said "Yes"; and Grills went on, convinced that he had been ordered to take

[6] Major H. N. Henwood; 10th Bn. Clerk; of Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. Hindmarsh, Adelaide, 9 May, 1889. Killed in action, 1 March, 1918.

[7] Lieut. C. A. P. Virgo; 10th Bn. b. Port Pirie, S. Aust., 21 Oct., 1881.

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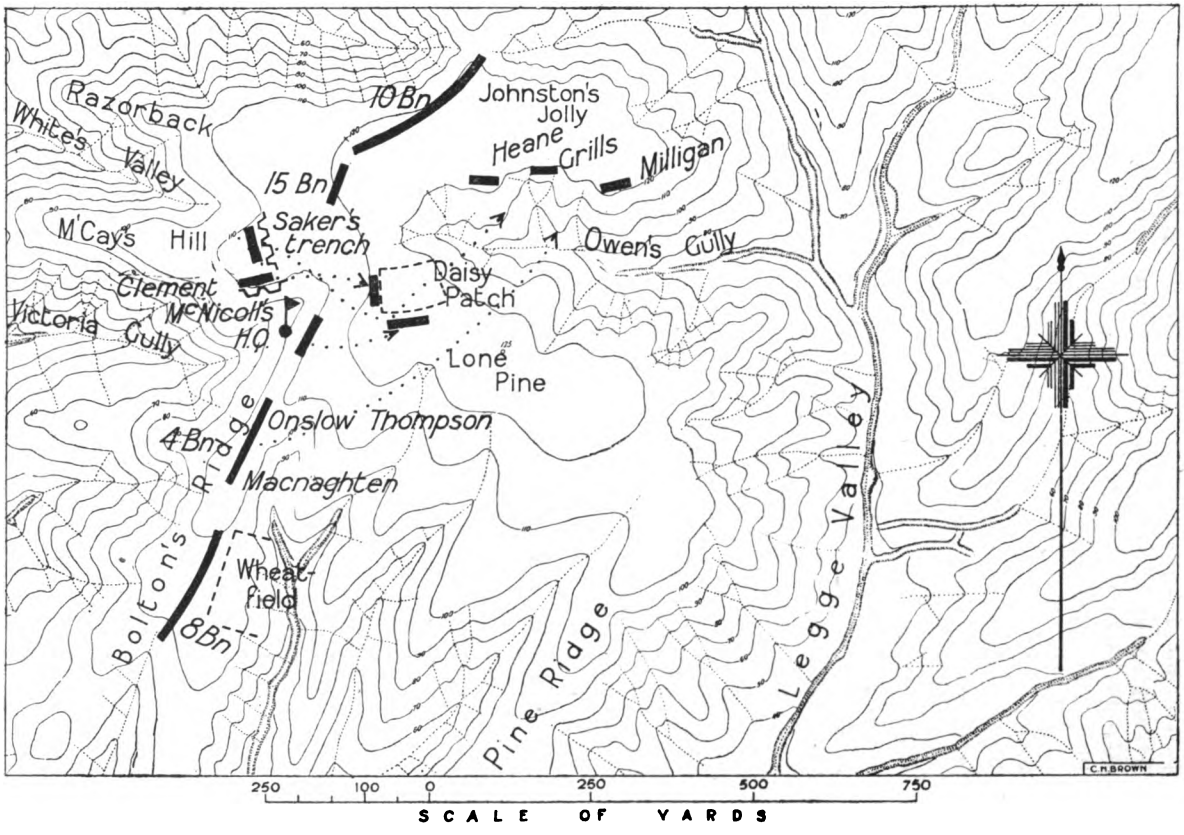

THE ADVANCE OF THE 4TH BATTALION, SAKER, AND MCNICOLL ON THE 400 PLATEAU
ABOUT 3 P.M., 26TH APRIL, 1915
Height contours, 10 metres.

Map No. 20

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part in the general advance. One of the 3rd Brigade staff, passing Rafferty, had shouted: "Right-o, Rafferty; keep straight on as you are going," and Rafferty therefore leaped to the same conclusion.

Further south, where the 4th Battalion was holding the line along Bolton's Ridge, a messenger burst in, flushed with haste, upon the battalion headquarters. "Order for a general advance," he said. "The line is to make a general advance."

Major Macnaghten, the brave, hot-headed, forcible trainer of the Woolloomooloo cadets, sprang to his feet. "I'll take the right, Colonel, if you'll take the left," he said. Colonel Onslow Thompson and he hurried out. Both were strong, impulsive men, and at that time they saw nothing strange in such an order. The troops had been trained to act on words of command passed down the line, and, though this was a movement of which at least a telegraphed warning might have been expected, yet such sudden counter-strokes were not unknown to students of war; in the American Civil War they were constantly launched in the heat of battle by Stonewall Jackson, whom many Australian officers regarded as an ideal commander. Onslow Thompson and Macnaghten did not wait to issue operation orders; they simply went out and led the men forward from the trenches. The left had already begun to move; Macnaghten went to the right and set it in motion. It swung to the left slightly behind the Colonel and formed a sort of second line. So, led by two of the bravest and most highly-trained officers in the force, without the vaguest instruction or any idea as to an objective, the 4th —the one whole and intact battalion in the 1st Division—went blindly on to Lone Pine. A few Turks bolted before them; others tried to lie low and let them pass.

There was thus in process of advance across the 400 Plateau from south to north—not as on the previous day from west to east—a large number of troops in organised but disconnected lines, mostly imbued with the notion that they were to take Hill 971. As the first of them crossed the open square of the Daisy Patch, in full view of the Turkish batteries near Chunuk Bair and Scrubby Knoll, a furious fire was opened upon them. Men fell thickly. Some of them reached The

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Cup. Several officers of the 4th, Roberts[8] and Boase of the 9th, and a number of others sheltered in the old emplacements or made their way past the old Turkish camp into Owen's Gully, where was found a wounded Australian officer who had lain there since the previous day. Other parties, meeting a hail of shell and machine-gun fire, made for the head of Owen's Gully and sank into the first available cover. Some of their leaders, such as Sergeant Henwood, full of a gallant conviction that the advance must continue at all costs, cursed them into moving forward; others, like Major Heane[9] of the 4th, seeing that the men were being uselessly killed, ordered them to stay. But a large part of the 4th Battalion and remnants of the 2nd and 3rd Brigades from Saker's line crossed Owen's Gully, climbed the further side, and came out upon the summit of Johnston's Jolly.

Neither men nor officers had any instructions. The 8th Battalion and the extreme right of the 4th had not moved, and the right of the advance was completely in the air. In point of fact the line was advancing up "No Man's Land," with the Australian trenches on its left and the Turkish position on its right. Men, as well as officers, realised that there must be some blunder in the arrangements. To Macnaghten it seemed "a desperate sort of attempt." But they kept on. Macnaghten had found that the right was wandering away from the left, and he closed the line again by a "left incline." He went to see if Lieutenant Massie[10]—the adjutant of the 4th—knew of any orders or objective, and learned that he did not. Then he sought and found the Colonel. But the Colonel had no orders and no conception what was to be done. Onslow Thompson had established his headquarters in a shallow wash-away in Owen's Gully. The battalion had then taken Lone Pine and was on the edge of Johnston's Jolly, with its right, under Lieutenant Milligan,[11] looking down into Legge Valley.

[8] Lieut. J. P. Roberts; 9th Bn. Sanitary engineer; of Ipswich, Q'land; b. Jarrow-on-Tyne, Eng., 18 Oct., 1882. Killed in action, 26 Apr., 1915.

[9] Brig.-General J. Heane, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 2nd Inf. Bde. 1916/19. Farmer and area officer; of Dubbo, N.S.W.; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 29 Dec., 1874.

[10] Lieut.-Colonel R. J. A. Massie, D.S.O.; 33rd Bn. Commandant, Aust. Corps School, 1918. Graduate in civil engineering, University of Sydney; b. St. Leonard's, Sydney, N.S.W., 8 July, 1890.

[11] Lieut.-Colonel S. L. Milligan, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 2nd Bn 1917. Survey draughtsman; b. Aberdeen, Scotland, 27 Ap., 1887.

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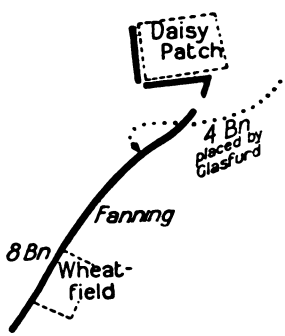
At this stage, in addition to the shrapnel, several machine-guns began to sweep the Jolly, and there happened what was sooner or later inevitable. About ten minutes after reaching the Jolly someone ordered a retirement. There was confusion, and in the confusion signs of panic. Part of the line came running back past headquarters across Owen's Gully. Seeing that everything was in disorder, someone gave the word for the men to fall back on their original position, but Macnaghten and others strove to rally them. Lieutenant M. P. Smith,[12] the signalling officer, sent back with a wound in the knee, gathered a few men, but was killed in trying to capture a Turkish machine-gun. Captain Milson,[13] Lieutenants Seldon[14] and Turner,[15] and some others were wounded. A certain number of the troops were led forward a second time, but the majority retired to Bolton's Ridge.

Here Glasfurd met them. He had walked across to Bolton's Ridge on another errand for Bridges. When he heard that "an advance" was in progress, he proceeded to the original front line of the 4th to see what this meant, and found numbers of men returning. "Don't retire to your old trenches," he urged them. "Come with me." On the right, near the Wheatfield, he noticed a platoon of the 4th, under Lieutenant Fanning,[16] which had never received the order to advance and was in its original well-dug trench. Glasfurd led forward the retiring men and set them to dig on a line which would connect this platoon with the men whom he had previously set digging around the Daisy Patch. A Turkish path led along the crest between the two fields. Many of the men were half dazed, but, taking them by the arm,



[12] Lieut. M. P. Smith; 4th Bn. Medical practitioner; of North Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Newcastle, N.S.W., 30 May, 1890. Killed in action, 26 Apr., 1915.
[13] Captain S. Milson; 4th Bn. Station manager; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Peak Downs, Q'land, 22 June, 1887. Killed in action, 6/8 Aug., 1915.
[14] Lieut. R. T. F. Seldon; 4th Bn. Accountant; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. North Sydney, 12 Nov., 1881. Killed in action, 6/8 Aug., 1915.
[15] Lieut. P. F. V. Turner; A.F.C. School master; b. Weston, Bath, Somerset, Eng., 26 Nov., 1886.
[16] Captain F. Fanning; 56th Bn. Overseer; of Casino, N.S.W.; b. Wooroowoolgen, near Casino; 27 Dec., 1890. Died of wounds, 1 Nov., 1916.

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Glasfurd aligned them on this path. At the Daisy Patch, despite the advance, his orders had persisted, and a number of men were still digging there. The new line connected them with the Wheatfield. Where Glasfurd had placed it, the front line remained. The curious protuberance round the south side of the Daisy Patch, afterwards of great importance, became known as the "Pimple."

Ahead of this line were still many officers and men who had not retired, or who were trying to rally and lead forward the retiring troops. Groping dimly to find a reason for the advance, and hearing that a line was being dug behind them, many of these convinced themselves that they were covering parties, sent forward temporarily to protect it, and as such they were treated by Colonel McNicoll, upon whom the duty of establishing the firing line now fell. But to others this notion never suggested itself. Macnaghten, shot through the chest, was leading forward some men whom he had rallied, when he was hit again in the throat. He staggered back to the dressing station, grateful for any helping hand, yet cursing because he wanted to lie down and die where the line had been. As he lay in the aid-post, he heard McNicoll's voice speaking to some stragglers. He struggled to his feet, drew his revolver, and started off again with three stragglers—all he could find—then he fainted, and was sent to the rear.

Colonel Onslow Thompson and others who were with him, their line having gone and no instructions having been received, decided to return to the Australian lines. They endeavoured to reach them, not by direct retirement, but by moving forward diagonally to their left. As they did so, the Turks opened fire. Onslow Thompson was killed. Lieutenant Massie picked up his body and carried it towards the trenches, but the fire proved too severe. The Colonel's body remained in front of the line until it was found and buried during the armistice of May 24th.[17]

While the forward parties in Owen's Gully were fairly protected, those in the old trenches in The Cup were losing heavily. The shrapnel enfiladed the trench and pattered on

[17] The command of the 4th Battalion passed to Major Storey, son of Hon. David Storey, M.L.C. (N.S.W.). Major D. A. Storey was of Randwick, Sydney, N.S.W.; warehouseman; b. Ashfield, Sydney, 26 Nov., 1888.

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the overhead cover of the gun-pits. Near the tents, Lieutenant Roberts—the life of the 9th Battalion—was killed. Boase was driven out of the pits by shrapnel, but hearing that a line was being dug in rear of the Daisy Patch, he dug a covering position along the forward end of the Patch until he too was wounded. Ahead, under the far edge of Owen's Gully, Major Heane, Grills of the 7th, Rafferty and Corporal Austin[18] of the 12th, Captain Luxton, Lieutenant Capes,[19] and Sergeant Marshall[20] of the 5th, Sergeant Henwood of the 10th, and, furthest to the right, Lieutenant Milligan of the 4th, were holding out with a fair number of men. The order came to a number of these to retire, but, mistrusting it, they held on, and McNicoll, who at this time came up to some of them, encouraged them to maintain the position.

It was not realised at the time, but is now certain, that the troops in this advance came under some fire from their own side. The 21st Indian Mountain Battery, which had come into position on a knuckle behind the 400 Plateau, saw the retirement on the plateau, and afterwards perceived a party in Australian uniform advancing across it towards the Australian line. The oncomers opened fire on the Australians and on the Indian battery. The wearing of Australian uniform was thought to be a ruse likely to be adopted by the Turks, and a seaman, who was sniping for the battery, shot one of this party. Shortly afterwards a second party appeared, led by an officer with a stick or a sword. But Major Fergusson,[21] the battery commander, suspecting a mistake, decided not to fire upon them.

The Australian firing line had no knowledge that any advance was being made by its own troops. No attack had been ordered; the Staff was not aware of the movement. and could not warn the line. As far as it knew, any troops in front of it would be Turks. But at about 3.30 p.m.—at which time this movement was occurring—there suddenly travelled

[18] Cpl. W. G. Austin; 50th Bn. b. Nottingham, Eng., 9 July, 1878.

[19] Lieut. G. H. Capes; 5th Bn. Duntroon Graduate; of Caulfield, Melbourne, Vic.: b. Elsternwick, Melbourne, 6 March, 1893.

[20] Lieut.-Colonel N. Marshall, D.S.O., M.C. Commanded 60th Bn. 1917/18; 54th Bn. 1918; 56th Bn. 1918/19. Mill manager; b. Callander, Scotland, 18 Aug., 1886.

[21] Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Fergusson, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A. Commanded 21st (Kohat) Indian Mountain Bty. 1915; of Surbiton, Surrey, Eng.; b. London, 2 July, 1871.

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along nearly the whole of the firing line a message: "Cease fire. The 29th Division is at the back of the Turks." It could be heard repeated from mouth to mouth, with slightly different versions following closely on its heels: "Order to cease fire; 29th Division is only two miles away." MacLagan's headquarters were in his own firing line. As the message reached it, Major Brand, the brigade-major, who was standing up directing the fire of the ships, called back: "Where does that message come from?" The answer presently returned: "From General Headquarters." Colonel MacLagan ordered the men to go on firing, and requested the signallers to telephone to Divisional Headquarters asking the origin of the order. In the meantime a further variation had arrived along the line: "The French and Indians are just at the back of the Turks. You are to cease fire—order from G.H.Q."

"Just the sort of ruse the Germans would employ," said MacLagan. "Tell them to go on firing." The message was presently disowned and denied by Divisional Headquarters; but in the meantime, for two or three minutes along a mile of front from Bolton's Ridge to Quinn's Post, the Australians had almost ceased to fire. The rumour that the 29th Division was but a few miles distant had gone round two hours before—a delighted infantryman had passed the information to Bridges and his Staff during their luncheon. The men were ready to believe it, and officers like Captain McConaghy, of the 3rd Battalion, who insisted on firing despite the order "Cease fire," heard grumbles of "Firing on your own men!"

It is true that Turkish reinforcements were at about this time moving up near Scrubby Knoll, and everyone[22] afterwards firmly believed that the order "Cease fire" was a ruse of the Turks. In the light of fuller knowledge it is far more probable that the cry was started by someone in the Australian trenches who saw the line of the 4th Battalion coming northwards through the scrub at right angles to its own trenches. There were actually Turks between the advancing troops and the Australian line. Boase and his party, retiring, came on a few who had lain low hoping to escape from observation. These they shot. Such an incident, if noticed from the Aus-

[22] The writer's view is different to that which he previously expressed.

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tralian line, would strengthen the probability that the cry arose there.

Except during the call of "Cease fire," the signs of movement upon the 400 Plateau were taken by those distant portions of the line which observed them as implying some Turkish activity. MacLagan, from his headquarters, perceived men leaving the plateau, and, fearing that the Turks would follow them, decided to put in again such portion as he possessed of the 9th and 10th Battalions, scattered parties of which had been collected the previous night in the valleys behind the plateau. He went down personally to direct them, and Major Salisbury, with MacLagan's orderly officer, Lieutenant L. G. Holmes,[23] and Lieutenant Chapman[24] of the 9th, again led forward these over-wearied troops. About 5.30 p.m. they went gallantly in on the Razorback as far as the trenches which the 15th Battalion was holding. The dead of the 15th lay everywhere, and the fire was very severe. Lieutenant Dickinson[25] had been shot through the head, and was sent to the Beach to all appearance dying. Some of the 15th were found retiring, not in panic, but apparently on some order. The 9th and 10th went in with them and formed the line in front of the Razorback.

The advanced parties clung to the edge of Johnston's Jolly until long after dark. Major Heane placed an outpost on top of the Jolly, and Milligan, without his knowledge, occupied the same spur further to the east. The report that the British were approaching from the south had reached these troops also. The British were said to be actually advancing up Legge Valley. On hearing some sound of movement there during the night, Grills twice sent Sergeant Henwood with a patrol to get touch with them. The patrol worked down Owen's Gully —empty of both friend and enemy—reached the shoulder of Lone Pine above Legge Valley, and lay there to listen. There was no sound of movement. Half a mile to the left front, at

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[23] Captain L. G. Holmes; 10th Bn. Of Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. Launceston, Tas., 7 July, 1892. Died of wounds, 23 June, 1915.

[24] Major D. Chapman; 45th Bn. Paymaster; b. 15 May, 1888. Killed in action, 6 Aug., 1916.

[25] Major G. F. Dickinson, D.S.O. Senior Major, 15th Bn. 1917; civil servant; b. Murwillumbah, Tweed River, N.S.W., 27 Nov., 1894.

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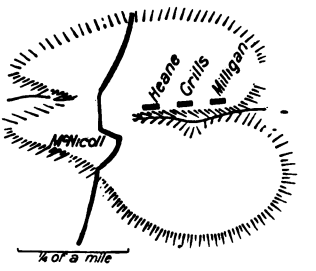
the head of Monash Valley—at Pope's, Courtney's, Steele's and along MacLaurin's Hill—the flash of the Australian rifles and machine-guns, and of the Turkish machine-guns firing back through the scrub, was incessant. All the fighting seemed to be in that area, and it was furious.

About 9 p.m. McNicoll ordered the advanced parties to come in. But there were many of them. Near the top of Owen's Gully was Major Heane. Further down was Lieutenant Grills. Each of these had sent pickets on to the top of the Jolly after dark; and Lieutenant Milligan and his party still overlooked Legge Valley, constantly expecting the British to come up it. All were at right angles to the main line and communicated only on their left rear with McNicoll and his men digging at the Pimple. On receiving the order to retire, Major Heane, who was nearest to the line and knew that the order was authentic, withdrew. But messages such as "Retire to the boats" had been flying round the line during the day, and many officers refused to allow any more to pass unless they were written. The present message to retire being verbal, Lieutenant Grills would not act upon it, and Sergeants Henwood and Virgo and their men stood by him.



Till then there had been no sign of any Turkish attack. But now Milligan's party and other outposts on the Jolly heard Turks approaching. They were advancing from the north-east with a wild clamour of "Allah! Allah!" into the angle between the advanced parties and the main line. So close did they come to the party on the right that their forms could be seen against the horizon. Milligan ordered ten rounds of rapid fire, and drove them back. Later in the night the same wild clamour of tongues arose, but ten rounds always repulsed the advance.

About midnight McNicoll sent a further order to Grills to retire on the firing line. The latter, who had not till then known that there was such a line, obeyed and withdrew his posts. Milligan came in before morning. For the second

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time Lone Pine and Johnston's Jolly were now open to the enemy.

The enemy interpreted the Australian advance as an assault to gain the 400 Plateau. Such Turks as were upon the plateau were driven off it, and when the upland was re-occupied by them on April 27th the Turkish Staff believed that it had been retaken by their counter-attack. Probably the troops who delivered that attack were under the impression that they had driven the British back.

As a matter of fact, when the Australians withdrew across the plateau, the Staff was not conscious that they had occupied it. General Bridges was unaware that any attack had taken place; not a word of it came to him either by wire or by word of mouth from M'Cay. M'Cay himself appears to have known nothing of it at the time, and it is doubtful if even McNicoll realised that the enemy had been driven away. The return of Glasfurd, and the receipt of a chance note penned by Macnaghten from his stretcher, gave the Staff its first hint that, without orders and without objective, a full-dress attack had been delivered, one of its finest battalions decimated, and two of the finest leaders—Saker and Onslow Thompson—killed.

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CHAPTER XXII

THE SECOND TURKISH COUNTER-ATTACK

At dawn on April 26th the problem which most occupied General Birdwood was how to unite the left of the Australian line at Pope's Hill with the right of Braund's Australians and New Zealanders on Walker's Ridge and Russell's Top. The warships, by shelling the Top at dawn, had disorganised any of the enemy who had penetrated thither; but the lie of the land was still little known, and though Braund on the seaward slope and Pope inland each knew that the other was at some distance from his flank, neither knew the exact direction in which the other lay.

As the morning drew on, the enemy, in spite of the warships' shells, began again to creep across the head of Monash Valley, past The Nek onto Russell's Top. When first the men on Pope's Hill saw these figures in khaki stealing down through the scrub, it was assumed that they must be the New Zealanders. But soon men of the 16th began to be killed on the rear slope of Pope's Hill. It was evident that the intruders were Turks. At 8 a.m. Pope telegraphed to Bridges: "Turks are beginning to occupy ground north-west of me and to fire into my rear." The men in the trenches were fairly protected, but the back of the hill, where the supports lay, was entirely open to this fire. Pope placed there both of his machine-guns, while his line in the trenches fired to the front. All day these guns sniped at the Turks creeping onto the Top. The 16th Battalion machine-guns were in charge of men of no ordinary determination. "Number one" in one of the gun's crews was Lance-Corporal Percy Black,[1] formerly a prospector in Western Australia. Two years later, then a major, he died leading his battalion through the wire of the Hindenburg Line at Bullecourt. "Number two," beside him, was Private Harry Murray,[2] a Tasmanian who had enlisted in the West.

[1] Major P. C. H. Black, D.S.O., D.C.M.; 16th Bn. Miner; b. Beremboke, Geelong, Vic., 12 Dec., 1879. Killed in action, 11 Apr., 1917. On 12 Dec., 1914, he set up a machine-gun ready for action in 13 2/5 seconds, which was believed to be the fastest known time for this operation.

[2] Lieut.-Colonel H. W. Murray, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O., D.C.M. Commanded 4th M.G. Bn. 1918; b. Launceston, Tas., 1 Dec., 1884.

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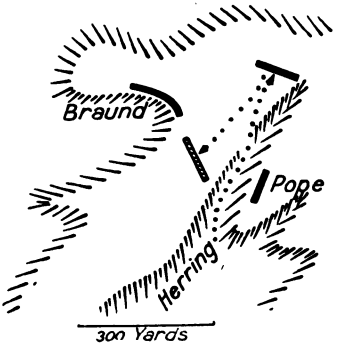
Before the end of the war Murray, then Lieutenant-Colonel, was the most distinguished fighting officer in the A.I.F. The men with them were of the same stamp. They fought until both guns were smashed by Turkish bullets. Percy Black, wounded in one arm and later shot through the ear, refused to leave his gun during any of the heavy fighting of this and the following week. "That's the beauty of these guns," he explained to his colonel. "You can work them with one hand." Murray, though wounded, continued with him. But though, throughout April 26th, the machine-guns kept the Turks from breaking through in numbers, parties of two and three succeeded at various times of the day in evading them.

During the morning the first definite attempt was made to close the gap between Braund and Pope. The 13th Battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Burnage,[3] having landed during the night, had been sent up after daylight to Monash Valley, the head of which was now mainly held by its sister battalions of the 4th Brigade. Major Herring[4] of the 13th was ordered to take his company onto Russell's Top and effect a junction with the New Zealanders. They thereupon climbed the steep side opposite Pope's under a desultory fire. On reaching the summit they could see no one; around them was thick scrub, apparently empty. The Turks from Baby 700 and from beyond Pope's opened upon them; but no New Zealanders could be seen. Herring's information was very vague and the map of little use. Lying down in the scrub, they began to lose heavily. The man on Herring's right was killed; then the man on his left. He thereupon withdrew his line under heavy fire. When it had fallen back a considerable distance, some of the men upon its left came in touch with a line of Aus-



[3] Lieut.-Colonel G. J. Burnage, C.B., V.D. Commanded 13th Bn. 1914/15. Wine merchant; b. Dungog, N.S.W., 14 Dec., 1858.

[4] Brig.-General S. C. E. Herring, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 13th Inf. Bde. 1918/19; b. Gladesville, Sydney, N.S.W., 8 Oct., 1881.

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tralians and New Zealanders. This was part of Colonel Braund's force.

Braund was still holding the edge of Russell's Top where Walker's Ridge joined it. His force on the Top consisted of the remains of his two companies of the 2nd Battalion, under Major Burke and Captain Concanon, probably not more than 200 strong at this time; scattered among these were some remnants of New Zealanders who had fought the day before on Baby 700. Braund had been reinforced during the night by two New Zealand companies under Major Loach of the Canterbury Battalion, and these lined Walker's Ridge on his left. The fighting had not been serious during Monday morning. The Turks had been striving since daybreak to build up their line at The Nek and on the Chessboard, sending batches of reinforcements down the slope of Baby 700 to those positions. From MacLagan's headquarters on MacLaurin's Hill, and from a small trench dug by Captain Everett on the shoulder between Steele's and Courtney's, this movement could be clearly seen. Meanwhile during both the morning and the afternoon Major Brand, Lieutenant Clowes, and often Colonel MacLagan himself, standing upon the parapet at 3rd Brigade Headquarters, were giving to the signallers directions for the fire of the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Queen*, and other warships. For some hours during the morning this fire was most effective. Then several shells fell into the 13th on Russell's Top. Captain Cowey, who perceived this from near Quinn's, signalled direct to the *Queen* to increase her range. "You are killing about fifty of our men with each shell," he added. This was greatly exaggerating the damage, but the receipt either of this message or of a similar one caused the *Queen* to cease fire in spite of constant requests for aid. The message was afterwards misinterpreted as a Turkish ruse.

After some hours both the *Queen* and the *Queen Elizabeth* opened again on the same Turks. The *Queen Elizabeth*

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happened to return from the south at the moment when the enemy were making a local attack upon Pope's Hill—some 300 of them attempting to rush in lines down Baby 700. Though a single shell from one of her great 15-in. guns broke this rush,[5] the general movement of the Turks was not easily stopped. They changed their method, and for the rest of the day, instead of advancing in organised lines, they continually dribbled forward in threes and fours through the scrub. Colonel Owen, noticing that these reinforcements were constantly flowing into the dip upon the Turkish side of Quinn's Post, advised a number of New Zealanders opposite them to charge. An order to that effect was passed along part of the line, and the New Zealanders are said to have dashed forward and to have suffered heavily. This also, or a similar incident, became widely reported as an example of a Turkish ruse, and it was firmly believed that the Turks were tempting the garrisons to charge out into machine-gun fire.

In their persistence in reinforcing their line despite the tremendous bursts of the battleships' shells, the Turkish infantry showed at their best. By 2 p.m. their fire was bearing heavily on the troops on Russell's Top. Braund, who was proving himself a clear-headed and tenacious commander, knew that he was in touch with the 13th, and at 2.35 he informed the Headquarters of the 1st Australian Division, to which he had a direct line of telephone, that Herring's men on his right were being hard pressed. He forthwith transferred some of the much-worn troops of the 2nd Battalion from the centre of his line to support them, and asked Major Loach to replace these by a company of New Zealanders. In answer Loach sent up the Nelson Company of the Canterbury Battalion, but on reaching the top of Walker's Ridge it was checked by a portion of the 2nd Battalion retiring.

The Turkish fire had caused both Herring's line and that of the 2nd Battalion supporting it to withdraw. Herring retired into Monash Valley, and the 2nd Battalion onto the top of Walker's Ridge. Braund asked for reinforcements and for the Navy to shell Malone's Gully, where the enemy were probably congregating. But before these measures were taken,

[5] This was the "Turkish counter-attack" described by Sir Ian Hamilton in his diary. No general counter-attack was delivered this day.

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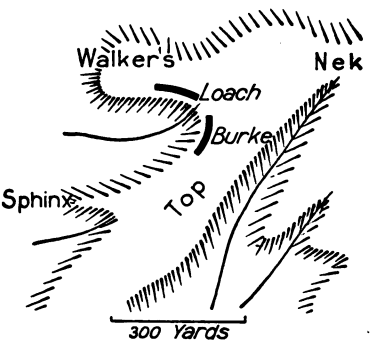
Braund's troops had already recaptured Russell's Top for 100 yards above Walker's Ridge. Captain Concanon led his men forward with the bayonet, and the position was restored. Where the line reached, there it stayed for the night, digging in. But contact with the troops from Monash Valley had been lost. Herring was back in Monash Valley; Braund was almost where he had been the night before; and Russell's Top was still open to the Turks.

During the night of April 26th Braund decided to organise his area into two sectors. Such part of Russell's Top as he held was to be known as the right sector and garrisoned by the remnants of his two companies of the 2nd Battalion, under Major Burke. Walker's Ridge was to be the left sector, garrisoned by the Canterbury Battalion, under Major Loach. Loach agreed to this arrangement, and in the early morning the Nelson company was withdrawn from the Top and joined the rest of the Canterburys on Walker's Ridge. On the morning of April 27th, not long after the New Zealanders had withdrawn, there were observed, in the scrub in front of the 2nd Battalion on Russell's Top, signs that during the night a Turkish trench had been dug there. Concanon's company of the 2nd went forward to take it. With that charge the most desperate struggle for the possession of Russell's Top began. The development of that struggle was governed by events which had been taking place on the Turkish side of the veil, and to these it is necessary for a moment to return.



Except the division under Mustafa Kemal, no portion of the general reserve of the Turks on the Peninsula was moved during the first day of the landing. Until it was clear which landings or threats of landings were seriously meant, von Sanders was afraid to stir. The French feint upon Kum Kale had occupied the 3rd Turkish Division south of the

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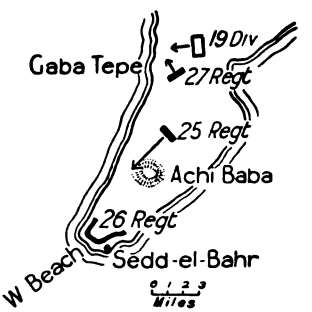
straits. A false report of a landing at Besika Bay, further south, had detained the 11th Division. By next day, however, it became clear that the French attack was not serious. The 33rd Regiment of the 11th Division was therefore ordered to Chanak, where boats ferried it across the Narrows to reinforce Mustafa Kemal. At the same time von Sanders, realising that the transports which had appeared off Bulair were either empty or did not threaten a landing in earnest, moved south in person, and the 5th and 7th Divisions, which had been held idle near Bulair, thus became available for reinforcing the hard-pressed Turkish forces either at Gaba Tepe or at Helles.

Mustafa Kemal was determined to deliver, as soon as possible, a general attack, in order to drive the Gaba Tepe landing-force into the sea before it made good its foothold. But by April 26th he realised that the imminent danger was not at Gaba Tepe, but at Helles. A formidable British force was landing there, and in the whole area there were only two regiments to oppose it.[6] During the morning of the landing a portion of one unsupported regiment—the 26th—garrisoning the four "strong-points" along the toe of the Peninsula, had been forced to sustain the bombardment of the fleet and the attack of the landing-force. The Turks in some at least of these positions were behind very strong entanglements of barbed wire, which the ships' guns failed to destroy, and which appear eventually to have been cut by hand by the infantry of the 29th Division. The naval shells, although they churned the foot of the Peninsula into a cloud of slowly rolling dust, did not destroy the trenches. When their fire lifted, and the infantry of the 29th Division began to land, the Turks in some of the strong-points opened so heavily with machine-guns and rifles that the landing-force at "W" Beach (Tekke Koyu—"Shrimp Bay") could make little headway, and that



[6] See Map 8, p. 237.

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at Sedd-el-Bahr none at all. The heavy entanglements above the beach at Fort Helles do not seem to have been reached till a later stage. But their moral effect upon the Turks behind them was not negligible. Had any wire at all existed at Ari Burnu, the course of the Australian landing would certainly have been affected by it, but the Turkish posts at the Australian landing-place were destitute of this defence.

There exists a message written on this day by an officer in the Turkish strong-point on Cape Helles. It runs:

> My Captain—The enemy's infantry is taking cover at the back of the Sedd-el-Bahr gun defences, but the rear of these gun defences cannot come under fire. . . . With the twenty or twenty-five men I have with me it will not be possible to drive them off with a bayonet charge, because I am obliged to spread my men out. Either you must send up reinforcements and drive the enemy into the sea, or let us evacuate this place, because I am absolutely certain that they will land more men to-night. . . .
>
> Send the doctors to carry off my wounded. Alas! Alas! My Captain, for God's sake send me reinforcements, because hundreds of soldiers are landing. Hurry up. What on earth will happen, my Captain? From Abdul Rahman.

The second regiment in the area—the 25th—was at Serafim Chiflik, some ten miles to the north. It was hurried southwards, and at 4.15 p.m. the colonel of the 26th Regiment sent to his 3rd Battalion the following note: "The 25th Regiment has come and is about to charge. Hang on!" The third regiment of the 9th Division (the 27th) and one, if not two, of the divisional batteries were long since desperately engaged at Gaba Tepe. The 26th and 25th Regiments were thus the only troops available to meet the attack upon Helles, which now showed signs of being even more powerful than that near Gaba Tepe. The commander of the Turkish troops at Helles reported to Essad Pasha that he could not hold. Essad replied that he must.

Realising that the situation in the south was most critical, Mustafa Kemal, although he had decided to deliver a general attack, would not ask for further reinforcements. The 7th Division was being hurried down from the north by land and sea, and its transports were disembarking their men at Maidos. Mustafa Kemal knew that his own troops were too weary to attack with the best prospects of success. But since the receipt

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of Haidi Bey's calm reports he believed that the danger at Gaba Tepe was no longer acute. He would not ask for troops of the 7th Division, and they passed southward to Helles. The 33rd and 64th Regiments, and at least one additional mountain battery,[7] had already been sent to Mustafa Kemal, and he decided that upon his tired troops, augmented by these fresh units, the task of the general attack must fall.

During the afternoon of April 26th the 33rd Turkish Regiment was ferried in every sort of craft from Chanak to Kilia Liman and thence marched the few miles to Boghali. Mustafa Kemal decided that the attack should be delivered the next day. Accordingly after dark the 33rd Regiment was moved into a valley west of the village of Koja Dere, near Scrubby Knoll, and lay there as general reserve. Meanwhile, in the tangled gullies behind the Turkish position, as behind the Australian, April 26th was spent in rounding up stragglers and sending them to the front line. Such attacks as were delivered by the Turks that day were merely local, and were either accidental collisions or attempts by the local commander to gain some particular vantage-point. The ground at the head of Monash Valley was all disputed. At Quinn's the two sides were striving to entrench within forty yards of one another on the same narrow ridge, separated only by the scrub on the crest. There, and at Pope's and Courtney's, fighting was continuous. The local attack upon Pope's which was stopped by the *Queen Elizabeth's* shell has already been mentioned, but during the whole night of April 26th the firing in this area, at ranges of little more than 100 yards and even less, was intense. General Birdwood was rendered extremely anxious by the heavy expenditure of ammunition, and he circulated an earnest appeal to the troops to withhold their fire. During this and the following nights, when the bayonets of the Turks shone in the moonlight from the scrub twenty yards from Courtney's Post, the Australian line at that point constantly charged or made feints of charging. But with the two sides at such close quarters in the dark, nothing but the intensity of the fire can have prevented the Turks from streaming over

[7] These details are from Mustafa Kemal's orders. The Turkish General Staff puts the reinforcements at 5 battalions and 2 field batteries.

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the Australian posts, isolated and half-surrounded as they were on their narrow foothold at the valley's edge.

During the night of April 26th, as on that of the 25th, the enemy attempted to charge across the Wheatfield upon Bolton's Ridge. A whirlwind of rifle-fire preceded the attack, evidently in order to cover it. But several Australian guns had landed during the day. Lieutenant-Colonel Rosenthal,[8] commanding the 3rd Australian Artillery Brigade, always a man of force and an optimist, having urged upon Bridges that he had room for two batteries on the right, obtained leave to place one on Bolton's Hill, and accordingly three guns of the 7th Battery, under Major F. A. Hughes,[9] were emplaced there. Owing to the difficulty of finding suitable positions in these hills for fire at short range, they were stationed within a few yards of the front line. The muzzle of one of them looked out over the Wheatfield. When the Turks charged that night, they came under the fire of this gun, which swept the crop in front of the Australian line. They were so close that the shrapnel was timed to burst at the gun muzzle, and the fieldpiece was thus turned into a gigantic shotgun. Firing over the heads of the infantry, its discharges sweeping almost dangerously along the Australian line, it was a weapon which the Turks could not face, and the attack collapsed.[10]

The third day—April 27th—was to see Kemal's general attack. Besides the 33rd and 64th Regiments, the 72nd (Arab) Regiment was still fairly intact. Its 3rd Battalion had been sent to reinforce the much-worn 57th Regiment on Baby 700 and its spurs. Meanwhile Haidi Bey, of the 3rd Battalion of the 57th, still had two of his own companies in hand. Kemal decided to make his main attack with the 72nd Regiment on the south and the 64th Regiment on the north, the 33rd Regiment being held near Scrubby Knoll in reserve. The frontal attack by the 64th would be supported by the troops already in the northern half of the line—the 57th Regiment on its right and the 27th Regiment (with the 3rd Battalion

[8] Major-General Sir Charles Rosenthal, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 2nd Aust. Div. 1918/19. Architect; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Berrima, N.S.W., 12 Feb., 1875.

[9] Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Hughes, D.S.O. Commanded 5th D.A.C., 1917/18. Accountant; b. Brisbane, Q'land, 9 March, 1874.

[10] See plates at p. 512.

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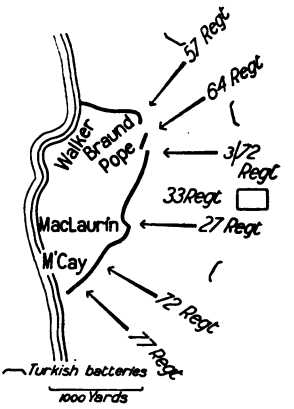
of the 72nd) on its left. The main part of the 72nd, attacking from the south-east, would also be supported by the 27th Regiment and by the 77th near the coast. The mountain batteries of the 19th Division, near Chunuk Bair, were to bombard the Anzac left and especially the Beach; those of the 9th and 7th Divisions—whose mountain artillery was with Mustafa Kemal—were to fire on the Anzac centre and right.



Such were the intentions and preparations on the Turkish side when the dawn of April 27th broke, and when the 2nd Australian Battalion, lying in the bushes above Walker's Ridge, found the new Turkish trench in the scrub in front. The Turkish artillery had become active; but that any heavier attack than usual was in prospect neither Braund nor any other was aware.

By a natural instinct, however, officers and men throughout the war were averse to allowing the enemy to build up near them any shelter in which he could concentrate unseen. Consequently, about 8 a.m., Captain Concanon, with his company of the 2nd Battalion, charged uphill towards the new trench. It was now forty-eight hours since the 2nd Battalion had landed. The men had been fighting and digging almost continuously and without sleep. But they took the trench and occupied it. Shortly afterwards they were driven out, but Braund sent Lieutenant Harrison[11] and thirty men to reinforce them, and with this support Concanon retook the trench.

The Turks continued firing from the scrub beyond this trench, and it was decided to turn them out. The line therefore advanced some 125 yards with the bayonet and tried to dig in. Concanon was killed, and the losses were heavy. Officers were called for, and Major Burke and Lieutenant Shout of the 1st Battalion went forward. Shout had been

[11] Major R. Harrison; 54 Bn. Bank official; of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Yass, N.S.W., 28 May, 1889. Killed in action, 20 July, 1916.

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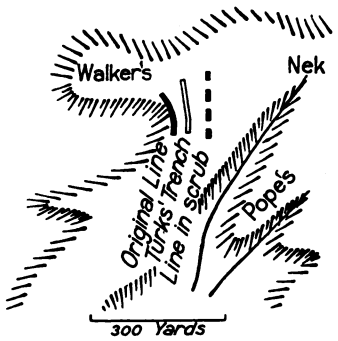
fighting and working ever since Kindon's arrival at Baby 700. Burke was presently wounded. The fire continued very heavy, and Braund decided to reinforce the line with the remainder of his two original companies of the 2nd Battalion. He led them forward in person and took charge of the front line.



All the company officers on the spot except two subalterns, Westbrook and Harrison, had now been killed or wounded; Shout, of the 1st, though wounded, stood by them. Braund himself marked the trench for his men and ordered them to dig it. But their numbers were very few—now only some 150 of the 2nd Battalion and odd New Zealanders—and Braund asked the New Zealand Brigade at the top of Walker's Ridge for support.

Important changes had taken place in the situation upon this ridge. Little was known to the authorities of the bitter fighting in progress on Russell's Top. The Staff of the Corps and Divisions was facing the arduous task of reorganising the front into definite sections under responsible commanders. Birdwood, with Godley, had visited Plugge's Plateau, and there decided that Walker's Ridge was to be definitively allotted to the New Zealand Infantry Brigade, and the head of Monash Valley to the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade. General Walker, commanding the New Zealand Brigade, therefore moved at 10.30 a.m. to Braund's headquarters upon Walker's Ridge, where he assumed control and took over telephonic and other organisation. Of his four battalions Canterbury was lining the ridge beside him; Otago was trying to advance from Plugge's to Russell's Top; Auckland was split into small fractions fighting in every part of the Australian line. The Wellington Battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Malone,[12] was camped in reserve in a gully above the

[12] Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Malone. Commanded Wellington Bn. 1914/15. Of Stratford, Taranaki, N.Z.; b. London, Eng., 24 Jan., 1859. Killed in action, 8 Aug., 1915.

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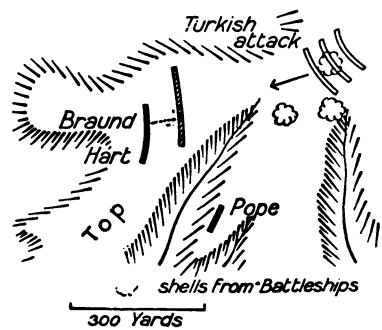
Beach. This battalion was now ordered to Walker's Ridge, and it wound in single file up the steep goat-tracks, reaching General Walker before noon. He at once sent forward the Wellington West Coast company to Braund's assistance, and half an hour later, at 12.15, the Hawkes Bay company also.

Major Hart,[13] second-in-command of the Wellington Battalion, advanced with these companies. They found the 2nd Australian Battalion very weak and with scarcely any officers surviving. The troops themselves welcomed the arrival of fresh officers. The Hawkes Bay company reinforced them on the left, and as the Wellington West Coast company came up, sections of it were taken by officers of the 2nd and put into the right and centre of the line, which became in some places almost too densely packed. From that time onwards the Australians and New Zealanders under Braund fought as one force.



At about 1.30 p.m. the left of the line began to fall back, but was quickly rallied and brought forward. Seeing that the men were losing confidence, Braund decided to lead them further and to clear the front. The whole line was ordered to fix bayonets, and, with Braund himself leading, Hart's New Zealanders and the Australians charged through the scrub. Although much was heard of the bayonet in the war, the occasions on which it was really used were rare. But this was one of them. The charging troops came upon the Turks, not in a trench, but in the scrub. The enemy fled, and the line followed them until it reached a point which apparently looked upon the dip of The Nek, the heads of Malone's Gully and of Monash Valley, and, rising beyond them, Baby 700. Across the dip was the enemy's line, entrenched and very strongly held. To attempt a further advance without large

[13] Brig.-General H. E. Hart, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 3rd N.Z. (Rifles) Bde. Barrister and solicitor; b. Carterton, N.Z., 13 Oct., 1882.

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reinforcements was useless, and the line under Braund and Hart therefore dug in along the crest of Russell's Top facing the Turks. Braund, in another of his terse messages, reported his position to Headquarters and asked if the guns could help him.

Accounts differ as to how long the line remained in this position, coming as it did under fire of the Turks from the whole semicircle of seaward and inland spurs of Baby 700. It was probably an hour later, about 2.30, when Braund ordered a withdrawal by alternate sections. This movement was commenced in good order, but in a short time men on the left came running back. "The Turks are coming in thousands," they said.

These seem to have been men of the 2nd Battalion who had been lying forward on the left, where they could see Baby 700 and the seaward face of Battleship Hill. During the morning Turks had been coming down Baby 700 in small numbers. Now, at 2.30 p.m., line after line of them suddenly appeared moving at wide intervals down Battleship Hill. It was the northern wing of Mustafa Kemal's general attack.

The advancing lines were spread across the whole face of Battleship Hill. About six lines had come over the horizon, and the first was far down the slope when one of the warships put in two ranging shots. The first fell into the Australian trenches on Pope's Hill; the second went farther; the third—a huge shrapnel shell, which passed with a heavy rumble—burst fairly over the Turks. The battleships began to throw big lyddite shells onto the Turkish advance, and by the time six of these had fallen the orderly lines were completely broken. As the dust of each explosion cleared, the Turks could be seen running round, dazed, like ants on a disturbed nest. For a few minutes scarcely anything of the hill was visible except a low-lying curtain of green smoke. The Turks sank into the scrub and began to snipe. The main organised attack upon The Nek and Russell's Top had been thoroughly broken.

Most of Braund's line was at this time out of sight of this attack, but it was probably seen by the extreme left. The men had been fighting for three whole days without sleep. They were worn out; they had lost heavily and were short of officers.

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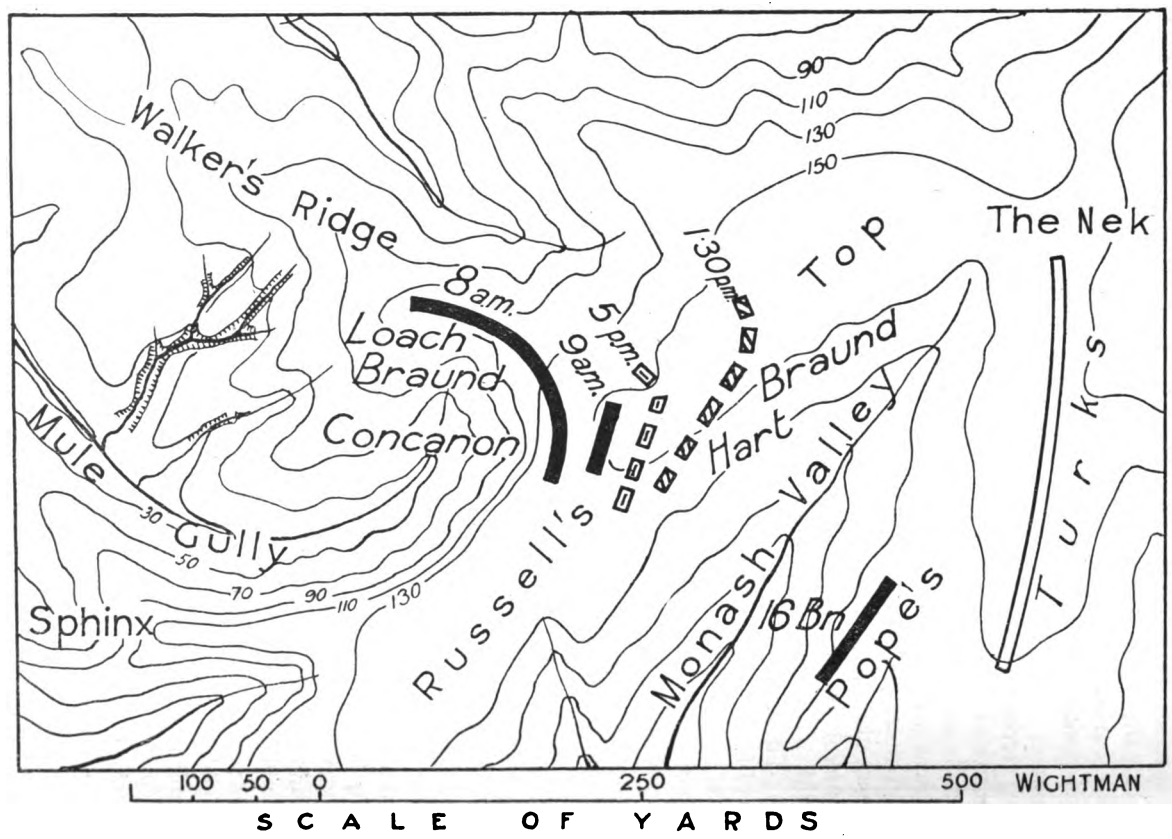

THE ADVANCE OF BRAUND WITH THE 2ND BATTALION AND NEW ZEALANDERS ON RUSSELL'S TOP,
27TH APRIL, 1915
Height contours, 30 metres.

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A Gun of Major Hughes's Battery (7th) in the firing line at Bolton's Ridge

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G937. Taken on 4th May, 1915.

Lone Pine.

Australian trenches bordering Wheatfield.

Wheatfield.

Australian trench on Bolton's Ridge.

View taken from the barrel of a gun of the 7th Battery, showing the Wheatfield across which Turks attacked. The Australian front line is on the left of the picture

Aust. War Museum Official Photo No. G938. Taken on 4th May, 1915.

To face p. 512.

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G: "Third" (Gun) Ridge. K: Kilid Bahr Plateau.

MR: Mortar Ridge.

T: Turkish trench and wire.

J: Johnston's Jolly.

Wire Gully.

GOR: German Officers' Ridge.

Q: Right of Quinn's L: Legge Valley. MV: Mule Valley. C: Left of Courtney's.

MULE VALLEY, SHOWING THE GROUND FACING THE RIGHT OF QUINN'S AND LEFT OF COURTNEY'S

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1332. Taken shortly before the Evacuation.

To face p. 513.

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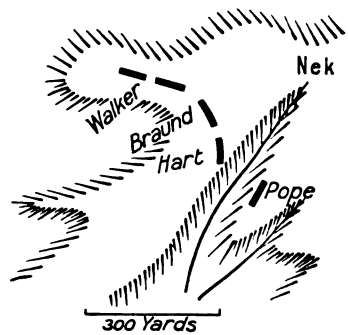
Seeing the withdrawal of the troops on their right and the advance of the Turks, they imagined that their line had been beaten back. Nevertheless, Major Hart was able to rally them, and some of the Ruahine company of the Wellington Battalion arriving at that moment, they together took up much the same line as that on which Colonel Braund had set the 2nd Battalion to dig after Concanon's advance.

This line stretched almost across Russell's Top, and Hart, on its right, was in a position from which he could see the inland slopes of Baby 700, the head of Monash Valley, and the northern end of Pope's Hill. As on the day before, the Turks, when their advance in formation was checked, dribbled forward in small numbers and endeavoured to make their way down the head of Monash Valley. Hart's men could see them, though with difficulty, through the scrub, and tried to stop them. Hart could also see Australians or New Zealanders on the right. He knew these could only be either the 16th Battalion on Pope's Hill or else men of the Otago Battalion, who during two days had made various attempts to move from Plugge's over Russell's Top and fill the gap between Braund and Pope.



General Walker was eager to locate Pope's position and that of his own line; Pope on his side was anxiously watching the scrub on Russell's Top for a sign of the New Zealanders, but with no idea where they would emerge. Turks had been filtering through the scrub, and men of the 16th Battalion on Pope's constantly fell, hit from behind. The Otago Battalion advanced excellently up Russell's Top during the earlier part of the afternoon. But there is little doubt that, when it appeared in sight of the men in Monash Valley, it was mistaken for Turks and fired upon. This checked the advance. The men could not show themselves on the inland edge of Russell's Top. Walker was desirous of informing Head-

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quarters where his men were, and Hart, near the inland edge of the Top, tried to fix for him the point reached on the right. He chose three messengers—two of them surveyors—and sent them to Walker with instructions to mark the position. The two surveyors were both wounded before they arrived, but both reported to him. Neither could fix the spot on the map. The third messenger was killed.

Braund had withdrawn to the same line as Hart, some distance ahead of the original line of the morning. A little before dusk he reported that this position was not so strong as the one of the night before, and that, if he was to retain it, he would need more men. "Will hold it until otherwise ordered," he wrote. "No officers but self and one other. Want picks and shovels, also water."

At 9 p.m. the Turks, able to approach under darkness, delivered their attack, which was preceded by a wild blowing of bugles and all manner of shouting. It did not reach Hart's section on the right, but it pressed heavily on the 2nd Battalion and those New Zealanders who were with it. Forms of Turks appeared on the skyline. They came on with great bravery, even crawling to the Australian trench and firing into it. For the first time in the experience of Australian troops the enemy used bombs. These were an instrument unknown to the old British text-books, and no Australian had seen one, except on some of the Turks killed on the first day; many had never even heard of them. For weeks they remained a wonder to most men in the line. On this night the bombs used by the Turks mostly fell short. A Turk would crawl near to the parapet and call out, and the bombs were thrown apparently by his direction. The fighting was at times very close. The adjutant of the 2nd Battalion, Captain Stevens,[14] shot one of the enemy who had crept near enough to touch his bayonet, and the signalling officer, Lieutenant Herrod,[15] shot another.

By 10 o'clock the attack had been driven back, but it was

[14] Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Stevens, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 2nd Bn. 1916/18 (3 periods). N.S.W. Railways employee; of Kensington, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Erskineville, Sydney, 26 June, 1880.

[15] Lieut.-Colonel E. E. Herrod, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 2nd Bn. 1917/18. Draper; of Northwood, Lane Cove River, N.S.W.; b. Redfern, Sydney, N.S.W., 21 June, 1885.

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followed by others during the night. At 11 p.m. Braund was reinforced by the rest of the Ruahine company, under Major Saunders.[16] At 1 a.m. he sent for ammunition, and at 2.10 telegraphed to Godley: "Have reinforced firing line with all troops. Enemy using hand grenades. Send ammunition requested. Urgent." The Turks were largely driven off by the machine-guns of the Wellington Battalion, which Braund had posted at the apex of his line where it swung back to Russell's Top. At his request these machine-guns had advanced with him when he charged in the afternoon. The machine-gun officer, Lieutenant Wilson,[17] had been killed; the two sergeants had been shot. One gun—recovered by its crew some days after—had to be abandoned; a New Zealand corporal and some privates—one with his hand shattered—kept the other in action all night long in Braund's line.

The bugles and calls of Turkish officers rallying their men continued all night, but ceased with the dawn. At 10 p.m. General Walker had been able to report that he was in touch with the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade in Monash Valley; and at 6 a.m. on April 28th—the fourth consecutive day of their struggle—the men of the 2nd Battalion were withdrawn from among those of the Wellington Battalion, who were left to garrison the line. Major Hart having been hit during the night while Braund was taking him round his front, the line was left under the command of Colonel Malone. Braund took his weary men down the goat-track to the Beach.

The 2nd Battalion had lost sixteen officers and 434 men killed and wounded. Almost isolated, strongly attacked during three days and three nights of heavy fighting, it had held the most vital position in the area. Its commander—Braund, theosophist, teetotaller, member of Parliament—had shown every quality of a really great leader. For two days the command on the left really fell upon him. Now working as brigadier, now leading his men in the attack, encouraging, organising, he never neglected to keep Divisional Headquarters fully informed of every circumstance that would be useful to it. Not by a single word did he overstate the difficulty

[16] Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Saunders; Wellington Bn; of Featherston, N.Z.; b. England, 4 June, 1873.
[17] Lieut. E. R. Wilson; Wellington Bn.; of Masterton, N.Z.; b. 15 May, 1882; Killed in action, 27 Apr., 1915.

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or danger of his situation, and his messages are the most terse and lucid of those which have survived the fight. The feeling of the New Zealand Infantry, as Braund and his battalion left them, was one of warm and affectionate admiration.[18] Day and night Australians and New Zealanders had fought together on that hilltop. In this fierce test each saw in the other a brother's qualities. As brothers they had died; their bodies lay mingled in the same narrow trenches; as brothers they were buried. It was noticeable that such small jealousies as had existed between Australians and New Zealanders in Cairo vanished completely from this hour. Three days of genuine trial had established a friendship which centuries will not destroy.

While Braund and the mixed troops upon Russell's Top had—though scarcely aware of it—repulsed the last efforts of the Turkish general attack, that attack had been directed more or less vigorously against almost every sector of the line. Mustafa Kemal had intended that the assault should be simultaneously delivered against the whole front. But the Turkish Army was feeble in its signalling service. The Turk was too dull to take readily to the work, and telephone material was short. The communications between Mustafa Kemal's units were as yet imperfect.

The result was that the attempt was badly timed. A heavy fire of shrapnel opened at daybreak, falling both on the trenches and on the Beach. The first sign of definite attack was when a body of Turkish cavalry rode up during the morning in the direction of Scrubby Knoll, dismounted, deployed, and, carrying their swords, attacked in excellent formation up Mule Gully towards German Officers' Ridge. Without any covering fire to keep their opponents down, they advanced steadily to within 500 yards of the Australian position, when heavy fire was opened on them. Many fell; the rest ran back.

About the same time an advance which had begun across the 400 Plateau was repulsed. Turks were also dribbling forward on Baby 700, and there was a constant movement of them over the far ridges north of Scrubby Knoll. From his observation post on the shoulder between Steele's and

[18] A visitor, going round the New Zealand trenches a few hours later, found the men overflowing with warm references to the 2nd Australian Battalion.

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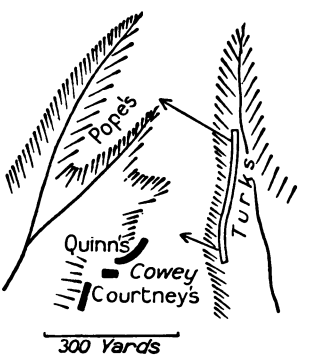
Courtney's Captain Everett reported every movement to Denton, who sent it on to Headquarters. Shortly after 2 p.m. there began the general advance of the Turks along all the northern and north-eastern front. Besides the long lines, whose advance down Battleship Hill has already been described, line after line of the enemy came over the whole sweep of the ridges between that hill and Mule Valley. Though the lines on Battleship Hill were broken up by the fire of the warships,[19] many of the men in them made their way persistently forward into the hollows between the spurs of Baby 700, and thence worked onto the side of Russell's Top. Although the counter-attack of the 64th Turkish Regiment had been defeated, local attacks were delivered all night upon Braund, and parties of Turks again filtered through to a position behind Pope's Hill.

These troops also dribbled into the valley beyond Quinn's Post, and later in the same afternoon (April 27th) a determined assault was made upon both Quinn's and Pope's. A line of some 300 Turks emerged from the hollow and charged obliquely towards the left of Quinn's and across the Chessboard towards Pope's. They were in ragged uniform.[20] One officer led them with his sword flashing, and others, revolver in hand, were encouraging their men.



The 16th Battalion and the mixed remnants at the two posts had now been reinforced by the 13th Battalion, which had one company at Quinn's and three at Pope's. But the position at Quinn's was such that its garrison could not see over the crest. The field of fire of the Post extended at most to about ten yards of tattered scrub. But between Quinn's

[19] Lieut. W. R. Hodgson, a Duntroon boy, dangerously wounded next day observing for field artillery, gave this hill its name because of the battleships' fire. A number of the other place names—e.g. Scrubby Knoll—Gun Ridge—had their origin from a map drawn by him in order to help the artillery to identify their targets. This officer (afterwards promoted to Captain) was of Rushworth, Goulburn Valley, Vic.; b. Kingston, near Ballarat, Vic., 22 May, 1892.

[20] In contrast to the well-equipped 64th. This suggests that they were Arabs of the 3rd Bn. 72nd Regt.

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and Courtney's (as between Courtney's and Steele's) was a shoulder higher than the ridge around it. On this, during the previous night, Captain Cowey had dug with great difficulty behind a screen of bushes a trench facing northwards. This was done with the intention of covering Quinn's Post, the sweep of the Chessboard to Pope's Hill, and the slope of Baby 700. The eight men who dug it asked that they might garrison it. During the hours when the Turks were trickling down Baby 700, Cowey, with these men, firing until their rifles became almost too hot to hold, had caused heavy losses among the enemy.[21] Later, when the 300 Turks charged, though Quinn's Post could not see them, Cowey's party had them in full view. Firing with great rapidity, at 200 yards, with a man in rear loading their rifles, they broke the charge. The Australian foothold at Quinn's was always precarious; but from this day onwards the Post was in reality defended, not by its own rifles, but by those on its flanks firing across it. On this occasion some of the enemy reached to within ten yards of Quinn's. The remnant tried to reorganise for a further charge; but the fire of the battleships was directed upon them by several observers and they were routed by two well-placed shells.

The lines of Turks advancing over the ridges near Scrubby Knoll were somewhat later than those upon Battleship Hill. Behind the nearer spurs these troops disappeared, and, to judge by the blowing of bugles and the shouting, seemed to be concentrating. In the middle of the afternoon they suddenly emerged in waves, streaming over the foot of Mortar Ridge and across the flat of Mule Valley towards Courtney's Post, MacLaurin's Hill, and Johnston's Jolly. Apparently, on his right flank being checked by the battleships' fire, Mustafa Kemal had thrown in his reserve, the 33rd Regiment, under Rushdi Bey, and had ordered the 72nd Regiment to attack simultaneously.

[21] Several eye-witnesses independently paid tribute to Cowey's work and the deadly effect of this fire.

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The commander of the 72nd signalled to the commander of the 33rd that he was unable to support him. Yet the 33rd came on, its 1st Battalion, under Ali Saib Bey,[22] leading, followed by the 2nd and 3rd. Its formation seems to have been somewhat broken in passing through pine scrub, probably on Gun Ridge, and there were reasons why the men should not have been in the best of heart. One battalion at least had missed its hot meal the day before, and the food which was sent up in its place had arrived only as the troops were moving from Koja Dere. There had, however, been spread through the Turkish Army the story of how Turkish soldiers in February had driven the landing parties of Marines into the sea; every Turkish soldier had been exhorted by his leaders to emulate this feat; and officers and men were keen to come to close quarters and use the bayonet.

But as the attack moved across Mule Valley,[23] there was opened upon it a tremendous fire of rifles and machine-guns. The enemy came on in good order to within 400 yards of the trenches. But the ground was too open for them. The battle outposts of the 3rd and 11th Battalions, still in their rifle-pits fifty or a hundred yards ahead of the line on MacLaurin's Hill, seemed likely to be overrun by the Turks. Some of the 3rd on German Officers' Ridge, to the left of Lieutenants Beeken[24] and McDonald,[25] thought that the end had come for them, when suddenly the Turkish advance seemed to lose heart and swerved to its right towards Courtney's. Here there had newly arrived the 14th Battalion, the reserve of the Army Corps, under Lieutenant-Colonel Courtney.[26] It had been sent up Monash Valley with Colonel Monash, commanding the 4th Brigade, who now had charge of the sector comprising the posts at the head of the valley. A portion of the 14th, under Major Steel, had been guided onto Courtney's by Major Lamb, and part sent on to Quinn's. As the enemy came up the flat, the machine-guns at Courtney's mowed them down.

[22] Killed on May 19th.

[23] See plate at p. 513.

[24] Lieut. W. C. Beeken; 3rd Bn. Draper; of Bexley, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Sydney, 1 May, 1889. Killed in action, 6 Aug., 1915.

[25] Major G. E. McDonald; 3rd Bn. Of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Stawell, Vic., 25 Dec., 1882.

[26] Lieut.-Colonel R. E. Courtney, C.B., V.D. Commanded 14th Bn. 1914/15. Solicitor; of Melbourne, Vic.; b. Castlemaine, Vic., 8 Sept., 1870. Died of illness in Aust., 21 Oct., 1919.

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In places the Turks seemed to be flinging themselves upon the ground in rows, but it was noticed that the rows did not get up again. A section of the Australian line on MacLaurin's Hill charged forward; the leading Turks, within a few yards of them, broke and ran back into the valley; the lines in rear split into small parties, lost direction, and fled.

Near Courtney's, however, a number of the enemy reached shelter behind the shoulder of the ridge on which lay the Australian posts. These Turks were in "dead" ground, where the posts could not reach them, but Captain Everett from his observing station had them in view. They were endeavouring to scratch themselves a trench in the scrub not thirty yards in front of the line between Courtney's and Quinn's. Everett informed Major Lamb, who, though worn out and wounded, was still, with Captain Chester[27] of the 3rd Battalion as his adjutant, in command at that awkward corner. Lamb ordered a charge. The men lining the hilltop at this point fixed bayonets, rushed down the forward slope, drove the Turks out, and retired to their trenches. During one of these charges a white flag was raised by the Turks. What happened is obscure; there was a moment's hesitation on the part of the Australians, and then fighting was resumed.

During the whole day, both before and after the actual assault, there were all the signs that a heavy attack was to be expected against MacLaurin's Hill. The supports were brought up close behind the crest, ready to charge over the top. Reinforcements were collected in Monash Valley and moved to threatened points. Leane's company of the 11th with a remnant under Colonel Johnston, having been sent to Pope's in the morning, was now moved to the foot of Courtney's. The remnant of the 12th was close behind the head of Wire Gully. Colonel MacLagan, upon whom the heaviest strain had at first fallen, had been relieved on Monday afternoon by the yet untried commander of the 1st Brigade, Colonel MacLaurin, and his staff.

MacLaurin was showing himself a brave and energetic leader. During Tuesday afternoon, when the Turkish attack threatened, reinforcements were called for on the left. Major Irvine, MacLaurin's brigade-major, collected 200 stray men in

[27] Captain J. L. Chester; 3rd Bn. Area officer; b. 9 Aug., 1884.

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COLONEL H. N. MACLAURIN, COMMANDER 1ST AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE (KILLED ON MACLAURIN'S HILL, ANZAC, 27TH APRIL, 1915)

Photo. by Tesla, Sydney. *To face p.* 520.

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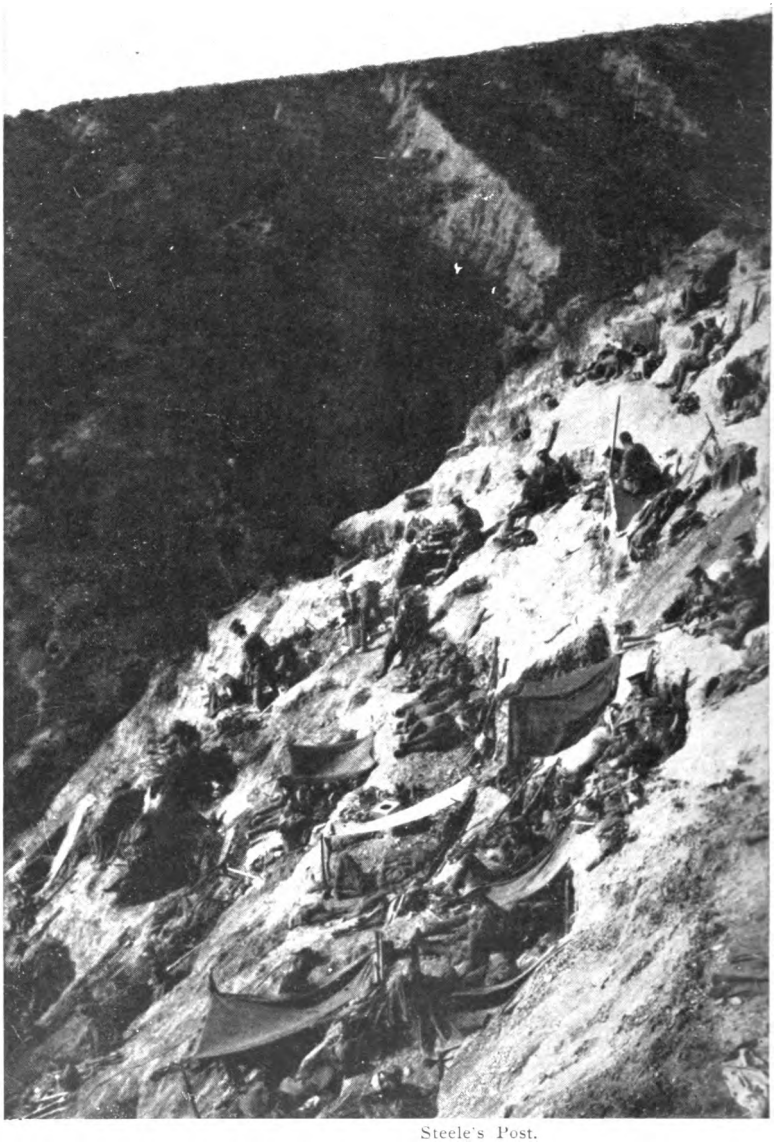
Russell's Top. Wellington Valley.



SUPPORTS ON THE REAR SLOPE OF STEELE'S POST, 3RD MAY, 1915. ON RUSSELL'S TOP OPPOSITE IS A GULLY (SOMETIMES CALLED WELLINGTON VALLEY) INTO WHICH TURKS PENETRATED AS LATE AS 1ST MAY

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G942. *To face p. 521.*

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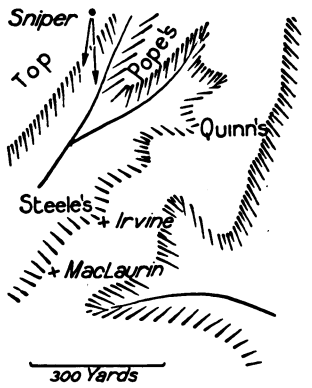
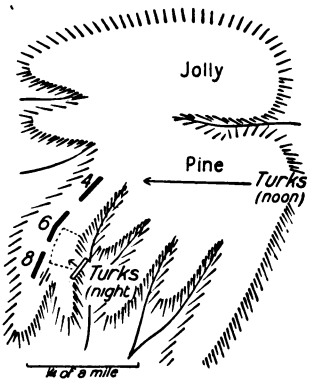
Monash Valley and was about to send them to the left, when he was told that the need for them there had passed. To satisfy himself of this he climbed to Steele's Post, and stood there observing, in a position exposed from the rear to the Turkish snipers who during this day's heavy fighting had crept onto Russell's Top. Major Brown of the 3rd and half a dozen others shouted to him that he would be sniped at. "It's my business to be sniped at," he said. The next moment he was killed by a shot from behind.



Irvine was shot at 3 p.m. Ten minutes later MacLaurin, standing in his shirtsleeves behind the southern shoulder of the ridge which bears his name, was shot from the same point. He died without knowing of Irvine's death. The command of the 1st Brigade was given temporarily to Colonel Owen, of the 3rd Battalion, who was at Steele's Post on the same ridge.

Further south on the 400 Plateau, at about 11 a.m., a steady advance was made by the Turks towards the 4th and 6th Battalions. By noon this was stopped and driven back, but the Turks established themselves in the crevices of the two lobes and could be seen there during the afternoon. It was probably their disorganisation which prevented the 72nd (Arab) Regiment from co-operating with the 33rd in the afternoon's attack. But after dark the Turks attempted, as on the two previous nights, to charge across the Wheatfield. As before, they had been heard massing, and they attacked with a wild clamour. Also as before, the gun of Hughes's



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7th Battery, firing northwards through the crop along the face of the line, with four swift rounds of shrapnel broke the Turkish charge. During some of these attacks Turks were killed within twenty-five yards of the muzzle of this gun. The 7th Battery, whose fourth gun had this day been placed in position, continued to fire for nearly half an hour. Engineers of the 2nd Field Company, who had been sinking wells near by, were employed until midnight carrying shells to the battery. By the end of this fight it had fired 677 rounds.

Kemal's attack had failed at every point; even his shelling of the Beach effected nothing. For hours together the smoke of eight or a dozen shrapnel bursts could always be counted in the air at once, but they were mostly over the sea and so high that the pellets would have failed to penetrate an overcoat. The Turks had used a great deal of ammunition, and their divisions had suffered heavily. The experience of the Turkish infantry upon Battleship Hill was staggering to their morale; and though they presently learnt that the effect of naval gunfire was moral rather than material, some of their commanders were reported to have assured them that they would not be again required to attack within sight of the ships. Whether this be true or not, it is noticeable that never again until August 10th did they assault in daylight over ground exposed to the ships' fire.

For the present the Turkish attempt to drive the invader from Ari Burnu into the sea had been beaten. The Australian and New Zealand infantry, whom on Sunday their commanders had feared to be demoralised, were on Tuesday night holding the same narrow foothold. That night was full of the tension following a great attack—of Turkish bugle-calls, shouts of enemy officers rallying their men, and cries of the men seeking to urge themselves to enthusiasm by calling upon Allah, while all the time maintaining a furious fusilade. Some of the 16th Battalion at Pope's, worried by the continual bugle-calls, insisted on climbing over the parapet and lying forward where they could see better. At Courtney's Turks reached the parapet during the darkness, establishing a few men in a position between Courtney's and Steele's. An urgent request for reinforcements was sent by Colonel Owen to the Beach. Majors Wagstaff and Blamey, of the Staff, gathered what

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men they could and hurried to the line with them. But they were not needed. The immediate supports of the firing line had been waiting all day close behind the crest of MacLaurin's Hill, expecting every minute to make a bayonet charge. During the night these weary men were dragged out again and again to stand on the rear slope, their bayonets shining in the moonlight. Once a cheer was heard on the left. It was a local charge by some 200 of the 3rd Battalion and others for the purpose of clearing their front, but the nucleus of the 12th, now in the trenches near Wire Gully, thought this must surely be the great charge which was to meet the Turkish attack. They therefore left their trenches and ran forward a dozen paces. It was intensely dark; no one could be seen; and consequently they returned. But there was no sleep. Cries of "Stretcher-bearers on the left"—"Another machine-gun man wanted"—"Turks massing on the right"—travelled constantly along the line. Margetts was found by a friend standing, one hand with his revolver resting on the parapet, his head on his arm, asleep.

When daylight broke, it was evident that the Turkish attack was dead. Its only result had been that the Turkish snipers were again on Russell's Top, and, as the light grew, the 12th had five men on the reverse slope hit within an hour by shots coming from the rear. These casualties were treated as trifles. The serious fact was that by Wednesday morning men and officers were reaching the limit of human endurance. Some of the steadiest could scarcely trust their eyes or decide whether the sights they saw were realities or creations of their imagination.

The men were constantly looking for the appearance of British troops on Achi Baba and other heights to the south of them. At dusk on Tuesday Colonel Owen telegraphed to Bridges: "Men tired out and weak, but will do their best. Can I tell them that British will be up by morning to relieve pressure?" The reply was that he should tell them that fresh British troops were expected to arrive on the morrow.

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CHAPTER XXIII

THE RELIEF BY THE MARINES

THE Australian and New Zealand Army Corps was originally to have been reinforced by Major-General Cox[1] with the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade, which had been garrisoning the Canal at Suez. When the plans for the landing were being first drawn up, Hamilton intended to add a Gurkha brigade to the N.Z. and A. Division as its third brigade in place of the light horse and mounted rifles who were being left in Egypt. He was eventually promised Cox's brigade, consisting of mixed Indian troops, but it had not yet arrived when the A. and N.Z. Corps left Lemnos for the landing. On Tuesday, April 27th, a message from Sir Ian Hamilton was circulated by the Corps Staff. "Well done, Anzac," it said. "You are sticking it splendidly. Twenty-ninth Division has made good progress, and French Division is now landing to support it. An Indian brigade is on the sea and will join Anzac on arrival." Birdwood expected Cox's Indians to arrive on April 27th and 28th; on the 30th he was still looking for them. Hamilton, however, quite rightly at the time, was far more anxious to use them in reaching Achi Baba while the Turks were still few in that quarter; and his diary shows that, if they had arrived on April 28th, they would have been thrown in at Helles.

Hamilton did not realise that Birdwood's Corps had until Wednesday been withstanding nearly the whole of the Turkish striking force in the south of the Peninsula. But he knew that Birdwood's men were very weary; and on the morning of April 28th he decided that, as the French were supporting the 29th Division, part of the Royal Naval Division (which had made the feint at Bulair) should be sent to the Australians. During that morning Major-General Paris, its commander, visited Birdwood, and was asked to land two of his battalions the same afternoon and two more as soon as possible.

[1] Lieut.-General Sir H. V. Cox, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.S.I. Commanded 4th Aust. Div. 1916. Officer of Indian Regular Army; b. Watford, Herts., Eng., 12 July, 1860.

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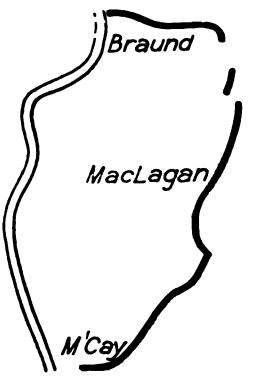
The troops most urgently in need of relief were the 1st and 3rd Australian Infantry Brigades on MacLaurin's Hill and the 400 Plateau. These two brigades, being completely intermingled, were treated as one. While under the command of MacLagan on Sunday and Monday they had borne the name of the "3rd Brigade"; shortly after MacLaurin relieved him, the same troops became provisionally known as the "1st Brigade," and as such they remained under Colonel Owen.

The task of re-creating the Army Corps in its proper units began on Sunday night, when the Staff of the 3rd Brigade attempted to disentangle their men from the line and to re-form the four battalions near the Beach. About 200 of each were collected, but they had to be rushed back to the line next day, the 9th and 10th onto the 400 Plateau, the 11th to Steele's, and the 12th to MacLaurin's Hill. The first rough organisation of the front had been into three sectors. M'Cay with the 2nd Brigade held the right; MacLagan with a mixture of the 1st and 3rd Brigades and some New Zealanders the centre; Braund with the 2nd Battalion and portions of the New Zealand Infantry Brigade the left.[2] The 4th Australian Infantry Brigade was then thrown in between MacLagan and Braund in the effort to connect them. The brigade staffs strove during Monday to re-organise both the New Zealand Infantry and the 3rd Australian Brigade, but the continuous fighting prevented their disengagement.



On Tuesday morning, however, General Birdwood took General Godley, General Walker, Colonel Monash, and Colonel Skeen up onto Plugge's Plateau, from which the whole Second ridge could be seen, and there and then, in view of the line, decided on a partition of the front. As the group stood on Plugge's, the Turkish general attack—unrealised by them—

[2] Brig.-General Walker of the N.Z. Inf. Bde. would have established himself on the left on April 25th but for his conviction (due to the defective map) that the proper approach to the left flank was over Plugge's.

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was being delivered, and shrapnel was showered upon the hill-top. When the fire became too hot, Birdwood moved the party into the partial shelter of the old Turkish trench and continued the conference there. He now divided the line into four sectors. Walker with the New Zealand Brigade was to take the left, on Walker's Ridge and Russell's Top; and Monash with the 4th Australian Infantry Brigade the left centre, from Russell's Top to Courtney's. Thus the two brigades forming the N.Z. and A. Division would be together on the left and left centre, controlled by General Godley. From Courtney's southward the front was divided into two other sectors, garrisoned by the 1st Australian Division under General Bridges—the right centre held by the 1st and 3rd Brigades mixed (then under Colonel MacLaurin), and the extreme right by the 2nd Brigade under Colonel M'Cay.

The line to be held by Monash's 4th Brigade was, like that of MacLaurin, occupied by a mixture of troops from almost every battalion in both divisions. At the same time a considerable part of the 4th Brigade was away from its sector, filling the old gap between the 2nd and 3rd Brigades. It was now ordered that troops who were not with their proper brigades should be withdrawn from the line when the local commander considered it safe to dispense with them, and should rejoin their brigade in its allotted sector. Monash was to take with him his last intact battalion, the 14th, to the head of Monash Valley, and was to discuss with MacLaurin where the division of their sectors should be.

Monash saw Bridges and MacLaurin shortly before the latter was killed. The right flank of the 4th Brigade was fixed at Courtney's, which was reinforced at once by part of the 14th Battalion under Major Steel,[3] and at 4 p.m. on Tuesday Colonel Monash took over command of this most difficult sector. He placed his headquarters near the head of Monash Valley (which thus acquired its name) opposite

[3] Lieut.-Colonel T. H. Steel, O.B.E.; 14th Bn. Merchant; of Malvern, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Horsham, Vic., 19 Nov., 1878.

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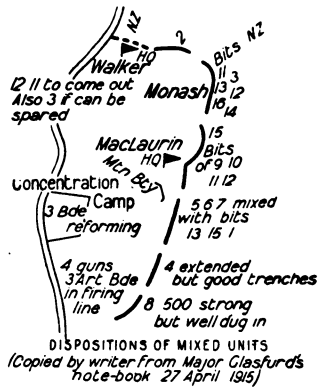
the foot of Steele's Post. It was at one time intended that his left should join Walker's right at some point on the summit of Russell's Top. But he was relieved of this obligation a few days later, the whole of Russell's Top being given to Walker's New Zealanders, while Monash's left rested on Pope's Hill.

Monash's sector was necessarily the most difficult in the line. Few positions of the nature of Pope's Hill and Quinn's Post were held by any troops during the war. The garrison lining Pope's Hill at this date knew nothing of the other side of the valley in rear of it, except that Turks existed there. The position at Quinn's was even more dangerous. In consequence of fire from the left rear and both flanks the Australians at that point were unable to live on the crest, and were holding only the reverse slope, the Turks continually accumulating on the other side of the narrow summit. The position of the 4th Brigade was one of constant tension. But its troops, having landed rather later than the rest, were held to be comparatively fresh. The New Zealand Brigade also had troops with whom to reinforce or relieve its own units. The 2nd Australian Infantry Brigade, since the terrible fighting upon the 400 Plateau, had not sustained the same continuous pressure as that along Monash Valley. Its 5th, 6th, and 7th Battalions were completely intermingled, but were not scattered along the whole front of the Corps, and the 8th Battalion—and also the 4th, which had been lent from the 1st Brigade—were fairly well organised.



DISPOSITIONS OF MIXED UNITS
(Copied by writer from Major Glasfurd's note-book 27 April 1915)

But on MacLaurin's Hill and along Monash Valley the endurance of the men who landed in the dawn of April 25th had been stretched almost to the last point of human elasticity. In front of this part of the line, so difficult to dig, there had existed ever since Sunday a series of small groups known as "battle outposts." These were posts, in most cases originally of the strength of a platoon (about fifty men), lying ahead

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of the line to cover it from sudden attack. Wire Gully came so close to the Australian position that there was danger of Turks massing there and behind German Officers' Ridge in the same way as they had massed at Quinn's. At Quinn's no battle outpost was possible—no party could live on its low crest with Baby 700 and the Chessboard looking down on them —and the danger of a rush by the Turks had to be accepted. But on MacLaurin's Hill, opposite German Officers' Ridge, and in Wire Gully advanced posts were possible, and they were placed in position, despite the fire, as soon as the troops arrived. Lieutenants Loutit and Haig of the 10th formed such an outpost in front of the 10th immediately south of Wire Gully; north of the gully Captain McConaghy of the 3rd formed another. On the left side of the valley, between Loutit and McConaghy, the 3rd Battalion had scratched several tiers of rifle-pits. Lieutenants McDonald and Beeken, with about fifty men, were isolated near a tiny spring fifty yards down the actual gully bed. Lieutenant Carter[4] was wounded in the first rush to it, and McDonald later. Lieutenants Moore[5] and Goldring[6] were down in the same valley, and Lieutenant Butler[7] on the summit of German Officers' Ridge. The posts connected on their left with the forward line of rifle-pits under Barnes, Croly, Selby, and others on MacLaurin's Hill.

The whole of this system of forward posts was still in position on Wednesday. On the earlier nights Loutit and Haig had put sentries after dark across their part of Wire Gully and had withdrawn them in the morning. But it was physically impossible for sentries to keep awake. Loutit's post gradually dwindled—they rolled the dead over the steep gully-side. By Tuesday night there were nine men left alive.

The posts in Wire Gully were most difficult to reach, even by night, with ammunition or water. One 3rd Battalion post lay all Tuesday afternoon with bayonets fixed, but without a cartridge. For water some crept to McDonald's spring by night. In Loutit's post, as no water came, two of the men on

[4] Major W. B. Carter; 3rd Bn. Grazier; of Figtree, Goolmangar, Richmond River, N.S.W.; b. Wardell, Richmond River, 18 Feb., 1875.

[5] Lieut.-Colonel D. T. Moore, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 3rd Bn. 1916/19. Clerk; b. Singleton, N.S.W., 28 March, 1892.

[6] Lieut. E. G. Goldring; 3rd Bn. Commercial Traveller; b. 30 Oct., 1891.

[7] Captain H. E. Butler: 3rd Bn. Bank manager; b. 1 Sept., 1885.

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Monday morning collected water-bottles from the remaining seventeen and tried to crawl back to the line to fill them. Both were killed by snipers from Mule Valley, and one of them could be seen for days afterwards upon the skyline, still on his hands and knees, with the bottles slung round him. The post eventually obtained water on Monday night from the line of the 10th Battalion, under Lieutenant Todd,[8] behind it. Goldring's post in a hollow of Wire Gully was entirely without water, but on the second day there reached them from the line, despite the deadly risk, a stretcher-bearer with a bottle.

The difficulties of this part of the line are well illustrated by the experience of the post just named. It originated with a few men of the 11th Battalion under Corporal Louch, who formed it on Sunday morning in the narrow part of Wire Gully, not far in front of the crest. On the first night, when the Turks approached amid shouts of "Indian troops," a few of the enemy remained all night in the gully, but, running away in the morning, were killed almost to a man by Loutit's party. On Monday afternoon Lieutenant Goldring of the 3rd Battalion came down the valley. "We have been ordered to move further down here," he said. A post further down the valley, of which Louch had no knowledge, had been losing men and needed reinforcements. "Come on you seven!" cried Goldring to Louch's party, and together they advanced down the gully. Presently they saw pot-holes in front of them occupied by Australians. As they dived for these, Goldring was hit across the chest and abdomen.

In the new post there were mostly two men to a rifle-pit, there being room in each for one to stand and one to sit, turn and turn about. Goldring soon became delirious, calling, as the wounded were wont to do, for stretcher-bearers. When the stretcher-bearer brought them water on Monday, they merely moistened Goldring's lips with it, all having been warned that it was fatal to allow any man hit in the abdomen either to drink or eat. He appeared to be dying when, after sunset, he suddenly revived, stood up, and insisted upon walking back to the lines, a private helping him. The rest of the post remained. High on its right was Johnston's Jolly. The

[8] Captain D. L. Todd; 50th Bn. Clerk; b. Adelaide, S. Aust., 29 June, 1891.

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enemy were digging their first trenches there—the post at first thought they were Australians. Turks all the time tried to get up Wire Gully, but were prevented by outposts on the two sides of the valley. All day long messages were passed along the line of posts, at first verbal, afterwards written on paper and folded in a cartridge clip. The men threw these from left to right or from right to left, and those near the creek bed, who had no field of fire, came to imagine that this was the duty for which they were holding on.

During two more days no water arrived. Without realising the fact, the men were becoming dazed. On the fourth evening —Wednesday—two of the 7th Battalion arrived, looking for the 4th Battalion which the 7th was to relieve. The 4th was half a mile away, but as no one knew its whereabouts, these two men stayed on, relieving Louch and his mate, a 3rd Battalion man named Clarke. The latter, hardly knowing what they were doing, after crouching in their hole for days, found themselves sitting on its parapet with their backs to the Turks, talking to the newcomers. Presently they nodded good-bye and climbed the hill. At the top a surprise awaited them. They suddenly dropped over a parapet into trenches—excellent trenches—a system of wide alleys in the red earth, deeper than a tall man's height, with room for two to walk abreast—trenches wandering like the streets of a city, with short byways which led them out to the back of the hill. They had not even dreamed of the existence of this system.

All over the front on MacLaurin's Hill and the 400 Plateau were men who had been fighting since the dawn of the day of landing—Kindon, Salisbury, Everett, Giles, Street, Selby, Rafferty, Connell, Knightley, and thousands of others, officers and men. Jacobs, who had supported Kindon's right on Baby 700, was still with part of his original handful of the 1st and 3rd Brigades at Quinn's Post. Cowey was wounded. Major Lamb, still between Quinn's and Courtney's, after the heavy attack on Tuesday evening wrote to his brigadier:

> On Sunday morning I was placed in command of 3 platoons of C Coy. 3rd Bn., 1 section B Coy. 3rd Bn., and about 40 men from different companies of 3rd Bde. We have been kept going constantly night and day ever since then. We have had no sleep since Saturday night. I have just received about 150 reinforcements. Could these relieve a couple of platoons of my men?
>
> M. LAMB, Major.

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The tremendous strain of the command on MacLaurin's Hill had worn out MacLagan, and was now telling heavily upon Owen. The brigade-major was dead, and King, the staff-captain, a young and vigorous British officer, was near to breaking under the tension. Major Brown, Colonel Owen's right-hand man in the 3rd Battalion, an old Australian soldier of iron nerve, twice hit and his face scarred by shrapnel after a dash to McDonald's outpost, vowed he could see a Turkish sniper beside him in the same trench. On Wednesday General Bridges had Brown to a quiet tea on the Beach and sent him back, after a few hours' sleep, restored. But few could obtain any such respite. Eyes were dull and glazed; some spoke heavily like drunken men; others with unnatural vivacity. One sign of the strain was the seeing of spies and snipers everywhere. Snipers there were behind the lines on Russell's Top; as late as May 1st such a state of things existed there as can seldom have been known in modern warfare. But snipers were imagined in every gully. Most of the bullets which fell behind the lines came from the Turkish front trenches, either in sight or over the hills; but wherever a bullet fell, a sniper was suspected. For a week it was a common thing behind the lines to see a platoon of unshaven Australians, with bayonets, scouring the scrub in pairs. They were to use the bayonet only. On May 1st such a platoon was working half-way along Russell's Top when there was a shot. An Australian fell. There was a scuffle, and a sniper was bayoneted; then came a second shot, and a sniper was brought in as prisoner. After the first or second day no snipers were found elsewhere, although both they and spies were suspected to exist. Telephone wires—which now ran everywhere through the scrub—were thought to be tapped or cut by the enemy when they were broken by shells or torn by the boots of passing men. The strain showed in a hundred ways, though without a sign of demoralisation. Men would not run from a shell, though they would turn savagely and curse it as a dog snarls at his tormentors.

Such was the condition of the force which, with its last slender reserves all thrown into the line, fought through the wild night of Tuesday, April 27th, always waiting for the promised advance of the British upon Achi Baba to relieve

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it of the unceasing pressure of the Turks. Men and officers little guessed that, thirteen miles to the south, the 29th Division lay equally exhausted after a struggle as fierce as their own. The day—April 27th—when the advance at Helles might have been possible, had lapsed. By the 28th, when movement was made towards Krithia, the Turks had been reinforced, and the 29th Division, worn out, could barely hold what it gained.

Birdwood decided to relieve the 1st and 3rd Australian Brigades as soon as ever the Naval reliefs could be hurried to the trenches to replace them. At 4 p.m. two battalions of Royal Marines landed. The Royal Naval Division had been raised by the Admiralty at the outbreak of war to provide a landing force for small expeditions without recourse to the Army. There had first been formed a brigade of Royal Marines from the regular dépôts at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Chatham, and Deal. On the 17th of August, 1914, it was decided to expand this by a 1st and 2nd Naval Brigade, consisting of men of the Fleet Reserve, Royal Naval Reserve, and Royal Naval Volunteers, in eight battalions named after great British admirals. A few of the battalions had been landed at Cape Helles, and only four—half of the Royal Marine Brigade and half of the 1st Naval Brigade—were sent to Birdwood. The troops who landed on Wednesday afternoon were the Portsmouth and Chatham Battalions of the Royal Marine Brigade, under Brigadier-General Trotman.

The mere knowledge that British troops were landing came as an immense relief to the Australians and New Zealanders. They knew that these men belonged to an old and famous regiment of regulars. For months their officers had spoken to them of the British regular as the model whose steadiness, order, and training they were to imitate; they had seen with their own eyes the cool bravery of British seamen under fire. They estimated the Marines by that magnificent standard, and the mere fact that British troops were now in their area was accepted as an assurance that the foothold was at last secure.

Yet some of those who saw the two new battalions lined, in their great sun helmets and faded khaki, along the Beach could not but feel a doubt. These men seemed strangely young and slender to represent the old seasoned regular Marines. Some of the 3rd Brigade, already disentangled from the

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trenches, were bathing in the sea off Hell Spit, great sunburnt muscular men. They had had their tea under intermittent shrapnel on the green side of Victoria Gully, strolling about with their mess tins and conversing without so much as turning to look at the occasional shell-burst whose pellets fell among them. Now, as they splashed each other in the water, one had been killed by a bullet; but nothing would have stopped their swimming. The Marines, many of them youngsters, wondering open-eyed at the heights above and at the crowds and business on the Beach, moved past the bathers up the scrubby gullies. The longed-for relief began before dark.

All through the night the relief continued. It was a cold, dismal evening. A black storm of rain descended at sunset, followed by a drizzle lasting till dawn. The Marines, each man laden with his blankets, waterproof sheets, ammunition, and rations as well as his rifle, were exhausted before they reached the hilltops. Though the Australians were not told it, these troops were for the most part raw recruits—gallant youngsters who had volunteered at the outset from the big English dockyard towns. Some had but a few weeks' training; most only a few months'. Not many had lived outside a city. They had no conception of the conditions of the fight at Gaba Tepe. Expecting to garrison definite trenches —one asked his way to the officers' mess—they were led over the top to the worst sectors of the line, to trenches of which those who had held them for days did not realise the badness, to wretched, isolated pot-holes from which the fight on MacLaurin's and the 400 Plateau was still being carried on. The untiring Glasfurd himself, hopping from rifle-pit to rifle-pit, before dusk saw part of the Marines in their line where the old gap had been upon the 400 Plateau. They knew nothing of what was ahead of them or on their flanks. Far on the left, wild and incessant fighting continued at the head of Monash Valley. From the dark came the distant sounds of Turkish bugle-calls. Close in front of them from the dense scrub flashed the occasional rifles of snipers; overhead the bullets cracked; machine-guns sent the mud of the parapets in showers upon them. Up and down the line came the same wild messages that had passed for days.

The relief had not been completed by the dawn. But the

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Staff, the battalion commanders, the tired officers and men who were coming out of the trenches, had begun to realise that the young troops in whose safe possession they had counted to leave the trenches for a few days were being tested by a strain somewhat too exacting. Late on Wednesday night Captain Butler, medical officer of the 9th, still working at his aid-post, then in Bridges' Road, was startled to find a rush of Marines back through his station. Loutit's post appears to have been lost. Some sort of retirement occurred. But a proportion of the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade, which had enjoyed a day's rest, had been ordered before dusk to stand ready during the relief. Major Brand organised 100 men from each battalion. The 9th and 12th were sent to MacLaurin's Hill. The 12th Battalion party under Captain Kayser[9] and Lieutenant Rafferty, after being held in support for two hours behind the crest, was taken forward to garrison some of the advanced rifle-pits, and was kept there till Friday. The 9th Battalion party returned to the Beach in the morning.

Two more units, the Deal Battalion of Royal Marines, and the Nelson Battalion, with Brigadier-General Mercer[10] and the Staff of the 1st Naval Brigade, landed on Thursday, April 29th. The Nelson Battalion was kept in reserve, but the Deal Battalion during Thursday night relieved most of the Australian line upon the 400 Plateau. In the new line of the Marines there were still parties of Australians unrelieved and difficult to reach. On Thursday, April 29th, twenty men under Lieutenant Heming of the 10th still held a post there, short of food and water. Everett and his men were kept between Steele's and Courtney's because they could not be spared. In the vital posts in Monash Valley, held by the 4th Brigade, there were still forty men of the 3rd Battalion and other remnants, with whom the officers thought it unwise to dispense until scattered portions of the 4th Brigade itself could be brought to the head of Monash Valley.

But though the authorities could not give them so complete a rest as had been intended, it was found possible on Wednes-

[9] Major J. A. W. Kayser: 12th Bn. Schoolmaster, Education Dept., S. Aust.; of Alberton, Port Adelaide, S. Aust.; b. Lyndoch, S. Aust., 4 Oct., 1877. Killed in action, 16 Feb., 1917.

[10] Major-General Sir D. Mercer, K.C.B. Subsequently Adjutant-General, Royal Marine Forces: b. Islington, London, Eng., 1 July, 1864; died 1 July, 1920.

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day to extricate for a swift reorganisation most of the 3rd Brigade, and on Thursday most of the 1st. A concentration area was fixed at the mouth of Shrapnel Gully and on the folds south of it, and to this for two days there straggled along the Beach or down various tracks from the hilltops individual men, men in twos and threes, men in platoons, with or without officers. Bearded, ragged at knees and elbows, their putties often left in the scrub, dull-eyed, many with blood on cheeks and clothes, and with a dirty field-dressing round arm or wrist, they were far fiercer than Turks to look upon. They had long since taken the wire hoops from their caps in order to break the obvious outline which too often had showed like a disc in the scrub. Many had learned to wear for camouflage a spray of holly over the peaks of their caps or in the bands of their battered and bullet-torn Australian hats. Officers were often indistinguishable from men; buttons were gone, and stars scored in indelible pencil on shoulder-straps became a recognised badge of an officer's rank. The normally dapper Major Drake Brockman, sitting worn-out at the foot of Pope's Hill, was accosted by a sergeant-major of the 13th Battalion as he rounded up a ration party. "Come on m' lad; we're all tired, but we've got to get this water up the hill!" Many wandered in a half-sleep, like tired children. When that nurse of his men, Major Brand, gave the last worn-out party under Rafferty biscuits and cheese, cigarettes, and a tot of rum, the men, after beginning to eat, went to sleep with the food still in their hands. Corporal Louch, of the 11th, when he stumbled into the trenches from the battle outposts, found a tin of water and then fell asleep. He waked, went down steep paths in the scrubby hillside to the Beach, collected some sticks, lit a fire, boiled a mess-tin of water for tea, and cleaned his rifle while the water was boiling. Then he tried the tea and found he did not want it. He started along the Beach to Hell Spit, dragging his rifle through the sand by its sling and trailing in the other hand the overcoat—either Clarke's or that of some other man of the 3rd—which he had dragged with him from his pot-hole. His face, cut by a bullet, was caked with blood, and he had a four days' beard. Some friend passing asked him where Clarke was. "Yes—he's here," he replied; and then realised that he had not seen him since reaching the trenches.

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Many of these men came to the Beach as country men come to the city—to a great centre of wonderful sights of which they had heard the vague mention—a scene changed beyond all recognition since the wild rush from the landing-place in the dawn. The packs which they had piled there were in many cases long since rifled or scattered, for the sentries guarding them had been rounded up on the first night and sent to the firing line. But men met friends and mates whom they had little thought to see again. Often each group had imagined itself to comprise all the survivors of the battalion. The concentration area was under intermittent shrapnel and sprayed with a desultory fire from unaimed or distant rifles. But they heeded all this less than the drops of a summer shower. All day the men swam, washed, mended their clothes, and gave one another the benefit of their experiences. The roll of each battalion was called. On the average it had entered the fight with thirty officers and 940 men. The numbers of those killed, wounded, and missing up to noon on April 30th were found to be:—

3rd BRIGADE.

Unit.	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Totals.	
	Off.	Others	Off.	Others	Off.	Others	Off.	Others
Bde. H.Q.	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	1
9th Bn.	7	25	11	229	1	242	19	496
10th Bn.	5	45	8	224	—	184	13	453
11th Bn.	2	32	7	183	—	154	9	369
12th Bn.	4	69	15	224	2	191	21	484
Total loss 3rd Bde.	18	171	41	861	3	771	62	1,803

Of the missing a proportion were afterwards found to have been sent away wounded without any record being kept. The rest were dead. Of 5,000 who were lost in the 1st Australian Division only one man was a prisoner.

1st BRIGADE.

Unit.	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Totals.	
	Off.	Others	Off.	Others	Off.	Others	Off.	Others
Bde. H.Q.	2	—	—	—	—	—	2	—
1st Bn.	3	36	13	201	1	174	17	411
2nd Bn.	5	39	10	241	1	154	16	434
3rd Bn.	3	37	14	180	—	81	17	298
4th Bn.	2	26	6	89	—	67	8	182
Total loss 1st Bde.	15	138	43	711	2	476	60	1,325

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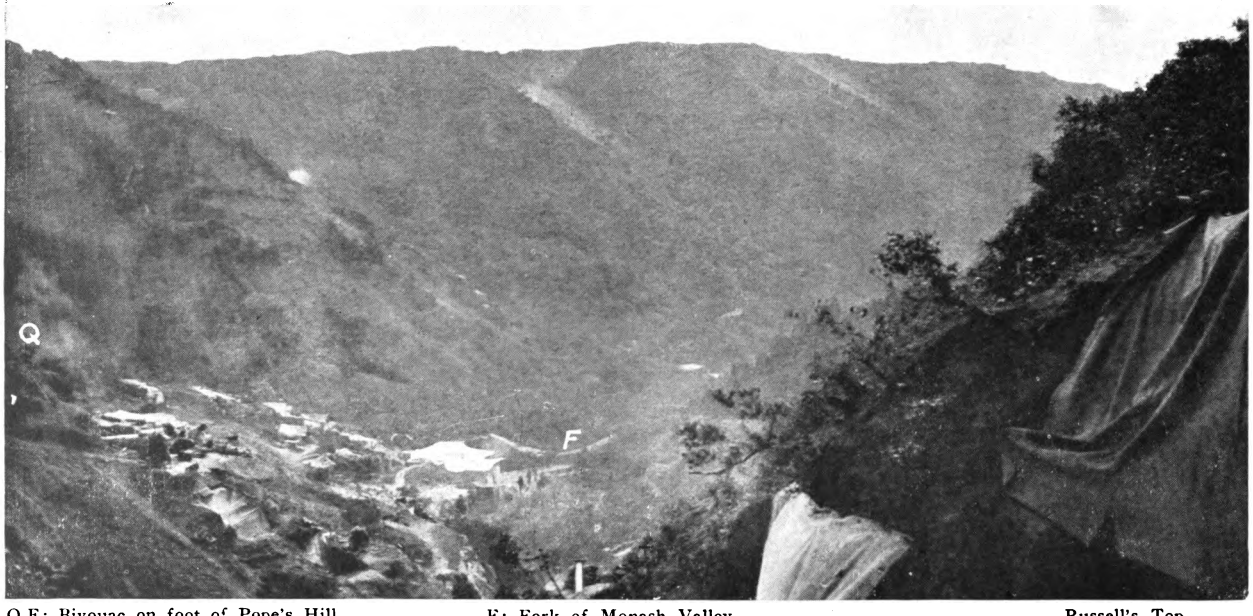
Courtney's. Steele's. MacLaurin's Hill (MacLaurin was shot here).

Right shoulder of Quinn's.

Q.: Gully leading to Quinn's.



Q-F: Bivouac on foot of Pope's Hill. F: Fork of Monash Valley. Russell's Top.

POSTS ON THE SIDE OF MONASH VALLEY (THE "SECOND" RIDGE) SEEN FROM RUSSELL'S TOP. THE STREAKS DOWN THE HILLSIDE ARE SPOIL FROM THE TRENCHES. IN THE EARLY DAYS THE TURKS SOMETIMES REACHED AND SNIPED FROM RUSSELL'S TOP

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1071. Taken shortly before the Evacuation.

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Maj. Irvine killed here.

LEDGE OF MONASH VALLEY IMMEDIATELY BEHIND STEELE'S POST. THE ENDS OF COMMUNICATION TRENCHES TO THE FIRING LINE CAN BE SEEN. MAJOR T. A. BLAMEY (WITH PERISCOPE IN HAND) RETURNING FROM THE LINE

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G943. Taken on 3rd May, 1915.

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The northern portion of the line of the 2nd Brigade also was relieved by the Deal Battalion of Marines on Thursday night, most of the 5th, 6th, and 7th Battalions being released. This left the 8th and 4th Battalions at the southern end of the line. On Friday the 3rd Brigade, after two days' respite, was put into that part of the front, and the relief of the 2nd Brigade was complete. Its losses were found to number—

2nd BRIGADE.

Unit.	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Totals.	
	Off.	Others	Off.	Others	Off.	Others	Off.	Others
Bde. H.Q.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5th Bn.	1	29	12	247	1	220	14	496
6th Bn.	4	30	10	155	—	212	14	397
7th Bn.	2	68	15	229	—	227	17	524
8th Bn.	3	21	8	136	1	50	12	207
Total loss 2nd Bde.	10	148	45	767	2	709	57	1,624

The 1st Brigade returned to the trenches on Saturday night, relieving the Marines on part of MacLaurin's Hill and the 400 Plateau. Thus, from Thursday, April 29th, to Saturday, May 1st, a considerable part of the Anzac line was in the hands of the Marines. It remains to follow the fighting which occurred during that time.

The Chatham Battalion of Marines held the old line of the 3rd Battalion on MacLaurin's Hill and also that of the 10th Battalion on the northern part of the 400 Plateau. The line on the Plateau south of this was held by the Deal Battalion, which came in on Thursday night. General Trotman, of the Royal Marine Brigade, took over from Colonel Owen the headquarters on the southern shoulder of MacLaurin's Hill (known as Scott's Point). The Marines in the rifle pits on MacLaurin's Hill were strengthened by a sprinkling of men of the 3rd Brigade—already looked upon as veterans—under Kayser (who had fought at Pine Ridge) and Rafferty; also when the Marines in the early hours of Thursday, climbing on hands and knees up the wet greasy slope to Courtney's Post, relieved Major Lamb's men and part of the 14th, this portion of the 14th camped on the hillside close behind the relieving troops.

Half the eastern front, 1,000 yards, from Courtney's to Brown's Dip, was thus held by the Chatham and Deal Bat-

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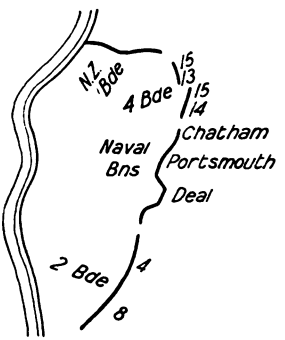
talions of the Naval Division.[11] Each was supposed to be 900 strong. This was none too many for so difficult a front, and General Trotman felt some anxiety about the extension of his line to Courtney's. Little help, however, could be given him except as an extreme measure. The 4th Australian Brigade was involved in constant fighting (described in a later chapter) at the still more precarious positions of Quinn's and Pope's; the other Australian brigades were reorganising.



Thursday was in most parts of the line as quiet as the previous day. General Birdwood's appeal to the troops to save ammunition and allow the Turks to waste theirs had duly circulated, and though a roar of rifle fire still continued throughout the night, nearly the whole of it came from the enemy. During these days both sides were digging actively. Rafferty and his men of the 12th on MacLaurin's Hill managed to connect their wretched pits by tunnelling from one to the other, keeping close enough to the surface to see the roots of the grass and then breaking down the roof. The Marines with Rafferty worked with all their might. But on the 400 Plateau Glasfurd, conscientiously going his precarious round from rifle-pit to rifle-pit, found the trenches still unimproved. Officers and N.C.O.'s of the Marines had to expose themselves in visiting their line, and many were killed.

The first signs of a Turkish trench system appeared on the Chessboard at dawn on Wednesday; on Thursday the enemy was seen to be entrenching opposite every part of the line. Some 200 were burrowing upon Lone Pine, until the artillery was turned upon them. Turks were pushed forward at dusk to dig at Quinn's, the Chessboard, and The Nek. On the horizon they could be seen entrenching along Gun Ridge. So fierce had been the fire that until that day the Turks had not been able to establish themselves definitively

[11] The Portsmouth Bn. was also put in but the records contain no reference showing the date or the sector.

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upon the knuckles of the same ridge as the Australians. During the time when Pope and Walker were out of communication, each feeling blindly for the other's flank, a similar uncertainty existed on the Turkish side. For days the 33rd Regiment on the 400 Plateau could get no touch with the 125th, which had arrived since Tuesday's attack and gone in to the south of it. They were in communication during a part of Wednesday night, but on Thursday had lost touch with one another again. Their junction was urgently necessary if Mustafa Kemal was to carry out his immediate plans.

Kemal intended at the earliest moment to launch a third general counter-attack. Reinforcements, again amounting to five fresh battalions, had arrived. Kemal seems to have attributed the failure of Tuesday's attack to two causes—first, its coming under the fire of the warships, and, second, the neglect of the attacking regiments to advance together and support one another. The first could be eliminated by avoiding an advance from a distance over hills visible to the ships. As to the second, he enjoined upon his commanders to keep a constant watch on the progress of other regiments on their flanks and to act with them.

Now that a trench system was taking shape, there was no need for the Turkish troops to approach for the attack by moving in waves across country. Regular routes of approach were now in use, beginning far back along runnels or washaways, and finally leading through communication trenches to the front line. Infantry for the assault could be marched up through these overnight and massed close to the front for the attack in the morning. During two quiet days—Wednesday and Thursday—the Turkish reinforcements arrived in the area. Arms and equipment were collected from the dead on the field and sent back by empty ration carts to a store at Boghali. Sniping squads of ten, twenty, or even fifty men were pushed forward by every unit. Strong efforts were made on Thursday to establish a trench line everywhere close to the Australian front. The 33rd Regiment tried vainly to gain touch with the 125th. On Friday night at the southern end of the 400 Plateau a company of the 2nd Battalion of the 125th endeavoured to advance to a position on the flank of the 33rd. But through making a great deal of noise it

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brought on itself heavy fire. A leading officer was killed, and the rest retired. There remained still the gap between the left of the 33rd and the right of the next unit,[12] about 1,000 yards wide, with the 125th Regiment somewhere in the rear.

On Friday, April 30th, Kemal assured his troops that, with the five fresh battalions[13] and certain machine-guns and artillery, they would, by the help of God, deal the enemy a final blow before further reinforcements reached him. The line was to reorganise and the men to have all possible rest. The officers themselves were to see to this, and supply officers of the 33rd were ordered to supervise in person the bringing up of hot food to the men. Commanders of sectors were to come to a conference at Mustafa Kemal's headquarters at 2 p.m. on Friday. The attack was fixed for Saturday, May 1st.

On Friday afternoon and night great activity was noticed in the Turkish lines opposite the Chatham Battalion upon MacLaurin's Hill. Vigorous sniping was part of the Turkish plan, and behind it, at about 4 p.m., the Turks appear to have been massing in Wire Gully. The pressure upon the Marines from Courtney's southwards became very great. The 14th Battalion relieved them at Courtney's, and the Marines from that post were moved further south along the hill. A break was feared, and at 4 o'clock the Marine supports were brought up close behind the crest at Steele's[14] to a point where they ceased to be protected by the shoulder of the indentation. Clustered together, they were seen by the Turks at the Chessboard and The Nek. A machine-gun was turned upon them from the rear, and large numbers were slaughtered.

On Friday afternoon Rafferty and his men of the 12th, who for three days had been reinforcing the Marines in the forward rifle-pits on MacLaurin's Hill, were at last relieved. At 5 p.m. Captain Graham of the Chatham Battalion, on the southern end of the hill, appealed urgently for help. The Australians at the head of Monash Valley could perceive that the Turks were heavily reinforcing their line

[12] Probably the 72nd (Arab) Infantry Regiment.

[13] There is some evidence that these were the 125th Regt. of the 16th Div. and part of the 13th Regt. of the 5th Div. Mustafa Kemal in his orders said that he expected two further battalions during Friday night.

[14] Plates at pp. 521 and 537 show this position a few days later.

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opposite the left of the Marines. The fusilade there became intense. Graham reported that he was holding on "by the skin of his teeth," with no trenches in his possession. "The enemy occupy our trench over the bluff," he said. "The footholds are so bad that I shall want every available man to hold them." Major Steel, with 150 men of the 14th Battalion, was at once sent up. Some of them occupied, together with the Marines, the narrow trenches on the crest; others were held in support. As night fell, the firing became furious. The Turks did not attack the trench which Steel had reinforced, but about midnight there came to Bridges a most alarming report from the Marines of the same sector. The Turks, it was said, had broken through and were in their trenches. By hurried measures a further party of the 4th Brigade was sent up. A portion of trench was found empty of men, but the Turks had not reached it. The position was confused, but the old battle outposts down Wire Gully appear to have been lost that night. The Marines had sought by digging to make a continuous line of these wretched rifle-pits, down one side of the gully and up the other. But with the Turks on the two knuckles looking down into them, these trenches were impossible to hold and should never have been taken over.[15] Now that they were dug, they were useless, and remained unoccupied save for the crowded dead of the Marines and of the 3rd Battalion. On the top of the hill a few Marines who still remained in the forward trench were now cut off in front of the line. Sergeants Meager[16] and McLeod,[17] with some of the 3rd Battalion, knowing the post, went out and stayed with these for several days, until the 4th Battalion cut a trench through to them.

Whether the Turkish movements on Friday night were an attack or an attempt to gain advanced positions preliminary to an attack will probably never be known. The assault was launched in earnest with the dawn. At 4 a.m. the enemy, about a battalion strong, advanced against MacLaurin's Hill.

[15] Captain McConaghy of the 3rd Bn. said afterwards that he had advised the Marines not to take over his battle outpost as the trenches were fairly complete. But presumably the Marines had been ordered to occupy them.

[16] Lieut. H. R. W. Meager; 3rd Bn. Clerk; b. Newport, Isle of Wight, Eng., 1885. Killed in action, 6/8 Aug., 1915.

[17] Lieut. T. D. McLeod; 3rd Bn. Jeweller; of Cootamundra District, N.S.W.; b. Geelong, Vic., 20 Feb., 1892. Killed in action, 6/8 Aug., 1915.

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The Marines and the 14th Battalion met them with a tremendous fire. When 200 yards distant, the Turks broke and fled, losing heavily. They were rallied, and advanced again; but the heart had gone out of the attack. It swerved to the right towards Courtney's and withered. About the same time a rush was made against the 15th Battalion in Quinn's. It was easily beaten.

The Turkish shrapnel fire on the whole area was heavy all day. Shortly after midday large numbers of Turks were observed moving over the spurs at the end of Mule Valley, and between there and Baby 700. About a battalion approached from the gullies near Baby 700 in the direction of the Bloody Angle and Pope's Hill; others swept into Mule Valley; others onto Johnston's Jolly. About 300 massed opposite Captain Graham on MacLaurin's Hill. At 4 p.m. they attacked along the front from Quinn's to Lone Pine. Some 300 pushed close enough to Quinn's to throw a few bombs into the trenches. Across Johnston's Jolly about 1,000 made a spirited attack upon the Chatham Battalion, jumping over the bushes on the plateau and advancing in a manner which called forth the admiration of the gallant Glasfurd, who was making another of his many journeys along the line. The machine-guns and rifles of the Marines opened, and, when 200 yards distant, the advance broke down. By 6 o'clock the enemy had retired to their newly-dug trenches on the 400 Plateau.

At the head of Monash Valley the Turks rallied and attacked again; and far on the right, after dark when the moon rose, they suddenly appeared in droves, sweeping past the left of the 12th Battalion—which was now in the line again on Bolton's Hill—towards the Deal Marines. The 12th poured in a controlled fire in bursts—"five rounds rapid"—whenever a good target offered. Rosenthal's guns opened at 700 yards range. The Turks fell back disordered, but again advanced and again were broken by bursts of fire.

The Marines bore the brunt of Mustafa Kemal's third attack. Though better timed and delivered than the last, it completely failed. Kemal planned no further general assault. The struggle now resolved itself into bitter and continuous fighting for the vital ground at the head of Monash Valley.

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CHAPTER XXIV

ANZAC BEACH

Officers and men of the 1st Australian Division, coming down from the hills upon their relief, found upon the Beach a crowded bustling centre of life, which, as has already been said, became to them what a metropolis is to the country folk of a State. Their small territory had now well-defined boundaries—an almost continuous trench system running in a maze of alleys and byways along the top of Walker's and the Second ridge. On the rear slope the spoil dug from this system streaked the hillsides, the valleys making natural chutes for the earth. Close below the crest in holes in the hillside, blinded by waterproof sheets giving the effect of the booths of an English fair, were camped the commander and staff of each post and the troops in support. At Steele's and Pope's a rope was slung down the hillside by which men could haul themselves up; in wet weather it was almost physically impossible to climb the slope except by this help.[1] Far below, the creek winding down the valley was in most cases used as the only road for mules and supplies. The whole occupied region was only a mile and a half in length from extreme north to south, and exactly 1,000 yards from the sea to the furthest point inland. Its area was less than three-quarters of a square mile. In this small State all roads ran to the Beach.

On the Beach between the two knolls of Ari Burnu, within half a mile of the front line, were the complete headquarters and base of an army. Plugge's Plateau, with its two arms—greater and lesser Ari Burnu—gave good protection against shell-fire except from the two flanks. The great shells of Chanak or of the Turkish battleship *Torgat Reiss* in the Dardanelles appeared unable to descend at so steep an angle as to strike the Beach. When this was attempted, they burst harmlessly on Plugge's Plateau, scattering fragments for half a mile around, or else plunged into the sea. It was only the

[1] See plates at pp. 521, 536, and 537.

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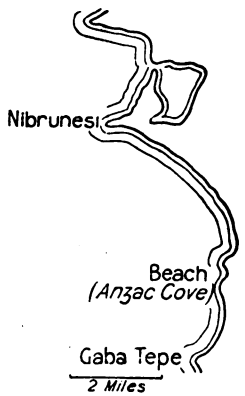
Turks on the coast north and south who could observe the landing-place. Gaba Tepe, two miles south, commanded a view of the jutting ends of the Beach—round Hell Spit and Ari Burnu. Four miles north of the Beach Nibrunesi Point (the southern cape of Suvla Bay) projected so far that the whole Beach lay open to it—every man who moved and every bale which was landed.



Crowded into this narrow strand, between the scrub and the water-line, was everything needed for the support of an army: stacks of supplies and ammunition, transport, water, ambulances. Four jetties had been made by means of pontoons connected with the shore by floating bridges. There was no harbour. A slight breeze from the sea would at any time have made the landing of men or stores impossible and completely cut off the force ashore from the ships. But the weather was gloriously fine. Until November the sun shone each day in a clear blue sky. There were few rainstorms, and during almost every hour for eight months such breezes as blew came from the land. In the early stage of the campaign the sea in the offing, entirely open though it was, assumed the appearance of an established roadstead. Barges, laden so that they had a freeboard of mere inches, lay at the jetties or at buoys off the shore; outside of them a line of trawlers anchored close together like a fishing-fleet; further away still was a line of twenty or thirty large steamers.

Every morning in these early days a battleship in the Dardanelles[2] flung the shells of her two great guns in pairs at the assemblage of ships. The first of these shells arrived at about 10 o'clock on the morning of the landing. With a sound as though the heaven were paper and some giant were tearing it, the projectile descended and raised a tall geyser of foam beside one of the battleships. Three more fell between the ships, and the fifth so close to a destroyer that the plash could

[2] The *Torgat Reiss*—though the army at the time assumed she was the *Goeben*.

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Ari Burnu. X: Gen. Birdwood's Headquarters. Camps of Beach Parties.

Casualty Clearing Station.

Barrels for Pier. Supply Depot (in distance). Ordnance Depot.

ANZAC BEACH FROM THE AUSTRALIAN CASUALTY CLEARING STATION AT ITS SOUTHERN END LOOKING NORTH TO ARI BURNU. NO RED CROSS FLAG (EXCEPT A SMALL ONE TO GUIDE BOATS) WAS FLOWN AT THIS HOSPITAL

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G932. Taken at end of April, 1915.

To face p. 544.

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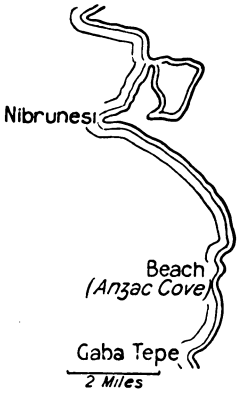

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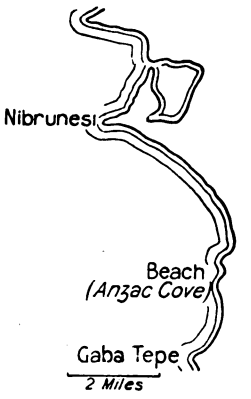

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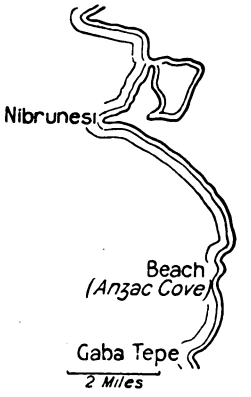

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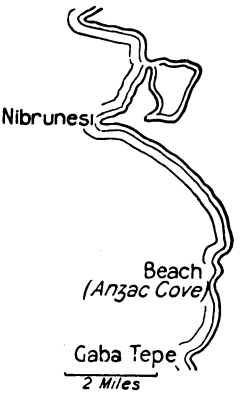

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Suvla. Ari Burnu. Plugge's. Bolton's Ridge. Chunuk Bair.

Gaba Tepe. X: Two points of Anzac Beach.

ANZAC FROM GABA TEPE. A TURKISH GUN WAS OCCASIONALLY FIRED FROM BEHIND THE SHOULDER IN THE FOREGROUND

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1956. Taken in 1919. *To face p.* 545

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be seen upon her side. It was noticed that, before the spray had cleared, a British sailor on her forecastle stepped casually to the side and looked over to see if any damage had been done. After this shelling the transports were ordered to stand further out. But they still lay so close that every morning several pairs of heavy shells rumbled over the hills and fell among them. The firing was evidently directed from Gaba Tepe or from the hills overlooking the roadstead, and occasionally the warships were forced to move. On April 30th the squadron off Gaba Tepe suddenly threw back a concentrated reply, and the Turkish warship had to leave her moorings. But on May 3rd one of her 11-in. shells burst in the hold of a collier. It did no damage beyond raising a great flame and wounding two men; but the transports moved further out, and shortly afterwards disappeared from the Gaba Tepe roadstead. Instead, they used Kephalos Harbour in the island of Imbros, twelve miles distant, only lying off the Beach when they were actually required there. From that time the roadstead was occupied only by barges, small craft, and the warships.

About April 29th—the day upon which Sir Ian Hamilton first visited the headquarters of the Army Corps—General Birdwood asked that the Beach between the two knolls, being the original landing-place, should be known as "Anzac Cove"; and the name "Anzac," till then the code name of the Army Corps, was gradually applied to the whole area. Day and night the Cove was full of the noises and sights of a great harbour—launches with tows moving constantly in and out, the shrill whistles of small craft, the hoots of trawlers, the rattle of anchor-chains, the hiss of escaping steam. At either end of the Beach was the hospital—the New Zealand station at the north end, the Australian at the south. Colonels Howse and Giblin would not display the Red Cross on their station, crouched as it was among supply dépôts which the Turks might justifiably shell. Along the middle of the Beach were long lines of picketed mules. Even by day the strand between the growing supply stacks and the water was a crowded thoroughfare. Odd men, parties, strings of animals, jostled through it, lucky if they escaped the kick of a mule. During shell fire the casual hands would quickly disappear behind

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stacks of biscuit-boxes; but the working parties carried on without regarding it.

At about 10 o'clock on some of the early nights of the landing the Turks threw shrapnel from a battery at Scrubby Knoll onto the Beach. Night was the time of greatest activity in the Cove. It was then that water was issued and the mule trains sent up the gullies. The kerosene tins for water were piled in a huge stack near the two circular tanks into which at this date water was pumped from the barge. At each discharge the shrapnel could be heard pattering among the tins. But the Beach, as thronged as the London Strand, took not the slightest heed. Over the water-tanks Colonel Lesslie superintended the issue until his voice was worn to a hoarse whisper. Lines of men waited for water and food; strings of mules tramped in and out along the shingle; numbers of men, sent down to draw rations, ammunition, and water and not yet supplied, sat talking at this nightly meeting-place, some under the shelter of the boxes, some lighting a small fire and warming their hands in the open. Piles of cheeses, sugar-bags, biscuit-boxes, bales of fodder, cases of ammunition, wood, wire, and stores rose in growing stacks all down the shingle to beyond the Casualty Clearing Station and round the southern point of the Cove —Hell Spit.

By April 30th the Beach was becoming hopelessly overcrowded. A second supply dépôt was therefore started half a mile southward, beyond the mouth of Shrapnel Gully, where the strand was known as "Brighton Beach." This was completely open to Gaba Tepe at a distance of only a mile and three-quarters, and the landing of stores could only be undertaken at night. But vast stacks quickly rose on the gentle slopes above the shore. On May 1st there began to land a native Indian transport corps with a number of light two-wheeled mule carts, and the space between Brighton Beach and Hell Spit became the dépôt for every sort of engineer stores, timber, barbed wire, pickets, and tools.

Close above Anzac Beach were the headquarters of the Corps and the two divisions. The New Zealand headquarters was in the bank above the shore not far south of Ari Burnu. That of the 1st Australian Division was immediately south of

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it, in the northernmost gully of the Beach. A hundred yards further south, at the foot of the central and largest gully (known as "Anzac Gully"), was the headquarters of the Army Corps. General Birdwood inhabited a shelf upon the side exposed to the shells from Gaba Tepe. The rest of his staff and the officers of the Army Corps were on similar shelves or in holes excavated in either side of the gully. The staff of the Beach, controlling the work on the piers, occupied dug-outs opening upon the strand. On the shingle rose three wireless stations, their masts fenced off with rope over which the traffic of the Beach stumbled at night. It was impossible to walk twenty yards upon any hillside without tripping over the slender telephone-cables which now ran in every direction like threads through the scrub.

On the Beach during these days there grew up a standard which was peculiar to Anzac, and which made a strong impression even upon those Australian officers who thought they knew their men through and through—a standard of complete indifference to shell fire. Bridges and Birdwood shared it, but it would be wrong to say that they set the example. The standard was set by the rank and file of the force; by the stretcher-bearers of the hospital; by the signallers and seamen and men of the supply services who did their work there; by the stray men who came to bathe or get their news there; by the ration or water parties who toiled with these supplies on their backs up the steep hills to the trenches; by the military "offenders" who for small "crimes" were set on the decks of the water-barges to pump water to the tanks on the shore; by the "beach parties," usually the most troublesome or stupid men in the battalions, whom their commanders sent down for the permanent "fatigues" of the Beach. These last lived in holes and other "pozzies" above Headquarters, subject to no definite control but that of Lieutenant Littler,[8] a Tasmanian, a veteran of the American Army. It was all these who really set the standard, tacitly obeyed by everyone in those days on Anzac Beach, that no one must pay heed to shell fire even by so much as turning a head or lowering the pannikin from which he was drinking. Work continued under shrapnel

[8] Captain C. A. Littler, D.S.O.; 52nd Bn. Tas. Govt. Agent in the Far East; of Devonport, Tas.; b. Launceston, Tas., 26 March, 1868. Killed in action, Sept., 1916.

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exactly as if the Beach were Collins Street or Circular Quay. On April 27th, when the Turks were delivering their general attack on the trenches, shells burst over the Beach all day. But except during one period of thirty minutes, when work was ordered to cease, the unloading and issuing of supplies and the carrying of rations and ammunition by mule and hand to the hills went on without intermission.

The shell fire on the Beach was exceptionally deadly. A high British artillery officer, fresh from the Western front, gave it as his opinion that it was "absolute madness" to disregard it in this manner, and eventually it was ordered that during spasms of shrapnel a whistle should be blown and work should cease. The signal was not greatly regarded. The sight of the beach-workers who did not desist, but who continued to perform their part of the day's task under the whine of shells and the scatter of pellets, was a never-ending wonder to those who lived on the terraced hillside above them.

A similar standard had been set in the front line, and only heavy trial or long strain ever broke it down. The attitude of complete indifference to all casual shell or rifle fire was simply the natural expression of the men's self-respect. No one liked shell fire, but public opinion demanded that, whatever men felt, not by the flicker of an eyelid must they show it. This attitude cost many casualties, and had to be modified by order from higher quarters. But it never died out in the A.I.F. That careless, easy manner and apparent indifference to shell fire marked the Australians on every battlefield. More than one German officer, captured two years later on Broodseinde Ridge, was profoundly impressed by this quality. "What could we not do with such men!" said one of them to the British officer who interrogated him. The percentage of loss amongst Australian officers and men was high,[4] but it is doubtful if in

[4] The Australian casualties were higher in proportion to their numbers than those of any other portion of the British Forces. This was probably due to the fact that the Australians were nearly all "front line" troops, engaged throughout the war in heavy fighting. The following are the British official figures (as cabled to Australian newspapers.):

Country	Total Casualties	Total Enlistments	Percentage
British Isles	2,613,269	6,211,427	42.07
Canada	210,111	683,170	30.76
Australia	215,585	413,453	52.14
New Zealand	57,367	227,325	25.24
India	143,327	1,679,416	8.53

The *Round Table*, basing its calculation on earlier figures, gives the percentages as:—British Isles 43.00, Canada 33.05, Australia 50.37, New Zealand 25.85, India 8.01.

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MAP

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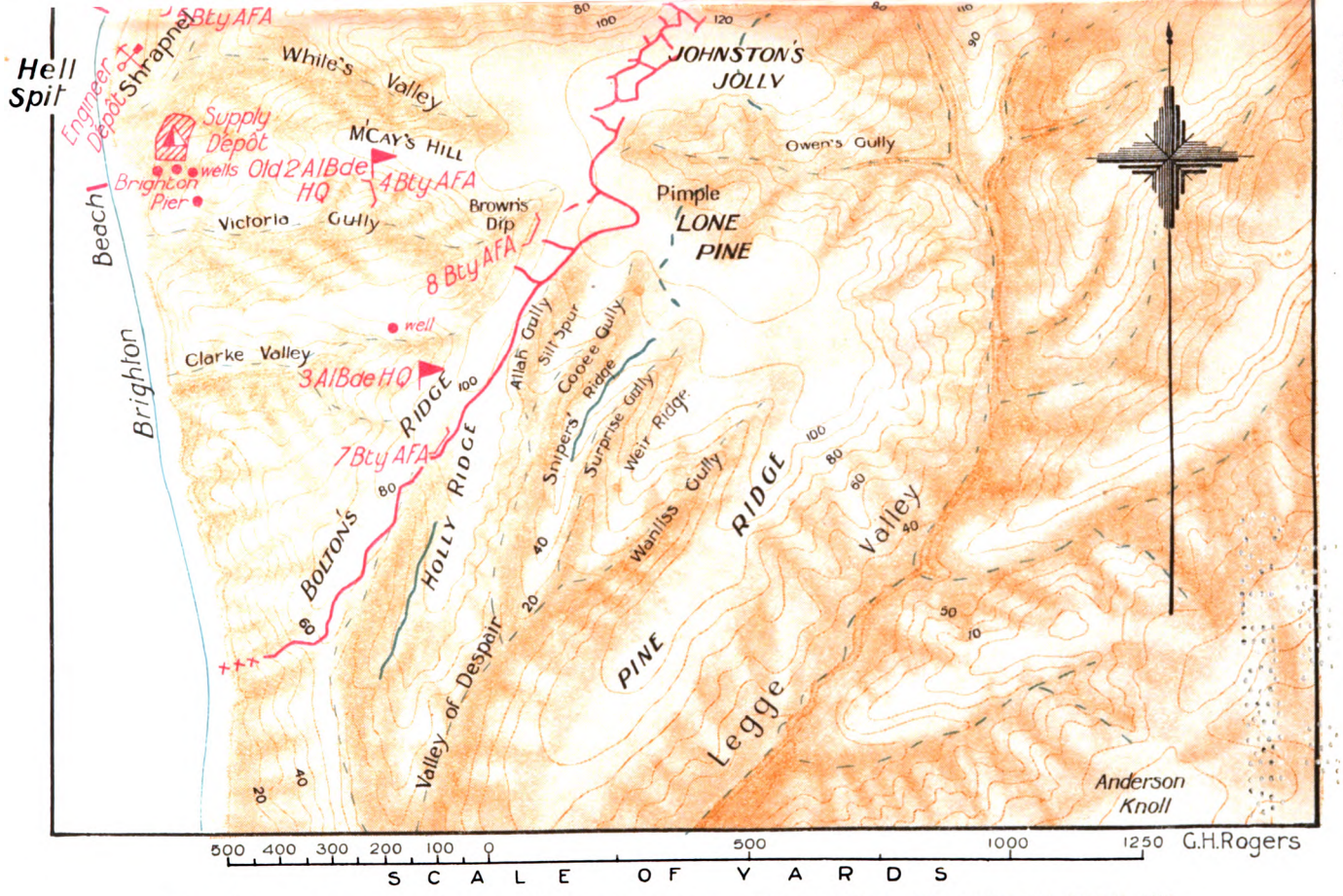

THE ANZAC POSITION ABOUT 5TH MAY, 1915, SHOWING HEADQUARTERS, GUN POSITIONS, STORES, ETC. C.C.S., Casualty Clearing Station; British troops and works, red; Turkish, blue. Height contours, 10 metres.

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the long run this attitude increased it, whereas its permanent effect upon their morale gave them a formidable fighting value which, during the last year of the war, told sensibly in favour of their side.

Another result of the heavy fighting of the landing was that it fixed once and for all the relation of the Australian men to their officers. Until this first actual trial, there had lingered in most Australian battalions a vague resentment against the institution of officers. As has been said before, most of the men since their childhood had never known a direct command unqualified by "You might" or "If you please." They obeyed for the most part, but with a touch of indignation. There were not wanting at Mena mutterings that the severity shown by particular officers would cost them their lives in the first battle; the shooting of officers was said to have been not unknown in Continental wars and even in South Africa. But from the morning of the landing these evil whispers disappeared so utterly that those who lived among the troops never once heard from that day forth even the faintest breath of them. Major Swannell of the 1st Battalion knew when he landed that there had been some such talk about himself. From the moment they saw his bearing under fire, he became the hero of his men. Lieutenant Lillie,[5] of the 5th Battalion, a red-headed slip of a boy whose directness of speech and manner the men had resented, came out of the battle one of the most popular fighting officers of the force.

"By God," said an Australian private to a war correspondent—"By God, our officers were splendid!" By April 30th —when the Marines had relieved it—the infantry of the 1st Australian Division had lost 50 officers killed and 129 wounded. They had been killed standing—like Colonel Clarke—when others knelt; kneeling—like Swannell—when others lay; exposing themselves for the sake of a better view—like Wilson of the 3rd, or Leer, or Mordaunt Reid—while others sheltered; talking to their men, like Gordon; rising—like Lalor—to order the advance, or, like Saker, leading it. Their men saw that, whatever the merits of debating society

[5] Captain C. McE. Lillie, D.S.O.; 5th Bn. Clerk; of East Malvern, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Caulfield, Melbourne, 25 Nov., 1894. (Known affectionately as "The Pink Kid.").

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methods during peace, under the instant imminence of death there was room only for swift and single command by brave and determined leaders. Non-commissioned officers and privates constantly filled that need where the officers were lost. It was the deliberate policy of the Force that Australian officers should live largely among their troops. Subalterns whose platoons were holding the front line were expected to sleep in similar holes in the trench walls and to be constantly with their men. They conversed with them as freely as a manager with the old hands on an Australian sheep-station, and the men talked equally naturally with them. The influence of regimental officers was largely dependent on their knowledge of the individual man. There were no officers' messes in Gallipoli, except the small mess of the unit headquarters; even in France the Australian mess was simple and rough in the extreme compared with others. A clear distinction had to be preserved between officers and men, but it was like that between the prefects or monitors of a big school and their schoolfellows. Officers were "upon their honour" to set an example, and the best units were always those in which the officers held most consistently to this high standard; indeed, the difference between Australian battalions at their best and at their worst was always due to a difference in their officers. The men, enthusiastic, and hero-worshippers at heart, were ready and eager to take hold on any high generous ideal. No troops in the war responded more instantly to good leading. They required of their leaders character and competence. These came to be the sole criteria by which new officers were sought for from the ranks, and a virile and able set of leaders was the result. In no army were the officers perfect or the standards always maintained. But the high standard of manliness demanded from Australian officers was well sustained, and from the day of the Landing there was never a doubt of their hold upon the men.

Living as the Staff did under the same shell fire as the rest of the force and under not very different conditions, at Anzac there never grew between it and the fighting troops the gulf which sometimes under other conditions separated them. Birdwood and Bridges were men who lived simply. Men noticed them walking heedless into dangers

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which many, if they could, would have avoided. At Bridges' first headquarters near the Beach, all meals were in the open, whether shells were bursting down the gully or not. On Saturday, May 1st, during the shrapnel fire which accompanied the Turkish attack, Colonel White, standing at lunch in the open, was hit by a stray pellet which fortunately just failed to penetrate. Major Foott was similarly struck. The following week Major Gellibrand, as he stood in the open laughing at two French interpreters whose water-bottle had been pierced, was hit through the chest. One after the other Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall[6] and Captain Foster of Bridges' Staff were severely wounded by shrapnel on the Beach. In the line the figures of Walker, Villiers-Stuart, Wagstaff, Hancock,[7] Glasfurd, Blamey, with the red band of the Staff Officer round their caps and the red gorget patches on their collars, were seen hopping round the insecure trenches, or making their way over the top through the scrub, too often for any man to have a doubt as to their willingness to share his dangers. On May 17th Villiers-Stuart, out on the heights correcting some of the valley contours in the defective map, was hit through the heart by a shrapnel pellet. Artillery commanders, like Rosenthal, perpetually roaming along the skyline by their gun positions, with bullets aimed at them every time; beach-masters, like Lieutenant-Commander E. H. Cater[8] of the Navy, who day after day ran out into shell fire in order to bring other men away from it, until he met his death in doing so; Staff Officers, such as Glasfurd and Gellibrand, who chose more than once—simply because men were looking at them—to walk across an open space under ugly shell fire rather than make a short détour and avoid it; brigade-majors like Cass, who crawled round the early rifle-pits of his front line, himself laboriously collecting lists of the men there; organisers such as Lesslie and Captain Griffiths, nightly mothering the reinforcements landing under the shell fire of the Beach—men such as these were not carrying out the strict text-book duties of the

[6] Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Marshall, V.D. D.A.D.M.S., 1st Aust. Div. 1914/15. Of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Dromore, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, 1 March, 1858. Died of illness in Aust., 25 Dec., 1916.

[7] Colonel M. P. Hancock, D.S.O. D.A.A. & Q.M.G., 1st Anzac Corps, 1914/15. Officer of British Regular Army; b. Finchley, Middlesex, Eng., 16 Sept., 1870.

[8] Lieut.-Commander E. H. Cater, R.N. Killed on 7 Aug., 1915, at the age of ?

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Staff Officer; but it was because this Staff was continually seen under fire that the sympathy between it and the troops of the 1st Australian Division was strong and close from the first.

A similar standard, established at the landing and never afterwards varied, was that which existed among the members of the non-combatant or other services which are usually looked upon as less dangerous—the Army Medical Corps, the supply, ordnance, and similar services. In the Anzac area every part of the work of these troops was under shell fire, often fairly severe, even by the measure of the Western front. On disturbed days there was not a corner to which a spent bullet would not find its way. The attitude of such services under these conditions is best illustrated by what was certainly the outstanding example—that of the medical orderlies and stretcher-bearers.

A certain number of privates in each company of the infantry were company stretcher-bearers; certain others were chosen as battalion stretcher-bearers; others, belonging to the field ambulances, were supposed to bring the severely wounded from the regimental aid-post to the ambulance, though in the first days of the landing they generally took them direct to the Casualty Clearing Station on the Beach. When men were picked for these duties in Australia, their families were usually comforted with the notion that they would be working under conditions of comparative safety; in many cases the men themselves thought so. But the feeling of "mateship" was intensely strong in the Australian soldiers. When they were plunged into their first action, there was invariably in these men a desire to show their mates that they more than shared their danger. In the past it had not been considered necessary for stretcher-bearers and medical orderlies to go into every danger with the infantryman, nor had Colonel Howse intended that his Australian stretcher-bearers and medical personnel should so act. But the men simply established their own principle. Wherever the infantry went, they went. They made no attempt to shelter themselves under the Red Cross flag; in heavy actions in this war it was out of the question, and the white brassard with "S.B." upon it was no protection. The stretcher-bearers simply took their chance with the rest. From

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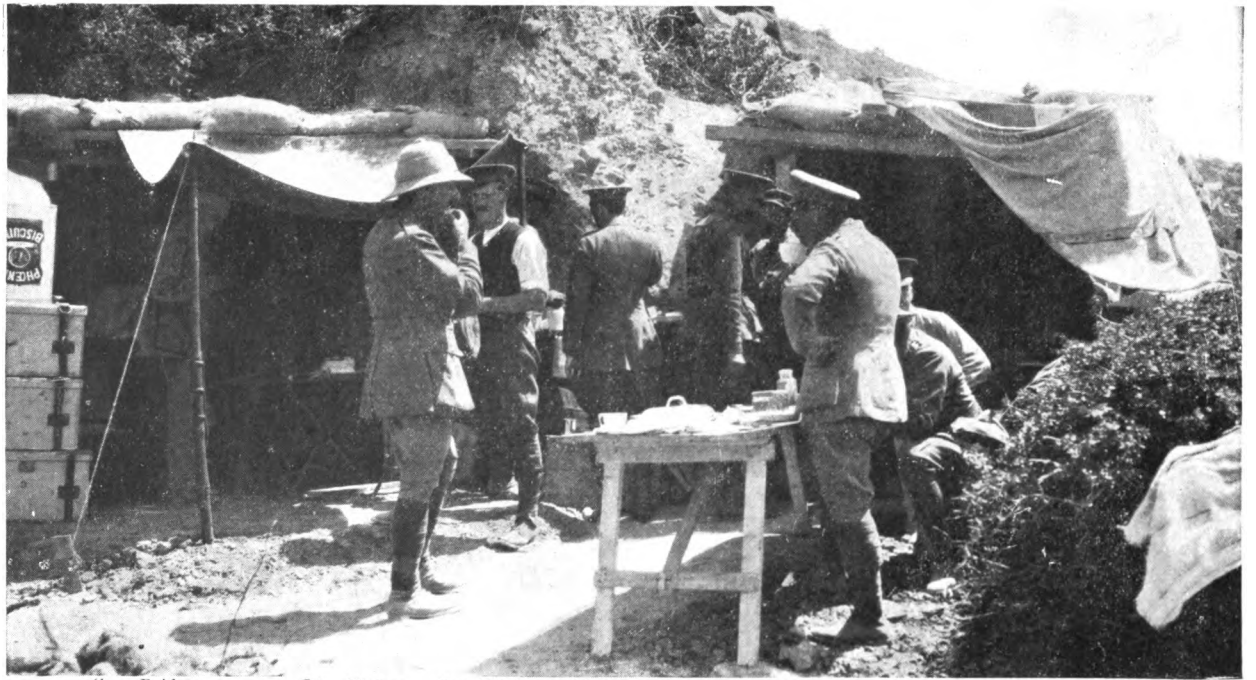
Col. Howse.



Gen. Bridges. Lt. Riches. Pte. Wicks. Capt. Foster. Maj. Gellibrand. Maj. Blamey.

FIRST HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL BRIDGES AT ANZAC

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G933. Taken about 27th April, 1915.

To face p. 552.

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WOUNDED COMING DOWN MONASH AND SHRAPNEL GULLIES PAST 3RD BN. AID POST ON 26TH APRIL, 1915. THE POST WAS THEN UNDER CORPL. CARRUTHERS, (WITH FELT HAT, STANDING ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE.)

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G920.

To face p. 553.

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the first day they endeavoured to evacuate wounded from the line as it lay fighting on parts of the 400 Plateau and Baby 700, and that standard of action was never lowered during the war.

The work of a stretcher-bearer often prevented him from taking cover which others could seek. Thus on April 26th and the following days the Turks poured down Shrapnel Gully, the rain of shells which gave it that name.[9] The whine of the small salvoes could always be heard approaching, and most passers through the valley were able to take some cover during the heavier spasms. But the stretcher-bearers carried their burdens through it, erect. Four of them were taking an officer to the Beach, when, under a particularly hot burst of shell fire, one suggested that they should lower the stretcher and wait. The senior of the party, Private Blackburn,[10] a big Lancashireman of the 3rd Battalion, would not consent. "It's no good dropping the stretcher now," he said. "If we're going to be hit, we shall be, whether walking or crouching." That was the spirit of the men. Many became fatalists. If the shell "had their name and number marked on it," as they said, they would be hit. Until that shell arrived, it was best to let others see them going proudly rather than flinching.

One bearer there was whose name has become a tradition in Australia. A number of donkeys with Greek drivers had been landed on April 25th for water-carrying. The Greeks were soon deported, and after the first days the donkeys ceased carrying and fed idly in the gullies, till they gradually disappeared. Private Simpson,[11] of the 3rd Australian Field Ambulance, was seized with the idea that one of these might be useful for moving men wounded in the leg. On the night of April 25th he annexed a donkey, and each day, and half of every night, he worked continuously between the head of Monash Valley and the Beach, his donkey carrying a brassard

[9] See plate at p. 553.

[10] Cpl. T. Blackburn (No. 896, 3rd Bn.); b. Weeton, Kirkham, Lancs., Eng., 1891. Killed in action, 24 July, 1916.

[11] Pte. John Simpson Kirkpatrick (No. 202, 3rd Fld Amb.). Ship's fireman; b. Tyne Dock, South Shields, Durham, Eng., 6 July, 1892. Killed in action, 19 May, 1915. (Generally known as "Scottie" or "Murphy." His donkey, "Duffy," beloved of the Indian Mule Drivers, was taken from Anzac by them at the Evacuation).

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round its forehead and a wounded man on its back. Simpson escaped death so many times that he was completely fatalistic; the deadly sniping down the valley and the most furious shrapnel fire never stopped him. The colonel of his ambulance, recognising the value of his work, allowed him to carry on as a completely separate unit. He camped with his donkey at the Indian mule-camp, and had only to report once a day at the field ambulance. Presently he annexed a second donkey. On May 19th he went up the valley past the water-guard, where he generally had his breakfast, but it was not ready. "Never mind," he called. "Get me a good dinner when I come back."

He never came back. With two patients he was coming down the creek-bed, when he was hit through the heart, both the wounded men being wounded again. He had carried many scores of men down the valley, and had saved many lives at the cost of his own.

This high standard of behaviour was really economic in lives, and not wasteful of them. It was from the first an unvarying point of honour with Australian stretcher-bearers that, whenever and wherever the call "Stretcher-bearers!" was heard, they must go out to it. Almost every day for eight months during the shelling of the Beach, which came as punctually as afternoon tea in the cities, the cry would be raised somewhere. The southern knoll of the Beach—lesser Ari Burnu—was visible to Gaba Tepe. Being constantly shelled from north and south, it became known as Hell Spit. Both there and on the Beach the most probable place for the next shell to burst was where the last one had fallen. But the cry of "stretcher-bearers!" was always followed by the sight of two men running to the spot with their stretcher, bending over the wounded man, and hurrying him to the nearest aid. When the next shell burst, as it often did, while they were picking him up, the bearer who was looking at the wound would not so much as turn his head; the other might scowl at the burst and curse: "Go it, you bastards!" Some time after the landing, two bearers of the 1st Field Ambulance were carrying a man around Hell Spit, when shrapnel burst over them. One of the two—Hill,[12] the former captain

[12] L/Cpl. G. T. Hill (No. 108, 1st Fld. Amb.). Accountant; of Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Ryde, Sydney, 11 Jan., 1884. Died of wounds, 16 July, 1915.

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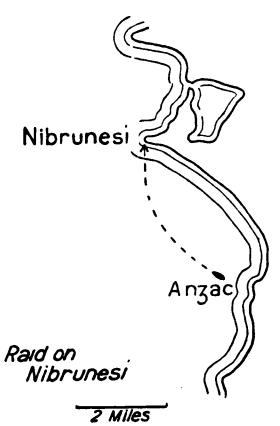
of a Sydney swimming club—was noticed to falter, but he went on without remark. At the clearing station he lowered his burden, stepped aside, sat on a heap of stretchers, and presently fell over. They found that he had received a shrapnel pellet through the breast-bone. He died before he could be sent to the ships.

Conducted on these principles the work of stretcher-bearers —especially the regimental—of the A.I.F. was, if anything, more deadly than that of the riflemen, and was recognised as such. This held good in France as it had done in Gallipoli. The main inducement which led men to undertake it was that the stretcher-bearer was excused certain hated "fatigues." The system was unorthodox, inasmuch as it involved heavy loss of life in the medical and stretcher-bearing sections. But it probably saved a much greater loss, and its effect on the morale of the troops was distinct. An infantryman knew with certainty that, in the chance of a wound, if it were possible for brave men to reach him, he would not die unattended.

It has already been said that Anzac Cove could be observed by the Turks at Gaba Tepe two miles south, and also from Point Nibrunesi four miles to the north-west.[13] Nibrunesi projected more than two miles to the left rear of Anzac Cove, and every corner of the Beach was in view from it. Near its point were the low undulations of Lala Baba, and from the day of landing there was a good deal of anxiety lest the Turks should smuggle a gun into the folds of that hill and shell the stores, headquarters, and landing-place from the rear. The saving consideration was that the point and its approaches across the Suvla plain were completely under the guns of the Navy, which would probably be able to smother any artillery there the moment it opened.



During the first three days, although trouble was constantly

[13] See plates at pp. 338 and 545.

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expected from this spit, it lay without a sign of life. But on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 28th, when the Marines were landing and a dark storm lowering, a seaplane, flying low down over the Beach in the direction of Suvla, noticed a movement of Turks on the point. It was thought that they were dragging a howitzer into position. Orders were given to clear the Beach. Amid dust and oaths the mules were hurried from their pickets into the recesses of the hillside, where they were squeezed between the offices of the various headquarters. Colonel Lesslie, who had worked through the whole of every night, was in the thick of the commotion. In fifteen minutes the Beach was clear. The seaplane circled three times over the coast-line, every Turkish rifle rattling at her. Two battleships moved close in to Nibrunesi, one on either side, and poured into Lala Baba a tremendous shell fire. The point remained silent. No gun appeared upon it.

But the accuracy of the Turkish fire when barges approached the Beach made it probable that they had artillery observers with telephones on both Nibrunesi and Gaba Tepe. Accordingly, on April 30th, the Navy landed a small party at Nibrunesi. These destroyed a telephone wire, but the Turkish observers escaped. Two days later, in the dawn of May 2nd, a party of New Zealanders, consisting of Captain Cribb,[14] two other officers, and fifty men of the Canterbury Battalion, with Captain F. Waite[15] and some New Zealand engineers, who had left Anzac during the night, landed at Nibrunesi in the dawn from the destroyer *Colne*. They crept in three groups up the side of Lala Baba. In a trench immediately below the crest they surprised twenty-one Turks asleep. These, on being disturbed, fired a few shots. Several were killed and fifteen captured. The New Zealanders searched the hill. They found a machine-gun emplacement, blew up several huts, destroyed the telephone wire, and embarked before midday without interference from the enemy.

It had been decided that Gaba Tepe also should be attacked. It was possible that only a handful of Turks garrisoned it.

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[14] Major C. W. E. Cribb; Canterbury Bn.; of Greymouth, N.Z.; b. Blenheim, N.Z., 5 Jan., 1873. Died of wounds, 13 Aug., 1915.

[15] Major F. Waite, D.S.O. Chief Instructor of Engineers, N.Z.E.F. training camps 1917/18; of Waiwera South, Otago, N.Z.; b. Dunedin, N.Z., 20 Aug., 1885.

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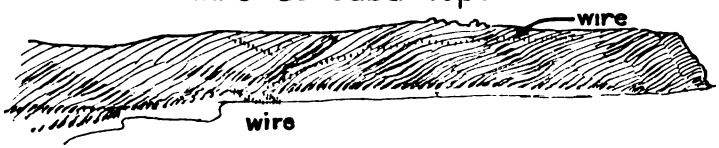
The obvious importance of the place, and the great strength of its wire defences, made this unlikely. Little, however, could be known about the fort until its strength was tried. It was not intended in this operation to seize the promontory; but if a raid showed that it could be held permanently, there was some prospect that an attempt might be subsequently made to place a garrison upon it, supported, as it could be, by the ships' guns.

The plans for this attack were carefully drafted. Gaba Tepe was a wide promontory about 350 yards long and 100 feet high. It ended in a cliff, but, except at the extremity, its slopes, although steep, were grass-covered and not actually sheer. At the foot of them was a cliff of soil from seven to ten feet high which bordered its narrow beach. It was known that along the top of the cliffs and slopes of Gaba Tepe there were trenches, as well as the ruined guard-house. But its chief defence was the barbed-wire which ran in belts along its side. This could be seen from Anzac and was known

Wire at Gaba Tepe



to be very formidable. Its main line ran slanting along the slope to the point where the promontory joined the mainland. Here the wire diverged to the beach and ran along the water's edge, in places partly submerged, finally leaving the water and making across the neck which joined the promontory to the mainland. In some parts there were signs of a second entanglement inside the first. The whole place was a strongly wired fort. The intention of the Turks in carrying the wire north of Gaba Tepe to the water's edge[16] was obviously to make the beach there impossible for landing, and at the same time to prevent any force from reaching the promontory from the north along the shore.

[16] This wire was considerably south of the point originally planned for the landing-place and would not, as often supposed, have been encountered by the troops had the landing been made where intended. No wire existed either at the actual or intended points of landing.

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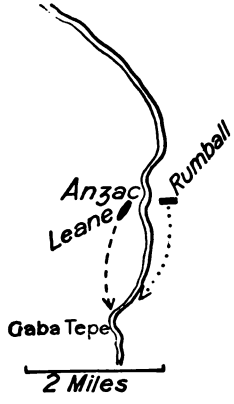
The party chosen for this hazardous enterprise consisted of 100 men of the 11th Battalion under Captain R. L. Leane, whose company had been retained on Plugge's Plateau during the day of the landing. Leane, who at the beginning of the war was working in a large store in Western Australia, was before the end of it the head of the most famous family of soldiers in Australian history, and the fighting general *par excellence*, even among colleagues such as Glasgow, Elliott, Rosenthal, and Iven Mackay.[17] His tall square-shouldered frame, immense jaw, tightly compressed lips, and keen, steady, humorous eyes made him the very figure of a soldier. He was as yet little known in the force. But MacLagan chose for this desperate venture against Gaba Tepe the man who in the whole army was probably most suited for it. With Lieutenant Rockliff and 102 men of the 11th Battalion, and Lieutenant Thirkell[18] and ten engineers of the 3rd Field Company, Leane was to land from boats on the Gaba Tepe beach at dawn. Captain Brennan,[19] medical officer of the 11th, and stretcher-bearers went with them. They were to ascertain what defences were on Gaba Tepe, destroy communications, and attack any garrison which they might find occupying the place. In the meantime a separate party of twelve men of the 10th Battalion under Lieutenant Rumball was to move from Anzac by land along the beach and, before dawn, cut the northward belt of wire across the beach. The intention was that Leane's party, after raiding the fort, should withdraw northwards along the shore through this wire to Anzac. Leane was left full discretion to depart from his orders as he thought fit. If the parties needed help, the destroyers and Rosenthal's artillery were to cover them with their guns.



[17] Brig.-General I. G. Mackay, C.M.G., D.S.O. Commanded 1st Inf. Bde. 1918/19. Lecturer University of Sydney; b. Grafton, N.S.W., 7 April, 1882.
[18] Captain G. L. A. Thirkell; 3rd Div. Engineers. Draughtsman and Engineer Clerk; of Hobart, Tas.; b. Richmond, Tas., 19 May 1891.
[19] Lieut.-Colonel E. T. Brennan, D.S.O., M.C. Commanded 1st Fld. Amb.; of Beechworth, Vic.; b. Stawell, Vic., 13 Apr., 1887.

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In order to ensure the most complete surprise, this raid should manifestly have been made on the same day as that upon Nibrunesi. It was, however, postponed until the night of May 3rd. The two previous days had been spent by Leane in carefully studying Gaba Tepe. On the evening of May 3rd his party slept on the Beach. At 3.30 a.m. on May 4th they were transported in four rowing-boats to the destroyer *Colne*. The *Colne* took the boats close under her port side—that which would be hidden from the enemy when the destroyers were off the place—and then with two other destroyers moved quietly down towards the Turkish fort. Day was breaking. At 500 yards from the land the *Colne* cast off the boats, and these, all four abreast, headed for the beach. The men of the 11th were rowing, but in each boat were four men of the Navy steering and helping with the oars.

There was no sign of life on the land. No shot was fired. But it seemed impossible that the Turks could be surprised. A naval man calling from one boat to the others must have been heard by the enemy, but no fire came. Looking to the beach on their left Leane saw the forms of Rumball and his party of the 10th engaged in cutting the northward wire. Thirty yards from shore the boats grounded. As the men scrambled out, a heavy fire was opened on them. In their trenches high up the green slope the Turks had three machine-guns and an automatic gun firing a 1-in shell. Lieutenant Rockliff was hit, and the other officer of Leane's party, Lieutenant H. B. Thompson[20]—one of a number whose promotion from sergeant had been authorised the night before, though he had not actually heard of that fact—was killed. About a dozen were killed or wounded in the boats. The rest rushed through the shallow water and across fifteen yards of beach to the shelter of the bank which bordered the shore.

The promontory of Gaba Tepe has several small folds or channels on its northern face. But the one which is nearest to the mainland is on a larger scale—a quarry-like indentation of white stone, its opening facing the mainland and its recess mostly hidden from the Anzac guns. Past the mouth of this quarry a green field sloped to the bank above

[20] Lieut. H. B. Thompson; 11th Bn. Assayer; b. Melbourne, Vic., 1887. Killed in action, 4 May, 1915.

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the beach. Immediately under the field Leane's party landed. A number were hit as they ran across the sand. The shore was swept by a machine-gun high up in the trenches on their right which pointed almost into their backs, so that only by keeping close to certain parts of the bank was there any escape from its fire. Leane, looking over the bank, carefully surveyed the place. Across the slope above him ran a belt of heavy entanglement, the wire stronger and the barbs closer and longer than those of English make; beyond it was the steep shoulder of the quarry. To the right a path wound up one of the folds of the promontory. This offered the only hope of an opening through the wire, but it was completely commanded. Any attempt to reach the entanglement across the open field, much more to cut it, meant certain death.

There being no prospect whatever of further progress, Leane was compelled to make a quick decision as to retirement. To extricate even the unwounded men from such a place was an ugly problem, and the withdrawal of the wounded offered greater difficulties still. Brennan had an aid-post in a dug-out or hollow in the bank, and was coolly working there with his medical sergeant and stretcher-bearers. Leane discussed the situation with him, and decided that, if a party could be established along the beach near the entanglement to cover the retirement with its fire, the stretcher-bearers with the wounded might withdraw. When these were clear, the rest would make the attempt.

Accordingly he sent a party of ten men to occupy a covering position on some hillocky ground south of the stream beside which was the wire belt cut by Rumball. The party crept under cover of the bank to the first band of wire. Here the shore curved in such a way that the machine-gun on Gaba Tepe was playing into the men's backs. Two land mines appeared to explode close behind them. Ahead of them were two belts of wire, and they could see no opening in the first. The entanglement ran into the sea. One man, Bugler Wilkins,[21] was killed. Four—Privates Goundrey,[22] E. Gee,[23]

[21] Pte. A. Wilkins (No. 730, 11th Bn.). Gasfitter; b. Windsor, Berks., Eng., 19 Feb., 1893. Killed in action, 4 May, 1915.

[22] Lieut. F. S. Goundrey; 11th Bn. Miner; of Kalgoorlie, and Mount Barker, W. Aust.; b. Oxford, Eng., 8 March, 1891.

[23] Pte. E. Gee (No. 661, 11th Bn.). Navvy; of Kalgoorlie, W. Aust.; b. Oxford, Eng., 10 July, 1890. Killed in action, 28 June, 1915.

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Gun Ridge ("Third" Ridge) along horizon. Gaba Tepe.

Right of Anzac.

BEACH OF GABA TEPE, WHERE LEANE'S RAIDING PARTY LANDED (MARKED X), FROM THE SECTION OF TURKISH TRENCHES WHICH ENFILADED IT. (THE BARGE WAS STRANDED LATER IN THE CAMPAIGN)

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1966. Taken in 1919. *To face p. 560.*

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Turkish machine-gun here.

(In bank): shelters of Leane's Party.

GABA TEPE—SHOWING THE BANK UNDER WHICH LEANE'S PARTY SHELTERED. THE HOLES DUG BY THEM CAN BE SEEN UNDER THE FIGURE ON THE BANK. THE SEVEREST FIRE CAME FROM THE EXTREME RIGHT

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1963. Taken in 1919.

To face p. 561.

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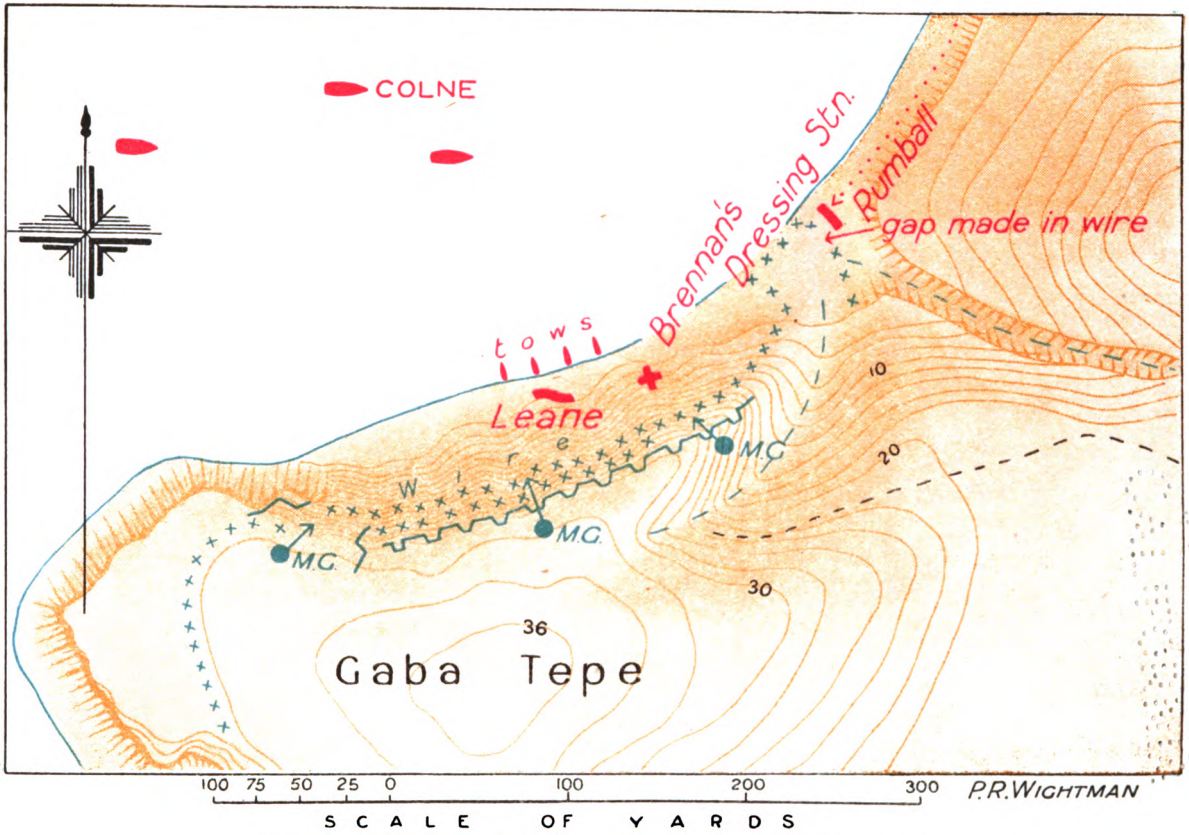

CAPTAIN LEANE'S RAID ON GABA TEPE AT DAWN, 4TH MAY, 1915
British troops, etc., red; Turkish, blue. Height contours, 2 metres.

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Steadman,[24] and Pahl[25]—dashed across the beach into the water, waded round the edge of the wire, and reached Rumball's party through the opening in the second belt. Four others managed to return to Leane. One—Private A. Gee[26] (a brother of E. Gee)—was cut off by a machine-gun and had to stay pinned to the bank.

The route by the beach being clearly impossible, Leane fell back upon his last resource—the Navy. At 5.15 a.m. he signalled to the officer commanding the destroyers, asking that a boat should be sent in to take off the wounded. The Navy never failed; any request for help was certain to be answered. Presently a small steamboat with one rowing-boat in tow dashed towards the shore under heavy fire. She came very fast, and her way carried the boat with half-a-dozen seamen to the beach. The stretcher-bearers hurried down with the wounded. The destroyers had been keeping up a heavy covering fire, but they now ceased. To the surprise of all the Turks did not, during the embarkation, fire a shot at the wounded men or those assisting them. The more lightly wounded limped down after the stretcher cases. When they had been towed off by the steamboat, the enemy's fire broke out again.

Only unwounded men now remained on the shore. It was nearly 6 o'clock. Leane realised that by far the best chance for retirement was by the sea. He had carefully observed the positions of the several machine-guns and the automatic gun which were harassing his men, and he signalled them to the destroyers. The destroyers, by bombarding these, could greatly reduce their frontal fire. He therefore again signalled to the Navy, asking for boats to take off the rest of the party. The naval commander answered: "Try the beach." Leane signalled back: "Impossible; any man who should be hit would have to be left. If boats sent, I could get wounded away in them."

No reply was made to this by signal, but a few minutes before 6 two picket-boats dashed from the destroyers, each tow-

[24] Lieut. C. E. Steadman; 51st Bn. Of East Guildford, W. Aust.; b. Melbourne, Vic., 4 Nov., 1893.
[25] L/Cpl. L. Pahl (No. 212, 11th Bn.). Telegraphist; b. Northam, W. Aust., 1895.
[26] Pte A. Gee (No. 662, 11th Bn.). Labourer; of Kalgoorlie, W. Aust.; b. Oxford, Eng., 17 July, 1891.

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ing two ships' boats. At the same time the destroyers poured a very heavy fire upon the Turkish trenches. Leane ordered his men to spread out so that each of the four boats—which came in line abreast—would have an equal load, and then to rush into the water before the boats grounded. Upon this being done, the enemy opened a tremendous fire. But the destroyers' shells were tearing the hillside into clouds of dust, and the Turkish fire was ill-directed. While he was climbing into a boat, the gallant Leane was hit in the hand; Sergeant McCleery[27] was badly wounded by the automatic gun; one or two others were struck. Later in the day one of the destroyers, seeing Private Gee cut off further along the beach, sent in another boat and rescued him.

The raid failed, but it proved the strength of Gaba Tepe. Leane judged that fifty Turks were holding the trenches when he landed, and that the reinforcements, which he observed creeping up with bayonets fixed, brought their number to 150. This estimate was right, the main garrison of Gaba Tepe being a company of Turkish infantry from 150 to 200 strong. The place was by far the most formidable stronghold which the Australian troops attempted to raid during the war. But for the cool head of its leader and the ready loyalty and dash of the British Navy, it is unlikely that the landing party could have been extricated.

Though both Bridges and Birdwood would have liked to seize Gaba Tepe, and though, if MacLagan—who at this time commanded the sector nearest to it—had been willing, some further and heavier assault might later have been planned, no attempt was again made upon it. Gaba Tepe was so well watched and so exposed that the Turkish artillery could never emplace a gun there, except for short bursts of fire. But it was at all times, until the British left the Peninsula, the main observing station for the enemy artillery at Anzac.

[27] Sgt. J. M. McCleery, D.C.M. (No. 697, 11th Bn.). Bedding manufacturer; of Kalgoorlie and West Perth, W. Aust.; b. Sydney, N.S.W., 25 Apr., 1887.

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CHAPTER XXV

THE CLEARING OF THE WOUNDED

THE morale of troops in the Great War was always the stronger for their knowing that they were cared for by those in charge of them. The manner in which the stretcher-bearers attended them in situations of great danger contributed largely to that end. On the other hand, their faith in the higher staffs began to be shaken during the Gallipoli campaign through the breakdown of all medical arrangements on the line of communications.

It has been mentioned that the evacuation of the wounded fell upon two distinct authorities. Colonel Howse, the chief medical officer of the 1st Australian Division, was responsible for the clearing of the wounded from the hills to the Beach. Upon the landing of Colonel Manders[1]—the chief medical officer of the N.Z. and A. Division and an older man than Howse—the responsibility was taken over by him; the initiative however, proceeded almost entirely from the vigorous, capable, and ambitious personality of the younger man. But while the regimental medical services, ambulances, and the Australian Casualty Clearing Station on the Beach were included under Howse's control, the work of clearing the wounded from high-water mark to the transports and the base rested with the Navy and G.H.Q.

The difficulty of collecting, dressing, and clearing the wounded in such country and circumstances as those of the landing might well have led to a tragic breakdown of the 1st Australian Division's medical arrangements. But by working night and day with such rude organisation as each could improvise, the medical officers managed to cope with it. The regimental surgeons of the 1st Australian Division were probably as fine a medical staff as ever went into the field. When their battalions went forward and were split into fragments, they followed as fast as the dressing of the wounded, friend or enemy, on their path would allow, and established

[1] Colonel N. Manders; b. Marlborough, Wilts., Eng., 12 Dec., 1859. Killed in action, 9 Aug., 1915.

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aid-posts immediately behind the firing line of some part of their battalion—Thompson[2] of the 1st and Gutteridge[3] (7th) in Bridges' Road; Kane[4] (2nd) at the foot of Walker's Ridge; Bean (3rd) and Brennan (11th) at Steele's Post; Tebbutt[5] (4th) in Victoria Gully; Mathison[6] (5th) at the head of White's Valley; Black (6th) and Butler (9th) in Brown's Dip; Nott[7] (10th) in Monash Valley. The 3rd Field Ambulance was working for half a day as a dressing-station on North Beach (the exposed stretch north of Ari Burnu), but the other ambulances simply detached their bearers and doctors in parties to dress and fetch in the wounded to the Casualty Clearing Station, which was early established under the bank at the southern end of the Beach. Captain Welch of the 1st Field Ambulance pushed as far as the Bloody Angle, and there set up for a short time what was almost another regimental aid-post.

Of the work at these forward aid-posts on April 25th that of Butler's post may be cited as an example. The regimental stretcher-bearers were scattered through every part of the front —many were killed—and Butler's staff consisted of a stretcher-bearer with a broken leg, who was brought in and lay on his stretcher superintending in Butler's absence, one unwounded stretcher-bearer, and several slightly wounded riflemen. With such a staff it was impossible to clear the wounded in Brown's Dip. A vicious shrapnel lashed the place, sometimes killing the wounded as they lay there. The main task during the day consisted in digging or finding shelter, and moving the wounded into it. Towards evening teams of stretcher-bearers from the 3rd Field Ambulance under Captains Fry[8] and McWhae[9] began to arrive. The wounded were carried across M'Cay's Hill,

[2] Lieut.-Colonel C. W. Thompson, D.S.O, M.C. Commanded 14th Fld. Amb. 1917; b. Bathurst, N.S.W., 20 Sept., 1882.

[3] Lieut.-Colonel E. W. Gutteridge; 3rd Aust. General Hospital; of Malvern, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Launceston, Tas., 16 Sept., 1888.

[4] Captain F. W. Kane; of Hurlstone Park, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, 4 June, 1865.

[5] Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Tebbutt, D.S.O. Commanded 14th Fld. Amb. 1916/17. Of Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Quirindi, N.S.W., 30 Sept., 1884.

[6] Captain G. C. M. Mathison; of Elsternwick, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Stanley, near Beechworth, Vic., 10 Aug., 1883. Died of wounds, 18 May, 1915.

[7] Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Nott. Commanded 1st Aust. Convalescent Dépôt, 1917/18; b. Adelaide, S. Aust., 1 Aug., 1888.

[8] Colonel H. K. Fry, D.S.O. Commanded 13th Fld. Amb. 1917/18; b. Adelaide, S. Aust., 25 May, 1886.

[9] Colonel D. M. McWhae, C.M.G., C.B.E., A.D.M.S., A.I.F. Dépôts in the United Kingdom 1917/19. Of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Lancefield, Vic., 28 May, 1884.

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slid down a cliff into White's Valley, and thence moved to the Beach. By the early morning they had been cleared from the Dip. The same happened everywhere. Welch at the Bloody Angle was sliding the serious cases down the precipitous slope through the undergrowth by means of putties slipped under their arms. When Bean of the 3rd was hit, his stretcher-bearers went on dressing the wounded, his corporal going round the front line rifle-pits, his medical orderlies damming and filtering water in Shrapnel Gully and issuing it with hot Bovril to patients, exactly as if he had been there, and continued to do so during that day and the next. Every man in the force carried a "first field dressing" in a small packet on his uniform. These dressings were often so well applied by the stretcher-bearers that the medical officers merely closed such wounds as were bleeding heavily, and passed on the other cases as they were. The doctor himself was as often as not engaged in organising. Brennan, at the foot of Steele's Post, took the ration bags from the wounded who came down the sand-slide, established a store of them, and sent back water and food by men going up again.

The wounded accumulated round the Clearing Station at the south end of the Beach. Very few were sent to the ships until noon; it had been realised that the work of landing troops must not be interrupted for a moment by the carrying back of wounded. But at noon, when no more transports were arriving, Colonel Howse obtained leave of the Beach Master to send back wounded to the transports and the hospital ship by every available boat.

The numbers were far greater than had been expected, and many were desperately in need of treatment; but they were now lying in hundreds, and Colonel Howse saw that the one imperative consideration was to get them away to the ships. Towards the end of the first day, when the wounded from the 400 Plateau, almost all torn with shrapnel fire, were streaming in, it was realised that the question of a withdrawal was in the air. The urgency of clearing the Beach became still more pressing, and Howse threw all his personal energy into the task of hastening it. It was in this work that all the surgeons on the Beach were employed. Howse,

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among them in his shirt-sleeves, was doing all day (as one of his colleagues wrote) "the work of ten men"—operating, dressing, fitting the men in the swiftest manner possible for sending to the ships. At high-water mark his responsibility ended and that of the Navy and G.H.Q. began. A short pier had been hurriedly erected. It was understood by the medical staff ashore that the Navy was to provide 200 stretcher-bearers to load the boats; but this was not done. The wounded were put aboard them by whatever labour was available. It was impossible to count or record the cases on this day—the first estimate in the morning was 200; a few hours later it was 700. By midnight it was realised that some 1,200 wounded men had passed through the station, and the total loss was put at 2,000. By 11 p.m., the last, as far as was known, of the wounded who could be reached had been brought down the gullies; the rest—and they were many—lay out among the Turks. By 2 a.m. every disabled man on the Beach had been sent off to the ships.

In consequence of the tardiness of all the medical arrangements of G.H.Q., neither Howse nor Manders ever received the final medical plans of Hamilton's staff. They did not know whether two or four transports were being provided for the wounded, or what were the names of those transports, or where they lay, or whether the 2nd Australian Stationary Hospital from Alexandria had arrived, or whether, if it had, it had manned and equipped the ships to which it was allotted. This was not the responsibility of Manders or Howse, but the knowledge would have helped to avoid the suffering which followed. As a matter of fact Hamilton's staff itself knew none of these things. While the wounded were being hurried by Howse from the Beach far more quickly than was expected and without classification, there had been a complete breakdown of those partial and hurried arrangements which Hamilton's staff had made at the last moment for receiving them. Hamilton's advisers were not even aware whether their plans were succeeding or failing, whether the ships had arrived or sailed, were filled or empty, bare or equipped.

What happened may be thus described. It will be remembered that the administrative staff of G.H.Q. was left in

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Egypt until the last moment, and that the General Staff assumed the responsibility of drawing plans which provided one hospital ship and two transports for the evacuation of all the wounded from Gaba Tepe. At the eleventh hour, on the arrival of the administrative staff, these inadequate plans were altered, the provision being practically doubled and one hospital ship and four transports allotted to Gaba Tepe. In order to fit the additional transports for taking wounded, the 2nd Australian Stationary Hospital and 16th (British) Stationary Hospital, with their equipment and medical officers and a dépôt of medical stores, were hurriedly ordered to leave Egypt at once for Lemnos. On April 20th these embarked at Alexandria in the *Hindoo*.

Had the landing taken place at the date then intended, April 23rd, even the hospital ship *Gascon* would barely have arrived in time, much less the *Hindoo* with staff and fittings for the transports. The weather caused a postponement for two days. The *Hindoo* arrived at Lemnos on the 24th. She carried three doctors, orderlies, equipment, and stores for the transport *Lützow*, the same for the *Ionian*, one doctor with orderlies and equipment for the *Clan Macgillivray*, and fifteen orderlies for the *Seang Choon*. But all these transports except the *Seang Choon* had sailed. The *Hindoo* transferred her orderlies to this ship, and the Assistant-Director of Medical Services ordered Major Barber[10] of the 2nd Australian Stationary Hospital to stand fast and await further orders from the Vice-Admiral.

The *Hindoo* even at this late hour would have been in time to transfer her doctors and equipment to the allotted transports, had arrangements been made for her to do so. But while Sir Ian Hamilton's General Staff sailed with him in the *Queen Elizabeth*, capable of hurrying at high speed wherever the desire of the moment impelled them, his administrative staff was relegated to the *Arcadian*, where they had not even the right, except as an act of grace on the part of the ship's authorities, to send wireless messages. The *Hindoo* during the whole day of the landing lay at Lemnos. That night she was ordered to Cape Helles. At Helles she again lay idle for

[10] Colonel G. W. Barber, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. D.D.M.S., Aust. Corps 1918/19. Of Perth, W. Aust.; b. Prestwich, Lancs., Eng., 20 Nov., 1868.

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four days, with the personnel and equipment of two hospitals on board and not one wounded man. Hamilton's administrative staff, cooped up in the *Arcadian* close beside her, did not know until some time on April 29th where the *Hindoo* was. They had been informed that the General Staff would be responsible for carrying out the plans. On April 29th an urgent appeal came from Colonel Manders stating that he was short of dressings, and at last on that day the *Hindoo* was found and ordered to Gaba Tepe. The *Seang Choon*, *Clan Macgillivray*, and other ships had then left, crowded with wounded, for Alexandria; the 2nd Australian Stationary Hospital transferred itself to the *Gloucester Castle* and *Devanha*, which filled immediately and sailed with 791 and 432 cases respectively.

In the meantime the merchant captains, stewards, and odd sailors in the transports had for four days endeavoured as best they could, with such knowledge and materials as they possessed, to render their septic and crowded steamers fit to receive the barge-loads of wounded which arrived alongside, sometimes before the ships had emptied their troops. Two of the transports earmarked for wounded, the *Seang Choon* and the *Clan Macgillivray*, had temporarily received certain medical officers from the field ambulances; the rest were quite unequipped. One of those specially chosen, the *Lützow*, had still 160 horses on board, and the veterinary surgeon is said to have been the sole medical officer for her 300 patients until a naval doctor was sent to help him on April 26th. Other transports had hurriedly to prepare for wounded. The *City of Benares* was one—she had just cleared a cargo of mules. Captain Burt, in the *Galeka*, was informed that he would be required to receive wounded, and was asked how many he could take. With his chief steward he calculated the number of beds, and replied—160. The ship's doctor began to prepare for that number. The saloon had been cleared for an operating theatre, when it was heard that from 600 to 700 wounded men were coming aboard that afternoon. The same evening Major H. N. Butler[11] of the 3rd Australian Field

[11] Lieut.-Colonel H. N. Butler, D.S.O. Commanded 3rd Fld. Amb. 1915/17; b. Hobart, Tas., 31 March, 1886.

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Ambulance boarded the *Galeka* with part of the ambulance staff, who did what they could for the crowded men, Major Butler dressing and operating for thirty-six hours continuously. Colonel Ryan, at Birdwood's request, went round the ships inspecting, operating, doing what he could without materials, and finally sailed in another badly understaffed ship, the *Dunluce Castle*, in which from four to a dozen men died every day until Alexandria was reached.

During this time Colonel Manders at Anzac had sent four pressing messages to Hamilton's medical staff, stating that the ships were filling up and asking which transport was to receive the additional wounded. But General Birrell, cooped up in the *Arcadian*, never received these telegrams. Birrell knew that he was completely cut off from his work, and unable to fulfil any part of his duty of supervision. On the 27th he asked that either he or his assistant might be allowed to join Hamilton's Staff in the *Queen Elizabeth* in order to supervise the clearing of the wounded, which he realised was not being carried out as intended. G.H.Q. replied that the General Staff was making all arrangements for the evacuation and reception of wounded in accordance with his plans.

Whatever suffering, disillusionment, and loss was caused by the absence of medical arrangements was due to this obsession, fortunately not common with English Staffs, that the presence of the "operations" branch was in some way more important than that of the "administrative" branch. On the very day on which G.H.Q. told Birrell that his plans were being carried out, General Carruthers, acting for General Birdwood, visited the hospital transports. "I have had to disorganise the field ambulances somewhat," he reported, "to get the medical officers and equipment, and the wounded are very uncomfortably housed and the attendance is insufficient and the drugs scanty, but no more was possible. The *Hindoo* with station and hospital and equipment has never come at all. . . . . As the doctors had no medical attendants the hold parties were doing their work." He sent off the *Lützow*, *Itonus*, *Ionian*, *Clan Macgillivray*, and *Seang Choon* with 2,500 wounded to Alexandria.

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The sufferings of these wounded men were great. It might naturally have been expected that the worst discomforts would have ended with the journey down the hillsides. On the contrary, the worst began when they left the Beach. Many spoke of it afterwards as a nightmare. The tow through the dark seemed interminable—the ships had been moved further out after the heavy shells fell near them in the morning. Barges crowded with wounded were hauled round in the dark from one transport to another until they found one not already over-crammed. The stream of casualties was so constant that transports which were receiving lightly wounded men up the gangways sometimes failed to notice the seriously hurt who lay in barges beside the ships. Beside the *Seang Choon* one barge lay from 6 till 11.30 p.m., open to the chilling rain, in a choppy sea, bumping into the ship's side, butted by the launch next to it. There were men in it with arms smashed to pulp, men broken in every part of their bodies. The bumping of the barge was punctuated with curses, moaning, the sighs of men praying to die. For half of them sea-sickness was added to their other miseries. A seaman's head would appear over the ship's rail high above and disappear again; but the barge might have been there till morning, had not a wounded officer written to the authorities aboard, saying that he was a personal friend of General Birdwood and threatening an inquiry. Another boat-load of wounded, which lay beside the *Derfflinger* at dawn, was overturned by the moving of the transport to draw clear of the big shells from Chanak. Lieutenant Boase of the 9th Battalion was in this boat. Though everyone in it was thrown into the water, all but two were saved.

Aboard the improvised "hospital carriers" conditions existed which may scarcely be described. The *Clan Macgillivray* and the *Seang Choon* were probably the best staffed of the original transports. Yet the *Clan Macgillivray* carried 850 wounded with only two doctors, and the *Seang Choon*, packed in every space with from 600 to 800 wounded, had only three. The broken men were lucky if they had a hard table to lie on for the next four days, with life-belts for pillows. The endless stamping of horses in the *Lützow* prevented sleep. The *Derfflinger*, despite the protest

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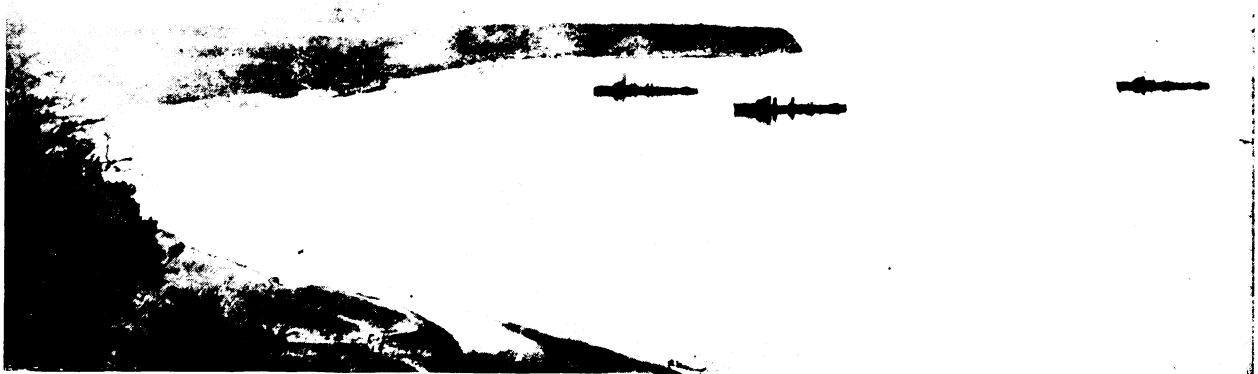
On horizon: Achi Baba. Leane's position. Tekke Burnu (near Helles) in distance.



Foreground: Extreme right of Anzac.

THE ATTACK UPON GABA TEPE, 4TH MAY, 1915. THE SMOKE OF THE DESTROYERS' SHELLS CAN BE SEEN ON THE PROMONTORY

Photo lent by Major Giles, 10th Bn. (Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1534 P)

To face p. 570.

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P: 400 Plateau (Jolly and Pine). W: Wire Gully. GOT: German Officers' Trench.

S: Steele's.

C: Courtney's

Q-Q-Q: Quinn's Post.

Slope of Monash Valley.

Turkish Trench.

B: Bomb Stop.

QUINN'S POST FROM ITS EXTREME LEFT, SHOWING THE BOMB-STOP SEPARATING THE AUSTRALIAN AND TURKISH TRENCHES. THE AUSTRALIAN LINE ON MACLAURIN'S HILL IS ON THE RIGHT.

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1985. Taken in 1919. *To face p. 571.*

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of Major Millard[12] that she was overcrowded, took 590 cases, and sailed with three doctors to Alexandria. By the second day at sea thirty men had died aboard her. In the *Mashobra* many of the wounded had no blankets and no food. In some ships there were no conveniences at all, and newspapers had to serve for utensils of health and cleanliness. In the *Lützow* not even paper was obtainable, and there were only four bed-pans—stolen from another ship—for nearly 800 patients.

Yet the men never showed better than in these difficulties. The lightly hurt were full of thought for the severely wounded. Rarely or never did a man procure tea or food for himself without seeing that those around him were provided for. The men were at this stage of the war genuinely eager to get back to the front for another blow at the "bastards." Those in severe pain bore it mostly without a groan. They saw that the medical staff was overworked, and though food was irregular, and very little at that, the men did not complain. Two qualities characterised the Australian soldier as a patient throughout the campaign. Under almost any suffering he was too proud to wince; and he struggled like a plant towards light and air and water. Stowed in the crowded, unventilated chambers of the ship, any Australian who could move himself used to get somehow to the deck—and to the bath, if one could by any means be obtained. The Australian was not the only soldier who showed well in hospital; it was often said by doctors and nurses that, while all British soldiers bore pain well, the most patient and helpful were the men of the old regular army. All overseas men were noticeably brave under pain. But the passion for sun, air, and water seemed especially to mark the Australian troops.

The mortality in some of the hospital carriers was not so heavy as might have been expected. Some wounds became terribly septic, but in the *Clan Macgillivray*, for example, out of 850 cases only fifteen died on board and ten became septic in a serious degree. From Alexandria the wounded were sent to British and Australian hospitals throughout Egypt. The Aus-

[12] Colonel R. J. Millard, C.M.G., C.B.E. D.D.M.S. A.I.F. 1917 and 1918. Medical Supt. of the Coast Hospital, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Newcastle, N.S.W., 22 May, 1868.

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tralian nursing sisters at No. 1 Australian General Hospital at Heliopolis and No. 2 at Mena slaved to such an extent that those of the wounded who knew them previously were shocked at the change which the strain had produced in them. There grew up between the Australian soldiers and the Australian nurses a comradeship which resembled nothing so much as the relation between brother and sister. Many British and foreign residents in Cairo and Alexandria and in Malta worked night and day for the wounded. The English hospitals and that of the kindly German nuns at Alexandria became full. The ships carried the surplus wounded to Malta, and even to England.

It was only by degrees, as the wounded returned to the front, that the failure of the medical arrangements on the lines of communication became known to the fighting troops. This, together with the apparent bungling of medical boards in Egypt, the difficulty which men who thought themselves restored to health found in being allowed to return to the front, the endless delays and counter-orders in the transhipping of drafts at Lemnos, and the far too obvious comfort of the lines of communication staff in the mail-steamer *Aragon* at Mudros, gave the front line troops a contempt for higher staffs which was not entirely deserved, but which lasted until the Battle of Messines in 1917. In one important respect, however, the British Staff never forfeited the trust of its armies. The provision of food never failed. Even during the first days after the landing the troops were never short of it. A craving for cigarettes, of which several precious sacks were sent ashore by the men of the navy, and for news from outside, the place of which was filled by rumours "from the Beach," were two of the symptoms which marked the strain of the early days.

A more difficult matter than the food supply at Anzac was the provision of water. Birdwood, with whom everything affecting the spirit of his troops was of great importance, had this problem in his mind throughout the campaign. "The hole I have to take," he wrote to Colonel FitzGerald a few days before the landing, "is the most waterless piece of the Peninsula. . . . When I was to have command, I arranged to have some big piers up here for landing purposes, and as

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ballast I had these all fitted with 2,000 kerosene tins filled with fresh water apiece. Some of these are available, but I am sorry to say the majority of them seems to have been lost on the way up here. I also thought I had arranged for one of the Canal water-tank boats, each of which carries an enormous quantity of water, but this seems now to have dropped out of the programme. When I was to have gone to Alexandretta, I got Maxwell to buy up all the local mules he could, and these, I am glad to say, to the number of about 300 (with refugee drivers from Alexandria), are now available. Also, since my arrival here I have purchased for myself 100 of these small donkeys with saddles, each of which will carry a couple of kerosene oil tins up the hill. Lotbinière is full of resource, and as soon as we land and advance up the hill, he will start looking for water and sinking Norton tube wells in any feasible spot, so I hope we shall manage somehow."

Birdwood held strongly at the time that, owing to the unfortunate absence of the administrative staff, G.H.Q. was not giving the necessary attention to the water supply and transport in this difficult country. It was directly due to his own personal foresight and persistence that, both at the landing and in the great offensive in August, at any rate his own troops had sufficient water. Although a considerable part of his cherished arrangements for the bringing of water from Egypt to the landing was omitted by G.H.Q., yet on the first day water in kerosene tins was carried from the Beach up most of the gullies. A few hours after the first man landed, two special parties of the 2nd Field Company of Engineers, under Captain T. R. Williams[13] and Lieutenant W. H. Dawkins,[14] began to search the gullies for water. By nightfall they had two tube wells sunk at the mouth of Shrapnel Gully. Next day Dawkins, a Duntroon boy, moved to Dawkins' Point—the seaward end of M'Cay's Hill—and by the second evening he had sunk twenty shallow wells, which gave 20,000 gallons daily of good soakage water. Troughs were immedi-

[13] Lieut.-Colonel T. R. Williams, C.M.G., D.S.O.; 3rd Div. Engineers. b. Bundaberg, Q'land, 10 Apr., 1884.

[14] Lieut. W. H. Dawkins; 2nd Fld. Coy. Engineers. Duntroon Graduate; of Korong Vale, Vic.; b. Rochester, Vic., 26 Oct., 1892. Killed in action, 12 May, 1915.

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ately erected there for 500 animals. Pipes had to be laid under fire. A most useful water service had been completed, when, on May 12th, the gallant Dawkins went out to cover one of his pipes. The first shell of the day burst low in front of him and he was killed.

The medical officers and their men were also from the first on the look-out for water. The 3rd Battalion found a muddy trickle in Shrapnel Gully, which they dammed and filtered through an ammunition box by means of a towel and some sand. Captain Butler, of the 9th, by the same device at Brown's Dip, supplied water to which machine-gunners from the 400 Plateau constantly came to refill the jackets of their steaming guns. The water supply at Anzac was never plentiful, but the men, who had been warned of the fact, exercised more restraint than their leaders expected, and, thanks to Birdwood's precautions, the supply never fell so short as to hamper operations.

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CHAPTER XXVI

END OF THE FIRST PHASE OF THE CAMPAIGN

THE more exhausted of the Australian brigades having been swiftly reorganised, there arose the question of continuing the advance from Anzac.

Hamilton's chief anxiety was to reach Achi Baba with the 29th Division. That peak had been one of the objectives for the southern covering force. On April 26th, though only the cliffs had been seized at Helles, Hamilton hoped to attack Achi Baba next day. On the 27th he telegraphed to Lord Kitchener that the 29th Division had not yet been able to undertake that task, as the troops were exhausted and some units had lost heavily, but that it would be attacked on the 28th. On that day the 29th Division advanced up the Peninsula. About midday it came against the Turks, who were in some strength, and the British reserves were ordered through. On the left some of the forward troops were believed to have reached a point not far from Krithia, but the men were worn out. At nightfall the line stretched across the Peninsula from sea to sea, at about two miles from its toe, but Achi Baba was still over three miles distant. Hamilton then realised that for the moment the wearied units of the 29th Division could do no more. He therefore decided that they should hold what they had until reinforcements arrived, and then continue the advance.

Hamilton was undoubtedly right in pushing towards Achi Baba during the critical days following the landing. The attack at Gaba Tepe, only four miles from the Narrows, had attracted to itself all the nearest Turkish reserves, and the foot of the Peninsula was open to Hamilton to an extent which even he did not realise. Only the great strength of the enemy defences at the foot of the Peninsula and the bravery of their garrison prevented an advance which might conceivably have reached Achi Baba on April 26th. But on that day the 29th Division, after hacking its way through uncut wire and unsubdued machine-guns, was as much worn out as the Australians and New Zealanders. By the 28th, when

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the advance was actually made, large Turkish forces were beginning to pour into the south of the Peninsula. Major von Zehren Hollstern, a German officer, was given command of this southern zone: and the problem of an advance there, as at Anzac, had changed to that which it had been most desired to avoid—that of a frontal attack upon a trench line which was being daily reinforced. Until he had tested it, Hamilton could not be fully apprised of the great change in the task which now lay before him in the south. Though he saw that the advance upon Achi Baba could not be continued without reinforcements, he did not dream of giving it up. This was the operation which from the first had absorbed most of his attention and that of his Staff. The country at Anzac was far more difficult, and he had not yet decided to what account he could turn the precarious foothold there. Accordingly, while he lent Birdwood four battalions of the Royal Naval Division to help him with his reliefs, all the other reinforcements were directed to Helles, where was still his main thrust. The French Division was transferred thither from its feint at Kum Kale; Cox's Indian Brigade arrived on May 1st; the 42nd (East Lancashire Territorial) Division, which had now been promised from Egypt, was ordered to the same place.

During these days, therefore, although Hamilton had not yet definitely abandoned the idea of any advance from Anzac, no reinforcements were sent there, and for his next move Birdwood had to rely on the troops who had already fought the battle of the landing, and on the four naval battalions. The general resumption of the forward movement, which many officers and men expected, had not been ordained. But for purely defensive purposes some advance was urgently needed. The position to which the Australians and New Zealanders were at present clinging was an almost impossible one. If it was to be extended before the Turks had hemmed it in with impassable defences, there was no time to be lost.

The hill which Colonel MacLagan on the first day had rightly considered the key of the Anzac position—Baby 700—was still in Turkish hands; the enemy held the end of both branches of Monash Valley; he looked straight down the main gully up which, only a few hundred yards away, ran the most important line of communications in the Anzac area; he had

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an open view past the rear of all the vital posts on the valley side—Quinn's, Courtney's, Steele's. When the Marines, ignorant of the position, massed on the apparently sheltered slope behind their posts, he slaughtered them with machine-guns. He could see the mule-train leaving Brighton Beach—distant three-quarters of a mile—and the ration parties toiling up the bed of the gully to a point only 300 yards below him. The Australians had still no continuous line at the head of the valley. The post upon Pope's Hill remained as it were upon an island between the two branches, although its commander now knew the position of the troops on either side of him. To its left the end of the New Zealand line lay disconnected upon Russell's Top; to its right the Australian line on the Second ridge ended at Quinn's Post. The enemy held not only Baby 700 but The Nek and the portion of Russell's Top immediately adjoining it. Down the western fork of the valley the Turks still penetrated after every heavy attack. During Mustafa Kemal's assault on Saturday, May 1st, a strong party had crept along the side of Russell's Top into the large bare watercourse later known as "Wellington Valley," close above Colonel Monash's headquarters, in the heart of the Australian position. Individual snipers probably stole even further, and men on the slopes in rear of the line in Monash Valley were still shot dead from behind. The snipers were sometimes found and killed.[1] As late as May 1st parties were sent to clear them out with the bayonet. But even with Russell's Top free of them, the Turks on The Nek and the Chessboard still looked into the back of the line from Quinn's to MacLaurin's Hill, while those upon Dead Man's Ridge stared at point-blank range down the valley.

All the posts in Monash Valley were precarious, the troops holding trenches only a few yards in from the summit. Communication saps ran back from the firing line a few yards to the edge of the slope. Below the mouths of these, like martins, in ledges and holes, lived the supports, whose duty in case of an emergency was either to lie behind the trenches and fire over them, or instantly to charge the

[1] Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Brown, of the 3rd Bn., affirmed that one such sniper was found to be a Turk in civilian clothes. He had shot from the rear a man named Douglas, of the 3rd Bn.

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enemy or retake a captured trench. At Pope's the supports lived towards the more sheltered end of the hillside; at Quinn's, Courtney's, and Steele's they were crowded high up near the top of the indentation, sheltered from the Turks on The Nek, Chessboard, and Dead Man's Ridge only by the left, or northern, shoulder of their respective recesses. On the right, or southern, side of each it was death to venture. More than one man who went to that side for firewood pitched headlong down the slope, shot from the Turkish trenches at the top of the valley.

But of all the garrisons the one whose tenure was most precarious was that of the recess in which the line upon the east side of Monash Valley ended—Quinn's Post. Quinn's was beyond the fork of Monash Valley. The track to it led past the foot of Pope's Hill (where the junction was), along the bed of the right or eastern branch of the gully, and then at about 100 yards from Pope's, turned steeply to the right up the last indentation but one. It climbed the small water-course, screened from Dead Man's Ridge by the scrub on the northern shoulder of the recess. Near the top the gutter forked. In the scrub on the left were the ledges and holes of the supports; on the top—at this date still covered by bullet-torn scrub—the firing line held a series of disconnected rifle-pits on the near side of the crest. At Quinn's the back-bone of the Second ridge dipped forty feet lower than the portions of the same ridge on either flank; the Chessboard, seventy yards to the left, and German Officers' Ridge, 200 yards to the right, both overlooked it. There were Turks less than fifty yards from its front, on the other side of the same crest; while Dead Man's Ridge—the knuckle held by the enemy in front of Pope's—was exactly 100 yards to its left rear.[2] No one could live on the crest, and the Turks, fifty yards to the front, needed only to drive back the garrison for five yards in order to hurl them down the valley. All night long the men in the rifle-pits stood to arms, with bayonets fixed, staring anxiously at the skyline a dozen yards in front of them.

When, on the night of the landing, the troops of the 4th

[2] See plates at pp. 571 and 587.

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(Monash's) Infantry Brigade—the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th Battalions—reached the head of the valley, they found Quinn's held by a handful of men of the 1st and 3rd Brigades, together with some New Zealanders and a New Zealand machine-gun. The 16th Battalion was put in at Pope's, and part of the 15th near Courtney's and Steele's. The 13th, coming up next day, mainly strengthened the 16th Battalion on Pope's, but one of its companies reinforced the remnants of the original garrison at Quinn's. On Tuesday, April 27th, one company of the 14th under Major Steel, coming up with Colonel Monash, was thrown into Courtney's; two other companies, under Major Adams,[3] were sent to Quinn's. Adams was wounded, and Major Rankine[4] took command of the post. When the 1st Australian Division was being reorganised, the 15th Battalion, which had been scattered through it, was gradually disentangled, and on Thursday, the 29th, the 14th Battalion in Quinn's Post was relieved by six officers and about 220 men of the 15th under Captain Quinn.[5] In the three days and nights during which they held the post the companies of the 14th had lost one of their commanders, Captain Hoggart,[6] and nearly a third of their men, mostly struck down by machine-gun fire as they tried to dig in.

Until Wednesday, April 28th, the Turkish position at the head of Monash Valley was almost as unsettled as that of the Australians. The tension at this point, the tremendous fire which had been maintained there night and day since the landing, the heavy fight of Tuesday, the constant local attacks and the extreme watchfulness of their enemy, had prevented the digging of a trench system. But on Wednesday before dark there was a strong movement of Turks opposite all the posts at the valley head. Numbers were seen advancing to the end of both branches of Monash Valley and digging in. And of the struggle which thus began at Quinn's there was no cessa-

[3] Lieut.-Colonel J. Adams, V.D.; 14th Bn. School teacher; b. Bendigo, Vic., 6 Jan., 1863.

[4] Lieut.-Colonel R. Rankine, D.S.O. Commanded 39th Bn. 1916/17. Of St. Kilda, Melbourne, Vic.; b. Chatham, Kent, Eng., 29 July, 1868.

[5] Major H. Quinn; 15th Bn. Public accountant and auditor; of Charters Towers and Townsville, Q'land; b. Charters Towers, 6 May, 1888. Killed in action, 29 May, 1915.

[6] Captain W. R. Hoggart; 14th Bn. Of Geelong, Vic.; b. Buangor, Vic., 22 Aug., 1876. Killed in action, 27 Apr., 1915.

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tion, night or day, for eight months. On Thursday morning Colonel Monash received Quinn's report. It ran:

Col. Monash,
H.Qrs. 4th Brigade.

Centre of Line,
29/4/15.

Enemy entrenched about 50 yards in front of centre of line and commenced at daybreak to throw hand grenades. Fully ½ dozen have already burst about the trench.

H. QUINN, Capt.,
6.30 a.m.

Hand grenades were, as has already been said, a weapon strange to the Australians. On Friday, April 30th, Quinn reported that the Turks were in a slight dip in front of him, well concealed. They appeared to be tunnelling, with a view to blowing up the post. "I cannot get at them well," he wrote, "but if I had a bomb or two it would probably shift them." Colonel Elliott, chief engineer of the 1st Division, brought him a few captured Turkish bombs, missiles of black iron with a few seconds' fuse and of the size and shape of a tennis ball. Only three were thrown. Divisional Headquarters anxiously inquired whether the throwing was successful; the Brigade replied that apparently it was not. The landing force thus possessed no bombs until they were subsequently manufactured on the Beach from jam tins and scraps of metal. Another urgent requirement at Quinn's was the periscope, but neither side at first possessed that instrument. The only method of observing was by looking over the parapet. The danger of this proceeding, when the opposing trenches were only fifty yards apart, was extreme. On Thursday Pope's Hill asked for three periscopes. "They would save many lives," the message said. The Marines brought a few with them, and on May 2nd a most precious consignment of four was sent on loan to each of the front line brigades, to be most strictly returned. When they were sent back, it was found that the number was short, and anxious telegrams flew round the line until the fate of each one was explained. The periscopes used at this stage consisted of two small pieces of looking-glass let into the top and bottom of a stick, so that the top glass could be held over the parapet while the observer obtained his view by looking into the lower one. About the end of the first week the engineers began to make numbers of these out of looking-glasses sent ashore from the transports, and the supply became

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gradually adequate. The firing line was short of sandbags also; on May 4th Captain Austin,[7] of the 3rd Battalion, asked for six sandbags, "urgently required."

Such were the conditions under which the early struggle at Quinn's was carried on. During the afternoon of May 1st, when the enemy were making their general assault, Quinn reported: "350 Turks have just attacked on our left and in gully. They have thrown six bombs over into our trenches. I require a supply hand bombs, *please*. . . . Can I get one periscope?" The spirit in which the post was held can be judged from the message received from Lieutenants Armstrong[8] and Collin,[9] who had their men shooting at the Turks while the latter were digging in there on Thursday. "We can see them easily," they said. "They are just firing in the air. . . . They won't surprise us by any means." Efforts were made to improve the five yards of foothold by digging. On April 28th Captain Skelsey,[10] of the New Zealand engineers, was asked to protect the post by a wire entanglement. He crawled out in front of Quinn's by night, and proved that the only device for putting out wire was to fling it from the trenches and let it lie there to give warning of troops crossing it. The engineers began to sap forward from the rifle-pits, subsequently making "T-head" trenches from the saps. Gradually in the course of the next fortnight these T-heads were connected, but at the date of the events with which this chapter deals these improvements were scarcely begun.

The Turks, well aware how precarious was the Australian foothold at Quinn's, constantly attacked that position. But even with Quinn's, Pope's, and Courtney's denied to them, they completely commanded Monash Valley from the high ground at its end. From the day of his arrival Colonel Monash realised that Baby 700 would have to be taken in order to render safe the position in the valley. Birdwood and Godley were equally impressed with this necessity, which indeed was obvious. It was therefore decided that an advance should be made on May 1st

[7] Major C. D. Austin: 3rd Bn. Branch manager, Messrs. James Bell & Coy., Sydney, N.S.W.; b. 7 Dec., 1872. Killed in action 6 Aug., 1915.

[8] Lieut. F. L. Armstrong; 15th Bn. Bank clerk, Q'land National Bank; b. 25 Oct., 1880. Killed in action, 10 May, 1915.

[9] Lieut. L. N. Collin; 15 Bn. Student; b. Brisbane, Q'land, 29 Oct., 1894. Killed in action, 9 May, 1915.

[10] Major F. W. Skelsey; N.Z. Engineers; b. Batley, Yorks., Eng., 11 Nov., 1871.

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to a better line of defence, which would include the summit of Baby 700 and all the Turkish positions overlooking Monash Valley.

The advance, however, was not to be confined to the head of the valley. It was proposed that the line on MacLaurin's Hill also should be pushed forward to Mortar Ridge, and that the troops further south should seize the whole of the 400 Plateau. The line would then run over Baby 700, down Mortar Ridge, and along the western edge of Legge Valley. The northerly advance on the left was to be carried out by the New Zealand Brigade, its right being directed against the summit of Baby 700 and its left along the seaward slopes. Monash's 4th Australian Brigade was to advance north-eastwards, with its left directed upon the summit of Baby 700, joining the New Zealanders there. The 1st Australian Brigade was to move due-east to link with the 4th Brigade about the mouth of Mule Valley and the southern end of Mortar Ridge. It will be seen that Colonel Monash had to cover the ever-widening space left by the New Zealand Brigade and the 1st Brigade as they diverged. To effect this, the 13th Battalion was to move in between the diverging units, and the 16th, in reserve, was to bridge any gaps that were left.

The decision to attack was made on Friday, April 30th. Orders were immediately issued. The assault was to be at 5 p.m. next day. The 1st Australian Infantry Brigade was to be put back into the line on the right of Monash, relieving the Marines on MacLaurin's Hill. The 1st Brigade would therefore be the force upon which would fall the duty of advancing on the 400 Plateau and the foot of Mortar Ridge. Its command had now been finally given to General Walker, Colonel Johnston having returned to the New Zealand Brigade.

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Walker, who was to relieve General Trotman of the Marines in MacLagan's old headquarters, knew from personal observation the country where the junction of the two divisions was to be made. With the brigades weak as they now were, this operation impressed him as hopeless. He asked Bridges to come up and look over the ground for himself. On the morning of Saturday, May 1st—the attack being timed for the same evening—Bridges reconnoitred the area where the flanks of the 4th and 1st Australian Brigades were to join.[11] He too became convinced that the operation was full of risk. General Godley's staff still favoured it. But Bridges' doubts were known to Birdwood. Colonel Monash, having gone up to confer with Walker, met Bridges and Glasfurd. Walker persisted in his opposition to the attack. Another survey was taken of the actual country where the 4th and 1st Brigades would meet, Monash's staff-captain, Jess, going with Walker to Courtney's Post, from which Mule Valley and Mortar Ridge could be seen. Major Pinwill,[12] of Godley's staff, also visited Courtney's with Jess, and it was agreed that the part of the operation involving the divergence of these brigades was too risky to be attempted.

Birdwood therefore decided that the plan should be modified. The N.Z and A. Division should still attack Baby 700. But the 1st Australian Division should not move, and the 4th Brigade, instead of advancing to Mortar Ridge, should pivot upon Quinn's and reach out thence to Baby 700. It was already 3 p.m. on Saturday when this decision was circulated. The Turks were then attacking heavily. Moreover General Godley was opposed to the delivery of the assault by daylight. He asked that the time for it should be, not 5 p.m., but as late as the naval guns could safely continue to fire without hitting the infantry. He suggested that the attack should be made at 7.30. Some further survey of the ground was also necessary, and the attack was therefore postponed for twenty-six hours, until Sunday, May 2nd.

The new plan was simple. Along the edge of Monash

[11] Captain D. M. King, Brigade Major 1st Bde., was wounded during this reconnaissance.

[12] Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Pinwill, D.S.O., p.s.c. Commanded 7th Bn. W. Yorks. Regt. 1918; b. Probus, Cornwall, Eng., 9 Oct., 1873.

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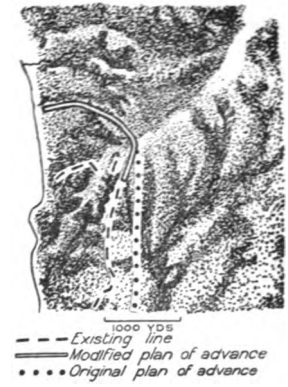
Valley the line was to stand still, but from the left of Quinn's to the seashore at Walker's Ridge it was to be advanced so as to include the summit of Baby 700. The 4th Brigade would be responsible for the section from Quinn's to the top of Baby 700, while the New Zealand Brigade took from Baby 700 to the sea. The hour of assault was to be, in compliance with General Godley's request, about nightfall, and for the first time at Anzac it was to be preceded by a bombardment. At 7 p.m. the guns both of the Navy and of the field and mountain batteries would open a concentrated fire upon Baby 700; at 7.10 the rifles and machine-guns in the northern part of the line were to swell the covering fire; at 7.15 all guns would increase their range and lift their fire onto Battleship Hill and Chunuk Bair—from half a mile to a mile in rear of Baby 700. At that moment the infantry would advance and attack the hill. The front of attack from Quinn's to Baby 700 was that on which all effort was concentrated. The seizing of the lower seaward spurs was a simple matter which would follow easily when once Baby 700 was taken.



The main route for the infantry, both Australian and New Zealand, was to be in the shelter of Monash Valley. No attempt was to be made to use The Nek as an approach until Baby 700 had actually been taken. In preparation for this attack the 16th Battalion had been relieved from Pope's Hill on Friday and camped in Monash Valley, where it was under a casual sniping fire. The plan of the infantry advance, translated into simple language, was that the 16th Battalion should file up the eastern branch of the valley past the foot of Quinn's, until its head had reached the end of the Bloody Angle. It would then turn to its right, scale the valley side, and seize the crest of the Bloody Angle. The Otago Battalion was at the same time to emerge from the western branch of the valley and seize the seaward slope of Baby 700

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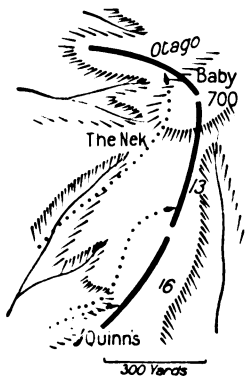
as far as the summit. The 13th Battalion was to follow after the 16th up the eastern branch and fill in the gap between the 16th and the Otago Battalion. This it would do by filing to the left from the Bloody Angle, after the 16th had turned to the right, and feeling out from the flank of the 16th for the flank of the Otago Battalion. These three battalions would be responsible for the main advance. But when the Otago Battalion had seized the summit of Baby 700, a company of the Canterbury Battalion was to cross The Nek and prolong the left of the line down the seaward spurs of Baby 700 towards No. 1 Post. In the same way the 15th Australian Battalion (of Monash's Brigade), then holding Pope's Hill, was to provide a company to follow after the Otago Battalion and fill in any gap between it and the 13th. Half the Nelson Battalion of the Royal Naval Division was in reserve to the New Zealanders. The Chatham and Portsmouth Battalions of Marines, which had been relieved during the previous night and were reorganising in the gullies behind the line, were at a later stage sent to support the Australians.



The sound of the bombardment which opened at dusk was the heaviest that Australian troops had ever heard. The *Triumph*, *Dartmouth*, *Bacchante*, *Queen*, *Prince of Wales*, *London*, *Majestic*, and *Canopus*—standing off in that order from south to north—and field- and mountain-guns and howitzers in scattered positions (amounting to about five batteries of land guns in all) opened heavily for a quarter of an hour upon Baby 700. Colonel Monash's infantry had already moved. As soon as darkness fell—about 6.30—the 16th Battalion had started up the eastern branch of the valley near the foot of Quinn's Post. It was the first occasion on which the 4th Brigade had been launched in an assault, and the men were eager. The 16th Battalion had been nearly worn out by the task of holding Pope's Hill with the Turks in front and rear since the first night. It had been withdrawn

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into Monash Valley to "rest," but the sniping from Dead Man's Ridge, especially during the Sunday of the attack, had become so heavy that it was barely safe for a man to show himself in the "rest camp." The relief of the 13th Battalion (which was to take part in the attack) was so dangerous under this fire, and the whole plan seemed so likely to be hampered by it, that at the eleventh hour Colonel Monash was ordered, as a special operation, to clear the two valleys of snipers. This was an impossible task, but the guns, turned onto the head of the valley during the afternoon, seemed to have given some relief.

In spite of this harassing fire the 16th, after its two days' rest, and three companies of the 13th which had had no rest at all, were in overflowing spirits as they moved up the Bloody Angle at nightfall. The sound of the bombardment overhead was inspiriting. At 7.15, when it eased and lengthened, the 16th turned to the right and climbed the steep side of the valley head. The bombardment had completely subdued the enemy. Now that the gunfire had slackened, scarcely a sound penetrated the depths of the valley. Not a shot was fired on the 16th so long as it was in the gully. But when the climbing men reached with a cheer the top of the ridge connecting Quinn's with the Chessboard, a heavy fire was opened on them. The extreme right of the 16th's line clambered over the northernmost trenches of Quinn's Post, which were held by a weak company of the 13th under Captain Forsythe.[13] The rest of the 16th advanced a few yards over the level summit and began to dig a trench line in prolongation of Quinn's Post. Their supports, immediately below the crest of the hill, were singing "Tipperary" and "Australia Will Be There." The sound of their voices and of the cheers as they topped the hill was carried far down the valley to Brigade Headquarters. The Turks also either heard this sound or saw the flash of the rifles, for a fierce fire was turned upon the spot from the Turkish positions on The Nek and Chessboard. This fire was from the left rear of the 16th. It struck the supports on the rear slope of the hill, and some of the men who were digging on the left of the line drew back into the gully of the

[13] Captain W. A. Forsythe; 13th Bn. Area officer; of Petersham, N.S.W.; b. Marysville, Yuba County, California, U.S.A.

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TRENCHES AT STEELE'S POST, 3RD MAY, 1915, SHOWING A SNIPER AND HIS OBSERVER WITH PERISCOPE

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G945.

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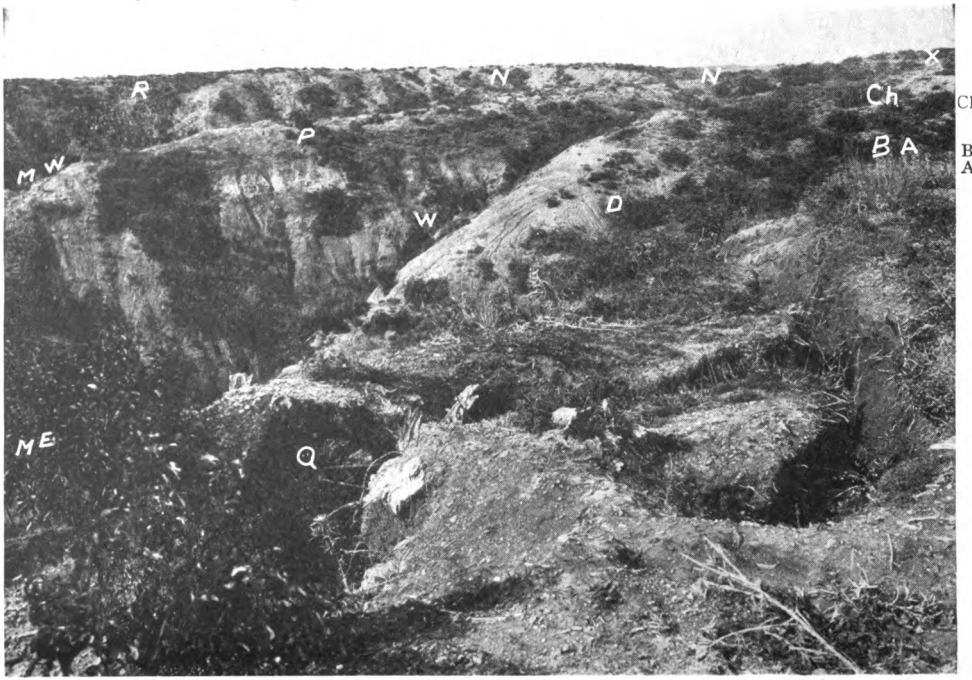
R: Russell's Top. P: Pope's Hill. N-N: Nek. D: Dead Man's Ridge. X: Baby 700.

MW: West Branch of Monash Vy.

Pope's Hill.

W: Waterfall Gully.

ME: East Branch of Monash Vy.



Ch: Chessboard.

BA: Bloody Angle.

Q: Extreme left of Quinn's Post.

THE GAPS IN THE LINE AT THE HEAD OF MONASH VALLEY. ANZAC TROOPS WERE AT RUSSELL'S TOP (R), POPE'S (P), AND QUINN'S (Q): THE TURKS WERE AT THE NEK (N-N), CHESSBOARD (Ch), AND EVENTUALLY AT DEAD MAN'S RIDGE (D) AND IN THE TRENCHES IN THE FOREGROUND, ADJOINING QUINN'S

Aust. War Museum Official Photo. No. G1925. Taken in 1919. *To face p.* 587.

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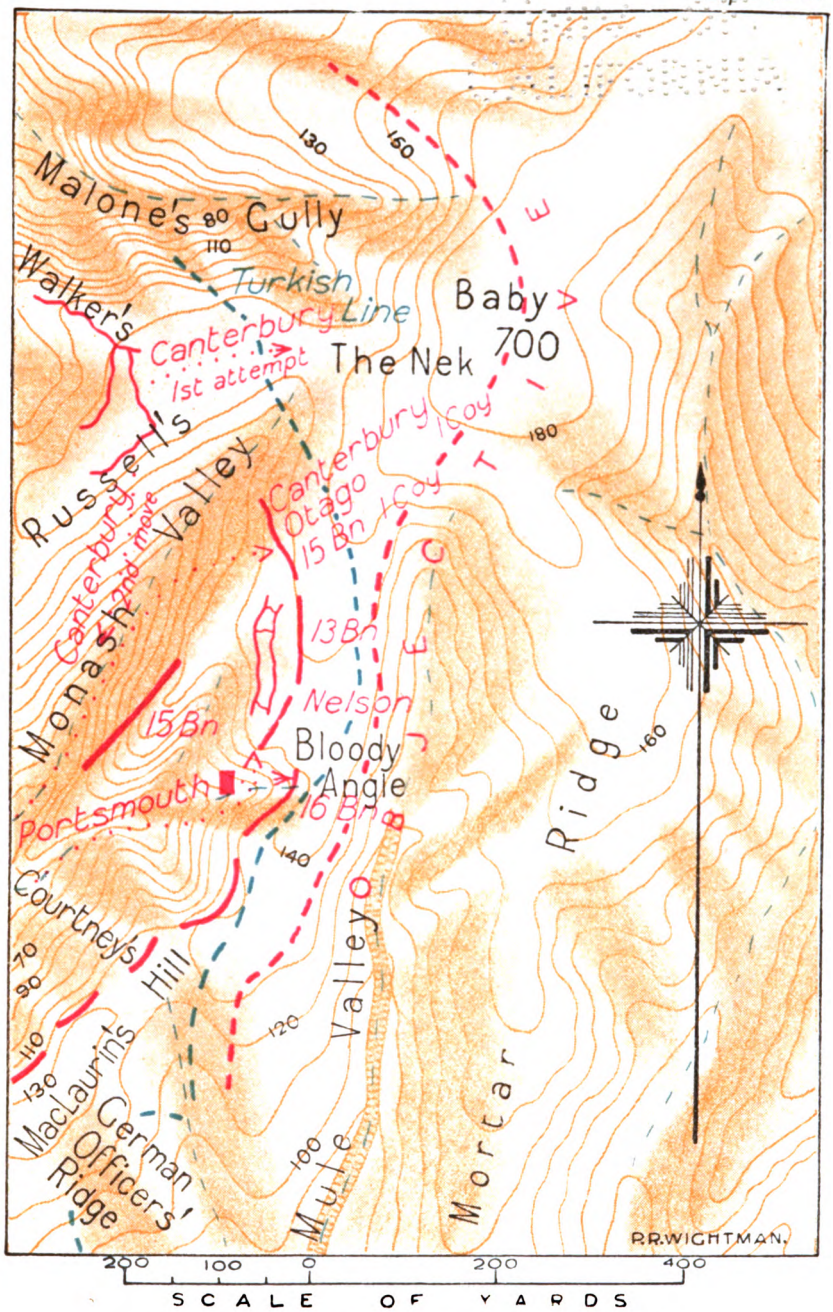

ATTACK BY THE N.Z. & A. DIVISION ON BABY 700.
THE POSITION AT DAWN, 3RD MAY, 1915
British troops and trenches, red; Turkish, blue. Height contours, 10 metres.

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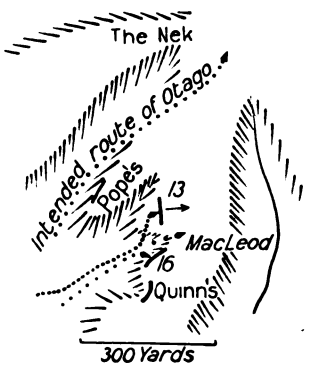
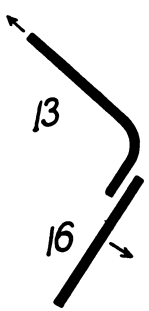
Bloody Angle. At the foot of Dead Man's Ridge they rallied, and climbed the hill again. Throughout the night they continued to fight and dig by turns. Part of the line of the 16th found a Turkish trench five yards in from the crest of the Bloody Angle and occupied it. On the left, where there was no trench, the men dug rifle-pits in the scrub.

The fire which poured in upon the rear slope of the ridge occupied by the 16th made the task of carrying ammunition to it a most deadly one. As the supply began to fail, Private Fink,[14] runner to Major Mansbridge, and other brave men volunteered to bring the boxes up the hill. Again and again the volunteers were shot as they scrambled up with the heavy cases; others took their places, only to fall dead across the boxes they were dragging, or to roll down the steep side to the valley bed. Communication with the line of the 16th digging on the crest of the Bloody Angle became, towards morning, almost impossible.



The rôle of the 13th was to follow the 16th to the head of the Bloody Angle, then wheel to the left, cross the slope of Baby 700 in single file, rout any Turks whom they met there, and keep on until they found the Otago Battalion on the summit. Colonel Burnage, with his adjutant, Captain Durrant,[15] and six scouts, headed the battalion, following the tail of the 16th. When the 16th scaled the heights to the right, the 13th held on. Men of the 16th were sliding back killed or wounded. About the foot of Dead Man's Ridge Burnage wheeled to the left,



[14] Pte. G. Fink (No. 674, 16th Bn.); of Melbourne; b. South Yarra, 21 Nov., 1884. Killed in action, 2 May, 1915.

[15] Lieut.-Colonel J. M. A. Durrant, C.M.G., D.S.O. A.A. & Q.M.G. 2nd Aust. Div. 1917/18; officer of Aust. Permanent Forces; of Parramatta, N.S.W.; b. Glenelg, S. Aust., 17 March, 1885.

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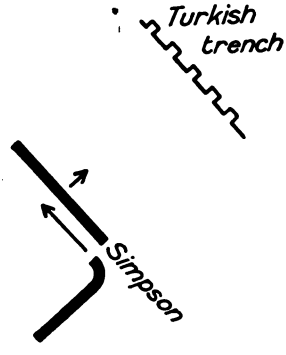
and led the file up the slope opposite to that which the 16th had climbed. Whereas the line of the 16th had turned simultaneously to the right and moved abreast up the hill, the manœuvre of the 13th was a wheel, each man following the one in front, still in single file. At the top of the steep valley side Burnage reached the gentle slope of the Chessboard leading to Baby 700. There he stood with Durrant, counting the men as they filed past.

Burnage knew that there was a Turkish trench ahead of him. When the 13th was holding Pope's, Sergeant Cotterill[16] and a few scouts had crawled out onto Dead Man's Ridge and the Chessboard, a region of scrub which was not then definitely held by either side; in the bush upon the crest the snipers —Turkish and Australian—had stalked one another. Two of the scouts—Cotterill and another—returned, both wounded. They could only report that the scrub was "crawling with Turks." But from a further report from Lieutenant Marks[17] Burnage knew the position of this trench. When 250 men had passed him, he gave the order to turn to the right, and, with Captain J. W. A. Simpson[18] leading, the line advanced upon it. Turks bolted from the scrub like startled game. The trench was taken. Fire was coming from everywhere, and the enemy threw a few bombs. So new were the Australians still to these missiles that Durrant, himself an officer in the regular service, picked up one which fell at his feet smoking and fizzing. "Look, Colonel," he said to Burnage, "a Chinese stink-pot!" The Colonel cried to him to throw it away, which he did before it exploded. Fortunately at this period the Turk left his fuses too long.



Meanwhile the remaining platoons of the 13th were still

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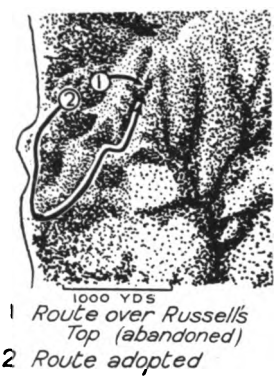

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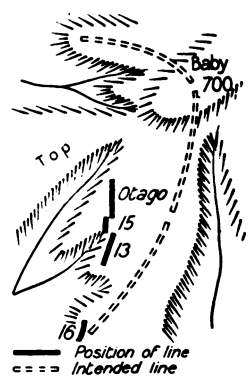
So encumbered was the Beach, so crowded with men of the Nelson Battalion was the track up Monash Valley, so troublesome were the snipers at its head, so constant was the stream of stretcher-bearers and wounded when once the attack commenced, that it was 8.45, an hour and a half after the advance of the 16th Battalion, before the Otago Battalion cleared the starting-point at the foot of Pope's Hill. It hurried forward up the western branch of Monash Valley. At a certain point it turned and scaled the height on its right, beyond the left of Pope's Post, as the 16th had done beyond Quinn's. But the Turks had been thoroughly aroused. A tremendous fire was opened from Baby 700 on the New Zealanders. The Otago Battalion made several attempts to advance beyond the crest, losing very heavily. Baby 700 was never reached. Finally a rough line was organised at the foot of the Chessboard, a short distance in from the valley's edge towards which the line gradually converged as it neared The Nek. On this line the Otago Battalion attempted to dig. An officers' patrol of the 13th sent out by Burnage at



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The line thus taken up did not approximate to that which it was the sole object of the whole operation to attain. While the 16th was holding very nearly the position intended for it, its left was not beyond the end of the Bloody Angle. The right of the 13th was opposite the left of the 16th, but the head of the valley was still between them, and they were not connected as the plan had meant them to be. The left of the 13th was, in accordance with its orders, in touch with the Otago Battalion. But the Otago Battalion had barely been able to cover any portion of the 500 yards of slope from the edge of the valley to the hilltop which was its objective. The whole of Baby 700, The Nek, and the extreme ends of both branches of Monash Valley were still in the hands of the Turks. The left of the 16th and that of the Otago Battalion were each in the air, and completely enfiladed by the heavy fire from their flank and left rear. Some of the 16th, who had left their rifles in the bushes on the rear slope while they dug, found them cut to splinters by machine-gun fire. These two battalions were entrenching under the greatest difficulties. Between them the 13th Battalion, though it lost 200 men during the night, managed to dig a system of support and communication trenches on the summit and slope of Dead Man's Ridge, with a front-line trench, two or three feet deep, about 100 yards ahead upon the Chessboard. By the morning it had dug a communication trench, through which, by crawling, the front line could be reached in daylight.

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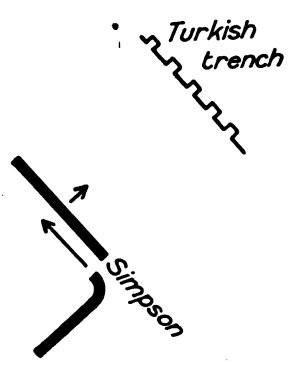

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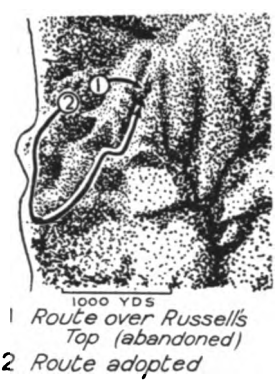

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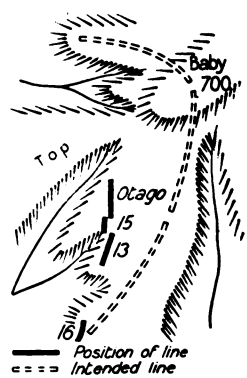

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each brigadier of the partial success of the other, and further troops were thrown in to support each brigade—if not to retrieve the day, at least to enable them to hold whatever they had gained. It has been explained that, if the Otago Battalion succeeded in seizing Baby 700, the leading company of the Canterbury Battalion was to cross The Nek and prolong the Otago line down the seaward spurs. Otago still lay far from Baby 700, far short even of The Nek. But at 11 p.m., on the supposition that there was still a chance of success, the Canterbury Battalion was ordered to send forward its leading company from the New Zealand trenches. The company in question, waiting behind the trenches at the top of Walker's Ridge, had heard, about 9.30 at night, a tremendous cheering. It may have been these cheers which led to the report that the Otago Battalion had made good. When the word came to advance, the company moved out towards The Nek. The summit of the Top rapidly narrowed, and the company commander gathered the impression that he was approaching a neck where only four men would be able to advance abreast. The Nek was in reality wider. The fire which was opened on the company from its front showed that the report of the Otagos' success was entirely false, and that The Nek and Baby 700 ahead of it were in possession of the Turks. The company came back and reported this fact, whereupon the brigadier ordered it to make the attempt again. A second time it advanced and was driven back. On this occasion the whole of the Canterbury Battalion was ordered to follow it. When, however, the second effort failed, the plan of moving over The Nek was abandoned, and the battalion was ordered to stand fast on Russell's Top and await further orders. At 3 a.m. it was instructed to move from Russell's Top straight down to Colonel Monash's headquarters in Monash Valley, taking with it tools in order to help the Otago Battalion to retain its gains by digging before the dawn communication trenches to its position. The short route from Russell's Top into Monash Valley was now practicable, inasmuch as it was night and the Turks could not perceive the movement, but some delay arose in collecting tools, and it was 4 a.m. before Captain Critchley-Salmonson with part of the leading company reached Colonel Moore of the Otagos near Pope's Hill.

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Moore was chiefly anxious about the left of his line, which was "in the air" on the summit north of Pope's, not far from the edge of Monash Valley. He ordered Salmonson to take the men he had with him, find the left of Otago on the crest, and prolong it.

Salmonson, with fifty men, moved up the western branch of the valley towards The Nek, climbed the slope on his right, and, advancing a short distance from the crest, by some miracle hit upon the left of the Otago line digging in the dark at the foot of the Chessboard. The Otago Battalion had dug a good trench, but Salmonson's party had with them only their entrenching tools. They strung out—only six of them at first—on the Otago's left, working might and main to entrench themselves. Their left was entirely in the air, pointing towards The Nek; as they scraped their shallow pits, they could hear the Turks talking not far away. A deadly fire from the flank was certain as soon as the light broke. Salmonson was joined by Lieutenant Shepherd[23] with his platoon, and extended the left until it rested on the edge of the gully. The light grew. The man next to Salmonson, shot from the front, fell across him. Another, shot from the left rear, fell beside him. A rush of men occurred. "Otago is retreating!" they cried. In the growing daylight some fifteen men of the Otago Battalion were seen running back over the crest. Salmonson called out to Otago, but could hear no answer from their trench; fire was coming from everywhere; he therefore gave the order to retire by ones and twos. Thus the left of the line slowly crumbled. Otago having retired, the company of the 15th, which was next to it, came back; the centre battalion, the 13th, still lay upon the Chessboard.

On the right, all through the night, the 16th Battalion was holding the line from Quinn's along the edge of the Bloody Angle. In the dark and at dawn the Turks approached its position, but they showed clearly, and the 16th shot straight. Part of the 16th, as has been said, was in an enemy trench near the edge of the Angle. Rifle fire came from a further Turkish position apparently eighty yards away, and during the

[23] Lieut.-Colonel N. F. Shepherd, D.S.O. Commanded Canterbury Bn.; of Hokitika, N.Z..; b. Reefton, N.Z., 2 Sept., 1889.

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night the line of the 16th clambered out to attack it. But either the enemy or some bursting shell had set fire to the scrub, and the rush was seen. Machine-guns from Baby 700 on the left raked the line; the Turks threw bombs; and the attempt failed. Although the 13th knew where the 16th was, the 16th did not know the position of the 13th. All night long orders came down the line to "extend to the left," so that the flank would overlap the end of the valley, where the 13th might join it. But the fire on the left was very severe. The trench line there straggled away into a series of rifle-pits, and in the morning the dead of the 16th lay thickly about.

It was about 5 a.m., the light was growing, the Turks were creeping up and being shot down, when five shells coming from the rear struck the crest which the 16th was holding. Bursting close behind the trench in which the line lay, they blew away part of the bank. Some of the men thought that they were the shells of the Navy, but they came almost certainly from one of the land batteries of their own side on Plugge's or on the heights above the Beach. After the strain of the night and the terrible week which preceded it, the apprehension that their own friends did not know where they were and were about to bombard them from the rear was too much for the men. A part of the line of the 16th jumped back over the edge into the valley.

In the meantime, just as the Canterbury Battalion was put in with the vain hope of saving the situation on the left, the two "resting" battalions of Marines were at 1.35 a.m. given by General Godley to Colonel Monash, their orders being to reinforce him, make supporting and communicating trenches for his battalions, and act as his reserve. At this late hour, the whole attack having gone terribly astray, Monash was informed that he would be responsible for the task of completing the night's operations by thoroughly connecting the line of trenches from the left of Otago to the right of the 4th Brigade. The Marine battalions, hampered, much as the Otago had been, by the crowds of wounded men in the valley, did not reach the head of it until the dawn was almost breaking.

There followed a scene of pitiable confusion. Colonel Pope asked that the greater part of the Portsmouth Battalion

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should support his left, and sent Major Tilney[24] to show them the way. This order appeared to conflict with one from the Marines' own brigadier, but after some delay the commander of the Portsmouth Battalion acted upon it. His battalion was moved up in the breaking day. At that moment the shells mentioned above burst close to the Marines, and part of the 16th came back. The Marines retired with it. Major Festing,[25] their brigade-major, and Major Tilney, of the 16th, rallied them, and some time later, in full daylight, the Marines strove to climb the eastern slope of the valley and reinforce the remainder of the 16th which was still in the trenches. As they neared the top, they came under view of Turkish machine-gunners on The Nek or Baby 700. Opening from their left rear, the machine-gun drove them down.

Communication with the 16th over the open hilltop was thus clearly impossible. The only chance was to sap a communication trench through to them. Captain Jess and an officer of the Marines endeavoured to start the Marines upon this work, but the fire of the same machine-gun followed them and defeated the attempt. The men of the 16th who were still in the trench on the crest had watched the Marines struggling to reach them, and realised that the effort had failed. Throughout the morning the 16th gradually fell back in twos and threes, the men jumping over the top and rolling down the hill; a few still stayed in their trenches. Lance-Corporal Percy Black, twice wounded earlier in the week, held on with his machine-gun until he had fired away all the ammunition, and then brought the gun back. Sergeant-Major Harvey lay in the trench till the Turks reached it. They kicked him, bayoneted him across the chest, and flung him on to the parapet for dead. He eventually rolled down the hillside, and three days later reached the lines of his battalion dazed and mortally wounded. Another man, named Troy,[26] when the Turks attacked in the morning, was knocked senseless by a

[24] Lieut.-Colonel L. E. Tilney, D.S.O., V.D. Commanded 13th Bn. 1916. In charge of Radio-telegraph station, Perth, W. Aust.; b. Tilkah Farm, Tinonee, Manning River, N.S.W., 3 March, 1870.

[25] Lieut.-Colonel M. C. Festing, D.S.O., p.s.c. G.S.O. (1) Canadian Army Corps 1918/19; of Kemerton, Gloucestershire, Eng.; b. Beaufort Gardens, London, 16 Sept., 1879.

[26] Pte. M. J. Troy (No. 688, 16 Bn.). Of East Guildford, W. Aust.; b. Geraldton, W. Aust., 30 Oct., 1891.

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bomb. He woke to find his mates, Privates White[27] and Gray[28] dead beside him, and others all dead or wounded. He attempted to crawl away after dark, but was captured. Of those Australians who fought this action, he was the only one who survived it.

While the 16th was gradually falling back from its trenches, the bottom of the Bloody Angle was crowded with troops and officers, Australians, Marines, wounded men, fighting men, stretcher-bearers. Somewhere on the Chessboard above them the 13th Battalion still held out, but on the bare shoulder of Dead Man's Ridge overlooking the gully no man could live. During the early hours of the morning half of the Nelson Battalion of the Royal Naval Division, which was in reserve to the New Zealanders, had come up, apparently by mistake, to the support line of the 13th Battalion. Imagining that it was the front line, the newcomers opened fire upon the line of the 13th, who were digging. Durrant, adjutant of the 13th, rushed to find an officer to stop this fire. The first whom he found fell dead as he reached him; the second fell mortally wounded. The firing was stopped, and the Nelson Battalion took its place on the right of the 13th above the edge of Monash Valley. The same guns which fired on the 16th in the morning fired on the Nelson Battalion, and its men were ordered by their officers to withdraw. Part of the 13th momentarily withdrew with them, but immediately afterwards, hearing the shouts of their comrades in the line, and realising that the order did not apply to them, these Australians separated themselves and climbed back up the hill to their trenches amid the cheers of the men who were there. Shortly after this the Portsmouth Marines, having been caught by machine-guns from their left rear while attempting to climb the eastern slope, were led with great bravery up the western slope onto Dead Man's Ridge. No sooner had they reached the top than machine-guns from German Officers' Ridge in their right rear were turned upon them and, with much slaughter, they were driven again to the valley. For many days

[27] Pte. J. W. White (No. 414, 16th Bn.). Locomotive fireman; of Midland Junction, W. Aust.; b. Paddington, Sydney, N.S.W., 18 Dec., 1893. Killed in action, 2 May, 1915.

[28] Pte. M. W. Gray (No. 264, 16th Bn.). Stone mason; b. Perth, W. Aust., 4 June, 1893. Killed in action, 2 May, 1915.

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afterwards on the ugly bare shoulder at the top of Monash Valley their dead lay like ants shrivelled by a fire, until a marine climbed out at night and pushed them down into the valley, where they were buried. The name of "Dead Man's Ridge" clung to this shoulder when its origin was almost forgotten.[29]

The 13th Battalion, in its gridiron of trenches at the foot of the Chessboard, now alone held out. These gave good shelter, but their situation was bad, low on the side of the hill, overlooked, and outflanked. Burnage could get no word either by telephone or messenger to or from the brigade headquarters. Of the situation elsewhere he had no news. At 3 p.m. he and Durrant therefore decided that one of them must make the journey to brigade headquarters. By the tossing of a coin it was determined that the Colonel should go, while Durrant stayed in charge of the battalion. Burnage made his way to Monash, and after a conference it was decided that the 13th could not be usefully maintained in front of Pope's Hill unsupported. Burnage therefore returned to the trenches at dusk and dictated the order for withdrawal. During the night of May 3rd, under cover of dark, the 13th retired. The wounded were cleared first, the rest of the battalion following. The system of trenches dug by the 13th was eventually incorporated into the Turkish system known as the Chessboard, the support line of the 13th becoming the Turkish front line. At the Bloody Angle the trench of the 16th, which was actually continuous with the northern trenches of Quinn's Post, was also gradually occupied by the enemy.[30]

The attempt to improve the defective position at Anzac by seizing the heights at the head of Monash Valley had completely failed. The capture of Baby 700 had been urgently necessary and, so far as Colonel Monash's arrangements were concerned, had been planned with all that scrupulous care which was to mark his operations throughout the war. But when the Otago Battalion failed to arrive, the battle was hopelessly lost. The Turkish rifles and machine-guns, which had been called into activity on ground where it had been intended that Otago should attack, had defeated every effort of the Aus-

[29] See plate at p. 587.
[30] See plates at pp. 571 and 587.

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tralians on their flank, and they could not subsequently be silenced by the sheer bravery of the Otago Battalion. The commanding heights had not been taken when the chance offered immediately after the bombardment. The Turks overlooked every position which had been gained, and only those who had dug themselves deep trenches before the dawn had a chance of living after daylight. The throwing in of the Marines at daybreak to retrieve a battle already lost resulted only in the slaughter of many brave officers and men and the disorganisation of these already overstrained battalions.

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The light horse and mounted rifles were a very valuable factor in the defence of Egypt. A year later, when it was proposed to transfer them to France, Sir Archibald Murray opposed the removal with all his strength. Sir John Maxwell magnanimously agreed to send them to Gallipoli; but he would not hear of the breaking up of the brigades. Bridges and Birdwood strongly preferred that the light horse should bring their infantry battalions up to strength, instead of adding a number of weak regiments[33] to those already at Anzac. Hamilton supported their view: the light horse com-

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manders were naturally opposed to it. Maxwell, recognising the enthusiasm of the mounted officers and men for their own regiments, stood stubbornly against any severing of them. Asked for 1,000 men, he gave orders on May 5th by which over 3,000 were sent; but he sent them in two organised brigades—the 1st Australian Light Horse and the New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigades, with their signallers and ambulances. They sailed on May 9th. Meantime, in the 2nd Light Horse Brigade, Colonel Ryrie had called a conference of his commanders and suggested that the 2nd Brigade should volunteer to leave its horses and serve dismounted in Gallipoli. Two commanders, Cox[34] and Arnott,[35] were opposed to leaving the horses; nevertheless Ryrie decided to make the offer. Both the 2nd and 3rd Brigades were embarked on May 16th. Birdwood and Bridges were still endeavouring to secure them in the form of reinforcements to the infantry. Maxwell still opposed the suggestion. "The men are entraining full of enthusiasm," he telegraphed. "I think you had better take this lot as it is. . . . It is approved by Lord Kitchener, but if you like wire to your base. So be it."

Long before the first of these troops arrived from Egypt a decision had been reached which in a large measure decided the course of the Gallipoli campaign. The advance of the British forces both at Gaba Tepe and Cape Helles had been brought to a standstill, and nothing further could be done without reinforcements. When the reinforcements arrived, a further thrust would be made at one of the two landing-places. Should the thrust be at Anzac or at Helles? Sir Ian Hamilton decided that it should be made at Helles.

Though Hamilton's Diary gives no reason for this decision, the motives attributed at the time to him and to his Chief of Staff were probably the true ones. From the first the attack at Cape Helles had bulked far larger in the plans of G.H.Q. than that at Anzac. At Helles the Navy could co-operate, and the country was far easier. The main thrust was meant to be made there, and the original plans for it had been the offspring

[34] Brig.-General C. F. Cox, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D. Commanded 1st L.H. Bde. 1915/18. Member of Australian Senate; of Parramatta, N.S.W.; b. Dundas, near Parramatta, 2 May, 1863.

[35] Colonel J. McL. Arnott, C.M.G.; 9th L.H. Regt. Commanded Aust. Training Dépôt, Egypt, 1916/19. Manufacturer: of Strathfield, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Newcastle, N.S.W., 21 Jan., 1869.

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of G.H.Q. itself. It was there that the troops and the staff which it most trusted, those of the 29th Division, had been put in. The Staff of General Headquarters had from the first concerned itself with the operations at Helles more intimately than with those at Anzac. In Hamilton's and Kitchener's correspondence their anxieties centred mainly on the taking of Achi Baba. Kitchener had been informed almost daily that it was about to be attacked, and he enquired more than once when the attack was likely to occur.

On May 4th Kitchener cabled to Hamilton:

> I hope the 5th will see you strong enough to press on to Achi Baba anyway, as delay will allow the Turks to bring up more reinforcements and to make unpleasant preparations for your reception. The Australians and New Zealanders will have had reinforcements from Egypt by then, and . . . could spare you a good many men for the advance.

This telegram appears to have given Hamilton any support which he needed for his decision that the thrust should be made with all available strength from Helles, and that the operations at Anzac should be for the present confined to holding on. All British reinforcements were already being directed to Helles. In addition, having the power to transfer his troops by sea more quickly than the Turks could do by land, he decided, as Kitchener had suggested, to bring two brigades of Australasian troops from Anzac to reinforce the offensive at Helles.

With this decision the first stage of the operations at Anzac came to a close. The force in that quarter ceased for the time being to constitute an active threat against the Narrows; it did not even affect the enemy's communications. Although the Australian and New Zealand front was but four miles from Kilia Liman in the Dardanelles, the Turkish troops and their transport passed up and down the Peninsula undisturbed. From no point in the Anzac area could the Dardanelles or the Turkish line of communications be seen. From Russell's Top there was always visible, low down between the Kilid Bahr Plateau and the hills of Asia, a blue haze which men knew to be the vapour overhanging the Narrows and Chanak. But the semicircle of Gun Ridge and the heights to the north—all in the possession of the enemy—were higher than the Anzac position and completely shut it in. The end of the great assault

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The 16th Battalion, upon which the brunt of the fighting fell, had landed on April 25th about 1,000 strong. It had entered the assault on Sunday, May 2nd, with a strength of seventeen officers and 620 men. On May 3rd it came out of the fight with nine officers and 290 men, having lost eight officers and 330 men in the night. On May 3rd Colonel Monash reported the strength of his brigade as follows:

	Officers.	Others.
13th Battalion	9 ..	500
14th Battalion	15 ..	620
15th Battalion	8 ..	350
16th Battalion	9 ..	300
4th Brigade	41 ..	1,770

Of the New Zealand infantry the Otago Battalion lost at least ten officers and 252 men, and Canterbury two officers and forty-six men. Twenty New Zealand engineers, under Sergeant Wallace,[31] a Rhodes Scholar, had been sent with the 4th Brigade to plan the roads and other facilities which Colonel Monash foresaw to be necessary if the advance succeeded. Only five of these returned. The whole action cost about 1,000 men. The 4th Brigade was weak and worn out, but it had still to hold the line at the head of Monash Valley. The Auckland Battalion temporarily relieved the 15th at Pope's Hill. The Marines who were put in as part of the garrison of Quinn's and other posts were as exhausted as the 4th Brigade. How great was the strain placed upon these

[31] Sgt. A. Wallace; N.Z. Engineers; of Auckland, N.Z.; b. Ponsonby, Auckland, Fatally shot while talking to Major Quinn; died of wounds, 10 May, 1915, aged 24 years.

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young troops was only realised when the Colonel of the Deal Battalion, visiting a section of his trenches, was shot by his men, who, in a fit of spy mania, killed him, wounded three others, and slightly bayoneted Colonel McNicoll.[32] Within a week the 1st Australian Division had lost about half its infantry and the N.Z and A. Division and Naval Battalions had suffered almost as heavily.

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manders were naturally opposed to it. Maxwell, recognising the enthusiasm of the mounted officers and men for their own regiments, stood stubbornly against any severing of them. Asked for 1,000 men, he gave orders on May 5th by which over 3,000 were sent; but he sent them in two organised brigades—the 1st Australian Light Horse and the New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigades, with their signallers and ambulances. They sailed on May 9th. Meantime, in the 2nd Light Horse Brigade, Colonel Ryrie had called a conference of his commanders and suggested that the 2nd Brigade should volunteer to leave its horses and serve dismounted in Gallipoli. Two commanders, Cox[34] and Arnott,[35] were opposed to leaving the horses; nevertheless Ryrie decided to make the offer. Both the 2nd and 3rd Brigades were embarked on May 16th. Birdwood and Bridges were still endeavouring to secure them in the form of reinforcements to the infantry. Maxwell still opposed the suggestion. "The men are entraining full of enthusiasm," he telegraphed. "I think you had better take this lot as it is. . . . It is approved by Lord Kitchener, but if you like wire to your base. So be it."

Long before the first of these troops arrived from Egypt a decision had been reached which in a large measure decided the course of the Gallipoli campaign. The advance of the British forces both at Gaba Tepe and Cape Helles had been brought to a standstill, and nothing further could be done without reinforcements. When the reinforcements arrived, a further thrust would be made at one of the two landing-places. Should the thrust be at Anzac or at Helles? Sir Ian Hamilton decided that it should be made at Helles.

Though Hamilton's Diary gives no reason for this decision, the motives attributed at the time to him and to his Chief of Staff were probably the true ones. From the first the attack at Cape Helles had bulked far larger in the plans of G.H.Q. than that at Anzac. At Helles the Navy could co-operate, and the country was far easier. The main thrust was meant to be made there, and the original plans for it had been the offspring

[34] Brig.-General C. F. Cox, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D. Commanded 1st L.H. Bde. 1915/18. Member of Australian Senate; of Parramatta, N.S.W.; b. Dundas, near Parramatta, 2 May, 1863.

[35] Colonel J. McL. Arnott, C.M.G.; 9th L.H. Regt. Commanded Aust. Training Dépôt, Egypt, 1916/19. Manufacturer: of Strathfield, Sydney, N.S.W.; b. Newcastle, N.S.W., 21 Jan., 1869.

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of G.H.Q. itself. It was there that the troops and the staff which it most trusted, those of the 29th Division, had been put in. The Staff of General Headquarters had from the first concerned itself with the operations at Helles more intimately than with those at Anzac. In Hamilton's and Kitchener's correspondence their anxieties centred mainly on the taking of Achi Baba. Kitchener had been informed almost daily that it was about to be attacked, and he enquired more than once when the attack was likely to occur.

On May 4th Kitchener cabled to Hamilton:

> I hope the 5th will see you strong enough to press on to Achi Baba anyway, as delay will allow the Turks to bring up more reinforcements and to make unpleasant preparations for your reception. The Australians and New Zealanders will have had reinforcements from Egypt by then, and . . . could spare you a good many men for the advance.

This telegram appears to have given Hamilton any support which he needed for his decision that the thrust should be made with all available strength from Helles, and that the operations at Anzac should be for the present confined to holding on. All British reinforcements were already being directed to Helles. In addition, having the power to transfer his troops by sea more quickly than the Turks could do by land, he decided, as Kitchener had suggested, to bring two brigades of Australasian troops from Anzac to reinforce the offensive at Helles.

With this decision the first stage of the operations at Anzac came to a close. The force in that quarter ceased for the time being to constitute an active threat against the Narrows; it did not even affect the enemy's communications. Although the Australian and New Zealand front was but four miles from Kilia Liman in the Dardanelles, the Turkish troops and their transport passed up and down the Peninsula undisturbed. From no point in the Anzac area could the Dardanelles or the Turkish line of communications be seen. From Russell's Top there was always visible, low down between the Kilid Bahr Plateau and the hills of Asia, a blue haze which men knew to be the vapour overhanging the Narrows and Chanak. But the semicircle of Gun Ridge and the heights to the north—all in the possession of the enemy—were higher than the Anzac position and completely shut it in. The end of the great assault

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left the Australians and New Zealanders hanging on to the slopes above the sea, with scarcely a square half-mile to live on, in an impossible position almost everywhere overlooked at point-blank range by the Turks. The only value of their effort for the time being was that it diverted about an equal portion of the Turkish Army, and that it always offered the possibility—should G.H.Q. change its mind—of a most dangerous blow struck at only four miles range against the vital portion of the Turkish position—the Narrows.

In so far as there appeared still a possibility of reaching the objective from each landing-place, it could not be said that either of the landings had as yet definitely failed. But in neither of them had the troops managed to effect a tithe of what had been intended. The reasons usually given at the time, even by the authorities, for the failure to carry out the plans at Anzac, were the error of the Navy in putting the force ashore too far to the north, and the supposed excess of zeal on the part of the troops, who were pictured as having advanced in a half-disciplined rush far beyond the positions which they should have occupied.

There is little ground for the former of these statements, while the latter is utterly opposed to the facts. So far from overshooting their objective, the Australian troops did not reach it, despite their gallant and enduring effort so to do. Disordered by a landing in country entirely different from that which had been described to them, and with the plans set for them torn to shreds by the swift modifications which their leaders were forced to make, officers and men pressed on towards whatever points they knew—or whatever were said—to be their objectives. Such rough reorganisation as was learnt in the Mena days, so much of the earnestly practised methods as was possible in their haste, they adopted. Constantly, under heavy fire, the drill learned in the desert was conscientiously applied. Good order was by no means possible. But with all the faith and fiery manhood that was in them men and officers were striving to carry out their task. Every authority from General Birdwood downwards had urged them again and again not to heed the chance of being outflanked, but to press on with speed at all costs. They were thrown into a mountain wilderness where, over and above the

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regiment forming the garrison, the whole local reserve of the enemy—a division—was camped within three miles of them. Swiftly though the Australians advanced, it is probable that only two parties of them, those under Tulloch and Loutit, hurrying over country only passable for strong and fit men, actually reached their objective. None ever went beyond it.

The Australian infantry did not overshoot itself at the landing. What of the other reason often alleged for the failure to carry out the plans? The error in the landing-place may have slowed the pace of the covering force; but it saved the rest of the Corps from landing under shrapnel and machine-gun fire from Gaba Tepe on a completely open beach. Wherever the Navy might have disembarked them, the troops could not have reached the colossal objectives proposed. The main reason for the failure of the plans, both at Helles and Anzac, was the enormous extent of the objectives which were set for the covering force,[36] and the contempt in which the Turkish Army was held by those who made the plans. Walking over the heights at Ari Burnu four years after the landing, a Turkish Staff Officer said: "It would have been almost impossible to reach those objectives even in an operation of peace time." The aims at Cape Helles were even more inflated. Despite the fact that the G.H.Q. believed a Turkish division, as well as the coastal garrisons, to be south of Achi Baba, the covering force—roughly half of the 29th Division—was given the task of seizing that hill. Though the Turkish division was not there, the 29th Division, with a heroism far too little recognised, beat itself to pieces upon the tremendous obstacles to a landing in face of a few determined Turks behind strong defences. It lost at least as heavily in officers and men as the Australians; and thrown again and again into frontal attacks during the ensuing months, reinforced by division after division, it attained barely half the distance to the peak which, with half of its infantry, it was to have occupied as a preliminary operation.

Such objectives as Hamilton's Army could reasonably have attained would almost certainly have fallen short of those necessary for forcing the Dardanelles. In other words, as Colonel White and possibly a few others realised before the

[36] See Chapter XI and Map 7, p. 227.

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landing, it needed 150,000 men to effect at that time what Hamilton sought to do with 70,000. The exaggerated scope of the objectives and the under-estimate of the Turks, though due to optimism inherent in the British character, would probably have been avoided, had there been time to study the matter adequately. The fact that it was not so studied was due to the manner in which the military expedition was launched—without time for due thought or preparation, against an enemy already prepared for it by the earlier naval attack.

It is easy to conclude now, when the fallacy of Churchill's theories as to naval gun fire has been proved by the blood of thousands, that the only chance of success which Hamilton really possessed with such force as he had, was to throw it suddenly from Gaba Tepe at the Narrows, and trust to surprise to carry it through before the enemy could be reinforced. That conclusion is probably true. Two fresh divisions, landed during the night of April 25th and thrown in at dawn, would almost certainly have gained Gun Ridge and Chunuk Bair, and Hamilton's Army would at least have been established in a position overlooking the Narrows. The decision to rely on naval gun fire and to attack at Helles was probably, in the light of later events, a wrong one. But, when once it was made, the measures which followed it were unimpeachable. The attack at Gaba Tepe became a feint on a grand scale. As such, it succeeded beyond all that Hamilton hoped or realised. Because it was a really powerful threat against a vital point, it drew to itself within a few hours the whole of the local reserve, and for two days left the south of the Peninsula clear of almost any enemy troops except the garrison. To have chosen that moment, as some advised, to transfer the 29th Division from Helles to Anzac, would have been to miss an obvious opportunity. Hamilton, who realised during this time that the main Turkish reinforcements had not yet reached the foot of the Peninsula, could only pursue one course—to wit, make all the ground he could there while it was open to him. When the Turks, arriving in strength, barred this advance of his weary troops before Krithia, and when both his landing forces alike were held up by deepening trench lines, the most obvious step was to throw against one of these lines a prepared attack supported by a bombardment, such as those

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which the combatants in France were beginning to introduce into warfare. Anzac offered few chances for such an attack. Many of the Turkish positions were unreachable by guns of the Navy, and so few positions could be found for field guns that four batteries of Australian artillery—the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 6th—and the 3rd Battery of New Zealand field artillery, were for the most part not landed at Anzac and were sent to Helles.[37] Moreover reinforcements, coming piecemeal as they came to Hamilton, division by division, could have effected nothing at Anzac. There the only chance from first to last, was to attain a vital objective by one heavy blow delivered so suddenly as to surprise. The support of the naval artillery, upon which Hamilton was intended by the Government, the War Office, and the Admiralty to rely, had not yet been fully tested. Helles was the obvious field for it, and, until that method proved insufficiently effective, Hamilton was justified in making his main thrust there.

To Australia and New Zealand the cost of the Landing was 9,000 men, of whom at least 2,500 were killed. They were men whom their countries could ill afford to lose. But with their lives they purchased a tradition beyond all human power to appraise, and set for all time the standard of conduct for the Australian and New Zealand soldier. A brilliant despatch from Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, published a few days after the landing, brought the effort of these young nations before the world in such a manner that some speak to this day as if the landings were an affair of Australasian troops alone, and the unsurpassable heroism of the 29th Division, amid even heavier difficulties, has sometimes—not by the will of their comrades—been forgotten.

Long before the end of this great battle the Australian soldier had revealed to himself, to his own officers, and to a few of those outsiders who watched him closely, what manner of fighter he was. He had not yet the astonishing mastery of the soldier's craft which marked him in 1918. But he had scattered to the winds once and for all the notion often reiterated, that an Australian force would be ineffective through lack of discipline. In flame of the whitest heat was tested the discipline of this new force, raised suddenly from

[37] A few guns of these batteries after landing at Anzac were re-embarked.

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a people unaccustomed to restraint, naturally haters of the system of cast-iron subordination on which most armies are trained. It was not the discipline of habit which made either Australians or New Zealanders endure.

What motive sustained them? At the end of the second or third day of the Landing, when they had fought without sleep until the whole world seemed a dream, and they scarcely knew whether it was a world of reality or of delirium—and often, no doubt, it held something of both; when half of each battalion had been annihilated, and there seemed no prospect before any man except that of wounds or death in the most vile surroundings; when the dead lay three deep in the rifle-pits under the blue sky and the place was filled with stench and sickness, and reason had almost vanished—what was it then that carried each man on?

It was not love of a fight. The Australian loved fighting better than most, but it is an occupation from which the glamour quickly wears. It was not hatred of the Turk. It is true that the men at this time hated their enemy for his supposed ill-treatment of the wounded—and the fact that, of the hundreds who lay out, only one wounded man survived in Turkish hands has justified their suspicions. But hatred was not the motive which inspired them. Nor was it purely patriotism, as it would have been had they fought on Australian soil. The love of country in Australians and New Zealanders was intense—how strong, they did not realise until they were far away from their home. Nor, in most cases, was the motive their loyalty to the tie between Australia and Great Britain. Although, singly or combined, all these were powerful influences, they were not the chief.

Nor was it the desire for fame that made them steer their course so straight in the hour of crucial trial. They knew too well the chance that their families, possibly even the men beside them, would never know how they died. Doubtless the weaker were swept on by the stronger. In every army which enters into battle there is a part which is dependent for its resolution upon the nearest strong man. If he endures, those around him will endure; if he turns, they turn; if he falls, they may become confused. But the Australian force contained more than

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its share of men who were masters of their own minds and decisions. What was the dominant motive that impelled them?

It lay in the mettle of the men themselves. To be the sort of man who would give way when his mates were trusting to his firmness; to be the sort of man who would fail when the line, the whole force, and the allied cause required his endurance; to have made it necessary for another unit to do his own unit's work; to live the rest of his life haunted by the knowledge that he had set his hand to a soldier's task and had lacked the grit to carry it through—that was the prospect which these men could not face. Life was very dear, but life was not worth living unless they could be true to their idea of Australian manhood. Standing upon that alone, when help failed and hope faded, when the end loomed clear in front of them, when the whole world seemed to crumble and the heaven to fall in, they faced its ruin undismayed.

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GLOSSARY

Note.—A glossary of special terms used in the Air Service will be found in Volume VIII.

The strength and composition of formations and units varied considerably during the War. Those given below are based mainly on the establishments of 1914-16.

ACCOUTREMENTS: Comprise belts, pouches, bandoliers, slings, mess tins, haversacks, water-bottles, and similar articles (other than arms) carried by a soldier outside his clothing.

ADJUTANT: The assistant to the commander of certain units—practically his staff officer, who issues orders, keeps records, etc.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT: The branch dealing mainly with personnel.

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF: The staff dealing with personnel, supplies, transport, etc.

AMMUNITION PARK: A mechanical transport (*q.v.*) unit on the Lines of Communication; also the space occupied by the motor-lorries, ammunition, ordnance stores, etc., under the control of, or for distribution by, that unit.

ANTI-TANK GUN: A field gun or light cannon placed in a forward position in order to fire direct upon tanks.

ANZAC: (1) Originally, code name for Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (see p. 124); (2) Name given to the beach where the A. & N.Z. Army Corps landed on Gallipoli; (3) Official name of the two A. & N.Z. Army Corps in France (1st Anzac Corps, 2nd Anzac Corps); (4) Term universally applied by British troops in France to the Australians and New Zealanders of the two Anzac Corps (the Anzacs); (5) In Palestine, often used to denote men of the Anzac Mounted Division as distinguished from those of the Australian Mounted Division; (6) In Australia (and eventually in the A.I.F.), used to denote Australians and New Zealanders who served on Gallipoli. The generally accepted uses of the term are (1), (2), (3), and (6).

APPROACH MARCH: The march of troops to the positions from which they are to attack. In France this generally took place during the night before the attack.

AREA OFFICER: The officer responsible for training and administration within any one of the "areas" into which the Australian districts were subdivided under the Kitchener Defence Scheme.

ARMY: A formation containing two or more Army Corps, usually commanded by a general.

ARMY CORPS: A formation containing two or more divisions, usually commanded by a lieutenant-general.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS: The corps whose duty is to supply and transport the army.

ARTILLERY FORMATION: A formation of infantry (or mounted troops) used when passing through a zone subject to shell-fire. The troops advance in small groups, extended in line and depth (i.e., with wide spaces between the groups).

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ASSISTANT PROVOST MASHAL: *See* PROVOST MARSHAL.

BAIR (Turkish): Slope or spur.

BASE: A place where the main stores for an army in the field are situated, organised, and controlled, and from which lines of communication lead.

BARRAGE: A wall of shell-fire, thrown either to assist or to prevent the advance of troops; loosely applied to any bombardment thrown against troops. *See* CREEPING BARRAGE.

BATTALION: The chief unit of infantry (full strength with transport, etc., 1,017; full fighting strength, 895; normal fighting strength probably about 550); Australian battalions from Jan. 1915, consisted of four companies and a headquarters; usually commanded by a lieutenant-colonel.

BATTERY OF FIELD ARTILLERY: The unit of combat of field artillery; during the war generally consisted of four or six guns: usually commanded by a major. Full strength, 4 gun battery, 198 men; fighting strength, 138.

BATTLE CRUISER: A large cruiser of great speed, lightly armoured and usually armed with eight or more heavy guns, all of the same calibre.

BATTLESHIP: The most powerful type of warship, intended to lie in the line of battle.

BAY: A section between two traverses of a fire trench; length usually about eight yards.

BELT: Usually a belt by which ammunition is fed to a machine-gun.

BIR (Arabic): A well.

BIVOUAC: An encampment without tents or huts.

BLUE CROSS SHELL: A gas shell used by the Germans, filled with a chemical compound which caused sneezing, and often known as a "sneezing gas shell." Less harmful than other gas shells.

BOMBS: Strictly speaking, explosive missiles thrown from a trench mortar or an aeroplane; loosely used for explosive missiles thrown by hand. *See* GRENADE.

BOMBSTOP: A barrier (usually of earth or sandbags) built across a trench.

BRIGADE OF FIELD ARTILLERY: (British, Australian, etc.), four (or three) batteries of field guns and field howitzers, usually commanded by a lieutenant-colonel.

BRIGADE OF INFANTRY: (British, Australian, etc.) until 1918, a formation of four infantry battalions (full strength with transport, etc., 4,080; full fighting strength, 3,584; normal fighting strength, probably about 2,500), usually under a brigadier-general. In 1918 British brigades, and some Australian brigades, were reduced to three battalions. In the field a British brigade corresponds roughly to a foreign "regiment" (*q.v.*).

BRIGADE OF LIGHT HORSE (OR CAVALRY): Comprises three regiments; full strength, with brigade headquarters and signallers, about 1700 men.

BRIGADE-MAJOR: In infantry, the chief staff-officer of a brigade.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL, GENERAL STAFF: Usually the chief general staff-officer of an army corps.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL, ROYAL ARTILLERY: Usually the commander of the artillery of an army corps. In the earlier years of the war

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this officer was merely a staff-officer who advised the corps-commander in regard to the artillery.

BURNU (Turkish): Cape or point.

CACOLET: A litter in which sick or wounded are carried upon mules or camels.

CALIBRE: The diameter of the bore of a firearm.

CAMOUFLAGE: Screening or painting objects to render them invisible, or to deceive as to their nature.

CAMOUFLET: A small mine, intended not to break the surface of the ground, but to blow in the enemy's underground galleries.

CASUALTY CLEARING STATION: The hospital (generally at railhead, *q.v.*) charged with clearing the wounded to the base.

CHATEAU: A country residence in France.

CHORD: A straight line which forms the base of a salient; a trench or other line affording a further position of defence in the event of the salient being lost.

CLOUD GAS: Gas emitted from cylinders and carried by the wind (as opposed to gas fired in shells).

COMMUNICATION TRENCH: A trench leading from the rear to the fire-trenches (or fighting trenches).

COMPANY: A body of men about 200-250 strong, usually commanded by a captain, who is responsible for the training and discipline of his officers and men. In the infantry a company is a portion of a battalion (full strength, 227; normal fighting strength, from 100-150; four companies in each battalion; four platoons in each company); in the engineers, signal service, army service corps, etc., it is a separate unit usually commanded by a major.

CONVOY (of ships): A number of ships sailing together under escort for protection.

COVERING FIRE: Fire delivered by troops from the rear or flanks in order to keep the enemy suppressed while other troops advance or retire.

CREEPING BARRAGE: A barrage which gradually advances, usually to cover the advance of troops who follow immediately behind it. *See* BARRAGE.

DEAD GROUND: Ground which, though within range, cannot be seen or reached by direct fire.

DECAUVILLE: A light railway in ready-made lengths of rails and sleepers.

DERE (Turkish): Valley.

DESTROYER (Short for Torpedo-boat Destroyer): Long, light, swift craft, usually of from 500 to 1,000 tons displacement and 25 to 30 knots speed.

DIGGER: The slang term for an Australian or New Zealand private soldier. This word (said to have been used originally among gum-diggers, especially in New Zealand) became common among New Zealand and Australian soldiers in 1917. It displaced "cobber" (comrade) and "mate" as a form of address. During the third battle of Ypres it came to denote an Australian private, much as "Tommy" denoted a British soldier.

DIRECT LAYING: Aiming a gun by looking over or through the sights, when the target is actually within view from the gun position.

DISC: Usually the disc upon which ammunition is fed to a Lewis gun.

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DIVISION: The smallest formation of army organisation which contains all the essential branches of the military service. Infantry Division—*British*, three infantry brigades (till 1918 twelve battalions) with two, three, or four brigades of artillery (about 70 guns), etc., under a major-general; until the last year of the war 18,000 men; *French*, three infantry regiments (nine battalions), about 40 guns, 16,000 men; *American*, three brigades, each of three regiments, with artillery, about 27,000 men; *German*, three infantry regiments (nine battalions), artillery (about 70 guns), etc., 15,000 men; *Turkish*, three infantry regiments (usually nine battalions), 40 guns, about 11,000 men. Division of Cavalry or Light Horse—three brigades; full strength, with divisional headquarters, two brigades of horse artillery, engineers, ambulances, etc., about 8,000 men.

DIVISIONAL TRAIN: The horse-drawn supply organisation of a division.

DIXIE: A metal pot in which food is cooked.

DRESSING STATION: A centre behind the lines to which the wounded are sent from the regimental aid posts to have their wounds dressed before being carried to the casualty clearing station.

DUCKBOARD: A section of wooden pathway (built ladderlike) for use in muddy areas.

DUGOUT: A cave or roofed shelter dug under the soil for protection from fire; its ceiling may be anything from a few inches to 20 feet underground; even raised bomb-proof shelters are often known as dugouts.

ECHELON: Generally a formation in which troops are disposed to the left or right rear of the leading troops, but facing in the same direction.

EGG BOMB: A small German grenade which could be thrown by hand farther than most grenades.

EIGHTEEN-POUNDER: The ordinary British field gun of 3.3-inch bore, throwing an 18½lb. shell.

EMPLACEMENT: A position in a trench or fortification prepared for a gun.

ENFILADE FIRE: Fire bearing upon a line from its flank, so as to play along its length.

EPAULMENT: A side-work (e.g., mound of earth) to afford cover, usually to a gun position, from flanking fire.

ESTAMINET (French): An inn.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS: Bullets containing an explosive. These were never used by or against Australian infantry; expanding bullets (i.e., those so manufactured or tampered with as to expand upon impact) were sometimes loosely spoken of as "explosive."

EXTENDED ORDER: Usually a formation in which men (and often successive lines of men) are separated by wide intervals.

FANTASS: A flat tank used for the carriage of water on camel-back.

FIELD AMBULANCE: The first medical unit behind the regimental medical detachments—in the case of infantry, about 250 strong, under a lieutenant-colonel; provided with stretcher-bearers, horse ambulances, and tents.

FIELD COMPANY OF ENGINEERS: The main unit of engineers with an infantry division, for ordinary military work (bridge-building,

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trench-siting, etc.), as opposed to railway companies, signal companies, tunnelling companies, etc. Usually about 220 strong, under a major. The corresponding unit with a cavalry division is a FIELD SQUADRON (subdivided into four FIELD TROOPS) of Engineers.

FIELD GUN: The ordinary mobile gun used on the battlefield (for low-trajectory, high-velocity fire).

FIRESTEP: The step in a fire-trench on which men stand in order to fire over the parapet.

FIRE-TRENCH: A trench from which men fire (as opposed to communication trenches); if properly made, consists of a series of short fire-bays with traverses between them.

FIRST FIELD DRESSING: The small packet containing bandage, dressing, etc., which each soldier carries inside his tunic.

"FIVE POINT NINE": Usually the 5.9in. (15 cm.) howitzer, considered by many the most effective German weapon.

FLAMMENWERFER: Flame-thrower, a German weapon consisting of a cylinder carried on the back, containing inflammable oil, which is projected by compressed gas and ignites in the air.

FLANKS "IN THE AIR": A force is in the air when its flanks are exposed and unsupported by any friendly force.

FLARE: A light generally used for illuminating the ground in front of the firing-line; usually a firework; sometimes tow dipped in petroleum. Very Lights (*q.v.*) throwing one white star, like that from a "Roman candle," were chiefly used by the British. Coloured flares were largely used by German artillery observers and infantry, as signals to their artillery.

FORWARD OBSERVING OFFICER: An artillery officer sent forward (with telephone and other signals) to a position from which he can observe and direct the fire of his battery.

FOOD-CONTAINER: A closed and insulated can in which food is carried hot to front-line troops.

FOUR POINT FIVE: The ordinary British 4.5in. field howitzer, which throws a 35-lb. projectile.

FOUR POINT TWO: The ordinary German 4.2in. (10.5 cm.) field howitzer.

FURPHY: A camp rumour (for derivation see page 92).

FUSE: The device for detonating a shell. A "percussion fuse" detonates the shell when it strikes a target; a "time fuse" detonates it (generally in the air) a certain time after leaving the gun; an "instantaneous fuse" or "sensitive fuse" (first used in 1917) is a percussion fuse which detonates a shell more swiftly than previous percussion fuses, so that it bursts before penetrating the ground (or other target): a "delayed-action" fuse allows time for the shell to penetrate deeply before detonation.

GARLAND GUN: A primitive trench mortar by which a "jam-tin" bomb was fired from a short piece of piping.

GAS GONG, GAS HORN: The means employed to warn troops of a gas attack.

GAS HELMET: An impregnated woollen hood with eye- and mouth-pieces to protect the wearer against poison-gas. The first protection invented was a gas-respirator to be tied over the mouth; improvements were the gas-helmet, and later the gas-mask attached by a tube to a box-respirator slung on the chest.

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GAS SHELL: Shell containing substances producing poison-gases or other injurious chemicals, which are released when the shell explodes.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS: The main headquarters of an expeditionary force; usually referred to by the initial letters—G.H.Q.

GENERAL HOSPITAL: The main hospital to which sick and wounded are brought for final treatment.

GENERAL STAFF: The branch of the Staff dealing chiefly with operations (also with information about the enemy and with training).

GREEN CROSS SHELL: A type of German gas-shell mainly containing phosgene.

GRENADE: A hand-thrown bomb. *See also* RIFLE GRENADE.

GUN: *See* HIGH VELOCITY CANNON.

GUNPIT: The pit usually dug as an emplacement for a gun.

HIGH EXPLOSIVE: Nitro-glycerine compounds with powerful explosive properties.

HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELL: Shell filled with a high explosive.

HIGH-VELOCITY CANNON: A gun as distinguished from a howitzer; it throws its projectile swiftly with a low trajectory.

HOD (Arabic): Depression in desert containing palm trees and water.

HOTCHKISS MACHINE-GUN: A light air-cooled machine-gun used by cavalry and tanks, fed by strips containing 30, 14 or 9 rounds. Not to be confused with the light Hotchkiss field gun, e.g., those temporarily captured on April 25 at Anzac.

HOWITZER: A short-barrelled cannon which "lobs" its projectile slowly with a high trajectory.

INDIRECT FIRE: Fire at a target which cannot be seen from the gun position.

IRON RATION: The emergency ration; normally issued in small bags to troops going into battle, to be opened only if other rations fail to reach them.

JAM-TIN BOMBS: Bombs made by filling jam-tins with explosive and fragments of iron, etc.

JAPANESE BOMB MORTAR: A small well-designed trench mortar throwing a large high-explosive bomb.

JUMPING-OFF TRENCH (or Jumping-off Tapes): A trench or line of tapes, usually sited in advance of the front line, to serve as a starting-point in an attack.

KITCHENER'S ARMY: The army raised by Great Britain on Lord Kitchener's appeal in 1914-15 for special service in the War, as distinguished from the Regular and Territorial armies.

KLAXON: Term often loosely used of any horn sounded to warn troops of a gas attack.

KUYU (Turkish): A well.

LEWIS GUN: A magazine gun fed with cartridges in discs containing 47 rounds—the light machine-gun of the British infantry, carried by one man. The "team" of each Lewis Gun is normally from three to five men.

LIAISON: Communication between units or arms; *liaison officer*, an officer sent to another unit to keep touch with it.

LIGHT MACHINE-GUN: Usually the light German machine-gun, a water-cooled, belt-fed weapon, heavier than a Lewis Gun, but also carried by one man.

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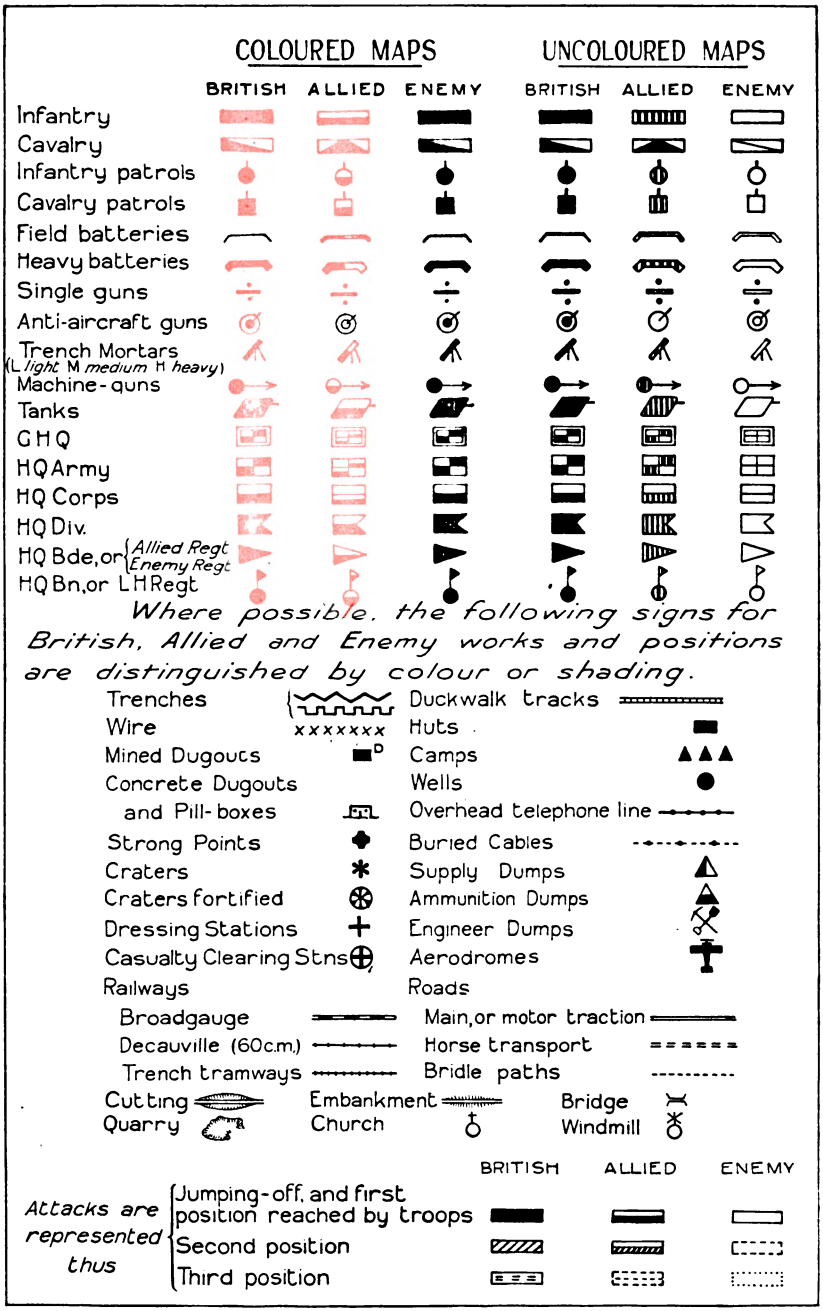

KEY TO CONVENTIONAL SIGNS USED IN MAPS.

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LINES OF COMMUNICATION: The systems of communication by rail, road, and navigable waterways between an army and its base or bases inclusive, together with the district through which they pass. Usually referred to as L. of C.

L. OF C. UNITS: Administrative units of the L. of C. (dealing with records and transport of men and supplies; hospitals, repairs, butcheries, bakeries, railways, reinforcements, remounts, postal services etc.)

LINESMAN: A signaller sent out to repair field-telegraph lines.

MACHINE-GUN: A gun constructed to discharge continuously, by action of the recoil, ammunition fed to it on a belt or by other mechanism. *See* VICKERS GUN, LEWIS GUN, LIGHT MACHINE-GUN, *and* HOTCHKISS MACHINE-GUN.

MALTESE CART: A small two-wheeled cart, part of the medical equipment of a battalion.

MECHANICAL TRANSPORT: Motor-driven vehicles of transport; also the branch of the service connected with them.

MESS-TIN: A small metal pan carried by each soldier, in which food can be cooked; consists of two parts serving for both plate and dish.

MILLS GRENADE, or MILLS BOMB: An oval cast-iron grenade serrated so as to split into numerous small fragments on bursting; the lever that holds back the striking-pin is itself secured by a safety pin, which is removed immediately before throwing.

MINENWERFER: German for "trench mortar."

MOBILISATION: The process by which an armed force passes from a peace to a war footing.

MONITOR: A warship of shallow draft and low freeboard, intended for use in coastal defence or attack.

MOUNTAIN GUN: A small cannon constructed for transport, along with its carriage, in several pieces upon pack animals.

NISSEN HUT: Largely used in camps instead of tents, or for offices, etc.; constructed of semicircular sheets of galvanised iron, which thus form both walls and roof.

NO-MAN'S LAND: The space between the two opposing front trenches or front lines.

NORDENFELDT GUN: An early type of machine-gun firing a 1-inch projectile.

NULLAH: A gully or dried up stream-bed.

OBSERVATION POST: A position commanding some desired view of the enemy's positions; occupied by observers for artillery, etc.

OBSERVER: One sent out to observe the enemy's line or movements, the fire of guns upon targets, etc.

ORDER OF BATTLE: A statement or list of the composition and organisation of the parts and units of an army; sometimes including their position in the fighting line.

ORDNANCE (Department): The department which supplies great and small arms, equipment, clothing, etc.

PACK: A knapsack (carried on the back).

PARADOS: The earth thrown up at the back of a trench.

PARAPET: The earth (loose or in bags) thrown up along the front of a trench.

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PATROL: A body of men sent out to reconnoitre, or to guard against surprise.

PHOSGENE: A poisonous gas, affecting the heart, used by the Germans, especially in Green Cross shells.

PILLBOX: A small covered shelter of concrete, mainly used by the Germans in Flanders, where deep dugouts were impossible.

PINEAPPLE BOMB: A serrated bomb, not unlike a pineapple, thrown from a small German bomb-thrower.

PLATOON: The quarter of a company of infantry (full strength, 60; normal fighting strength, from 25-40), under a lieutenant; itself subdivided into four sections, each under a sergeant.

PROVOST MARSHAL: The officer commanding the corps of military police attached to British armies abroad. An assistant provost marshal commands the police of each division.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT: The branch of the staff responsible for supplies and the transport of troops and material.

RAILHEAD: A locality on the railway (usually at the nearest point to the force which is to be served) where ammunition and supplies are transferred to ammunition parks and supply columns.

REDOUBT: A work entirely enclosed by a defensible parapet, which gives rifle-fire all round.

RE-ENTRANT: Usually a concave curve in the line of battle; the reverse of a salient. Also, a valley or indentation receding into higher ground.

REGIMENT OF CAVALRY (British): The unit of cavalry (or light horse) corresponding to a battalion of infantry; full strength of a light horse regiment, 546; full fighting strength, 510; normal strength about 340; normal rifle strength, dismounted, excluding horse-holders, 250.

REGIMENT OF INFANTRY: A corps of men usually raised in the same locality or by the same organisation. An infantry regiment generally consists of several battalions. Under the British system the battalions as a rule fight separately in divers brigades; under the system of the French, Americans, Germans, Turks, etc. three battalions compose a regiment and these fight together under a colonel, the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd battalions of a regiment thus corresponding roughly to the four (in 1918 three) battalions of a British brigade under its brigadier-general.

REGIMENTAL AID POST: The post in or close behind the line where the regimental surgeon and details give first treatment.

REVETMENT: A buttress of wood, sandbags, or other material to hold up the steep side of trenches or open works.

RIFLE GRENADE: A grenade or bomb fired from a rifle by special contrivances—sometimes by the insertion of a rod into the rifle-barrel; sometimes operated by the firing of an ordinary cartridge.

RIFLE-PIT: Shallow pits dug by soldiers, usually under fire in battle, from which they can fire their rifles; the first stage of a trench.

SALIENT: A curve in the line of battle, projecting towards or into the enemy's line.

SALVO: A single discharge of the guns of a battery in succession.

SANGAR: A wall of loose stones piled so as to form a small breastwork.

SAP: A work similar to a trench, but dug forward from an existing trench or cavity by men working below the level of the surface.

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SECTION (of infantry): Full strength, 16 men; normal strength, 8 to 12, under a sergeant.

SECTION (of a battery of artillery): Two guns.

"SEVENTY-FIVE": The 75-millimetre field gun of the French army.

"SEVENTY-SEVEN": The 77-millimetre field gun of the German army —in soldier's slang the "whizz-bang."

SHRAPNEL: A shell containing a number of pellets, which are usually set free from the shell case by a slight timed burst in the air, and thrown forward upon the ground by the speed of the shell.

SIXTY-POUNDER: The "heavy" field gun of the British army, a long-barrelled gun of 5inch bore.

SMALL-ARMS AMMUNITION: Ammunition for rifles, machine-guns, and revolvers.

SNIPER: One who shoots at individual enemies, usually from cover and as a rule at long range.

SORTIE: A sally by a body of besieged troops upon their besiegers.

SQUADRON OF CAVALRY, etc.: The third part of a regiment; full strength, 158; normal rifle strength, dismounted, excluding horse-holders, 80; it consists of four troops.

STAFF-CAPTAIN (of an infantry brigade): The junior of the two chief staff-officers of a brigade. In battle he deals largely with the provision of supplies to the troops of the brigade in the firing line.

"STAND TO": An order given in the trenches to man the fire-step at the hour when an attack may usually be expected.

STAR SHELL: A shell which bursts into brilliant stars, and is sometimes used to illumine an enemy's position at night.

STATIONARY HOSPITAL: A hospital originally intended to be intermediate between the casualty clearing-station and the general hospital.

STICK BOMB: A grenade used by the Germans, consisting of a small canister filled with high explosive and fitted with a wooden handle to facilitate throwing.

STOKES "GUN": A British trench mortar, consisting of a tube into the muzzle of which a high-explosive bomb is inserted. The cartridge which projects the bomb forms part of the bomb itself, and is detonated by the impact resulting from the fall of the bomb to the bottom of the tube.

STORM TROOPS (German, *Sturmtruppen*): Troops specially trained and maintained by the Germans to lead attacks.

SUPPORTS: Troops maintained immediately behind the firing-line for the purpose of immediate reinforcement in attack or defence.

SUPPORT TRENCH: A trench immediately behind the front fire-trench.

TANKS: Armoured motor-cars propelled by a caterpillar tractor system.

TAPES: Usually the tapes laid down to give alignment or direction to troops moving to or forming for an attack.

"TEAR-GAS" SHELL: A shell filled with a sweet-smelling compound, causing the eyes to water profusely; largely used by Germans in 1916 for shelling observation posts, etc.

TEL (Arabic): Hill.

TEPE (Turkish): Hill.

TRAJECTORY: The curve described by a projectile while in the air.

TRAVERSES: The buttresses interposed between successive bays of a trench as a barrier against enfilading fire.

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TRENCH: A defensive work dug into the ground by troops working from the surface.

TRENCH MORTAR: A light form of artillery of short range, usually moved on the field by man-power; firing a light, medium or heavy thin-walled bomb which contains explosive in high proportion to its weight.

TROOP OF CAVALRY, etc.; The fourth part of a squadron. Normal mounted strength, 27; dismounted, excluding horse-holders, 20.

VERY LIGHT: A bright white firework fired from a pistol, generally used at night to illumine the ground in front of the line.

VICKERS MACHINE-GUN (commonly known as Vickers Gun): The British "heavy" water-cooled machine-gun, which superseded the "Maxim" used early in the war; its belt contains 250 rounds. The "team" of a Vickers Gun is normally six men.

WADI (Arabic): A watercourse only temporarily containing water.

WHIPPET: A light form of "tank."

WIRE: Usually barbed-wire entanglement, of which one or more belts are, where possible, constructed in front of the fire-trenches.

YELLOW CROSS SHELL: A German "gas" shell containing an oil of which the usual effect is to blister the eyes, mouth, armpits, crutch, and other delicate surfaces. The most effective of German "gas" shells; first used in 1917. Often known as "mustard gas" shell.

YERE (Turkish): Hill.

YILDIRIM (Group, Headquarters, Troops, etc.): Name given by the Turks to the striking force, formed on 15th July, 1917, commanded by General von Falkenhayn and intended for the recapture of Baghdad. Its headquarters, however, and some of its troops were almost immediately diverted to Palestine, where, on 1st March, 1918, Marshal Liman von Sanders took over command in succession to von Falkenhayn. Yildirim was the name applied to the Sultan Bayazid in the 14th century, and means "lightning."

ZERO: The hour fixed for the launching of troops in an attack. Time, in battle, is sometimes calculated by reference to this moment; e.g., if "zero" is 3.20 a.m., 3.5 a.m. may be known as "zero minus 15," or 5 a.m. as "zero plus 100," often shortened to "plus 100."

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